LYRA BRITANNICA

A COLLECTION OF BRITISH HYMNS

PRINTED FROM THE GENUINE TEXTS

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE HYMN WRITERS

BY THE

REV. CHARLES ROGERS
LL.D., F.S.A.SCOT.

SECOND EDITION

WITH ADDITIONAL NOTES

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"How beautiful is Genius when combined
With Holiness! Oh, how Divinely sweet
The tones of earthly harp, whose chords are touched
By the soft hand of Piety, and hung
Within Religion's shrine!"

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To
WILLIAM EUING, Esq., F.S.A.Scot.,
Glasgow.

MY DEAR SIR,

An examination of your rare Collection of the works of British Hymn-writers enabled me to constitute the basis of the present work. In the perfecting of my design, I have received from you many obligations. Now that the labour of nine years is consummated in the appearance of this volume, I inscribe it to you, as a token of my esteem.

That the Hymns contained in this Collection, which have cheered myself under the cloud of trial, may prove a source of consolation to you in the valley of years, and may be to both of us a foretaste of the Songs of the Redeemed, is the earnest desire and prayer of

My dear Sir,
Your very obedient faithful servant,
CHARLES ROGERS.

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PREFACE.

SONG is the eternal exponent of Divine praise. Ere the world was framed, "the morning stars sang together;" the saints shall "come to Sion with songs," when the present visible creation has passed away. The chosen people found expression to their most fervent aspirations in the harmony of numbers. The triumph at the Red Sea was celebrated by Moses and Miriam in strains of loftiest poetry. As his heart exulted in the manifestations of Divine goodness, the royal Psalmist breathed forth his incomparable lyrics. Solomon uttered his soul-stirring lays, as he contemplated the boundless love of a coming Saviour. In strains of heaven-wrapt imagery, Isaiah celebrates the glory of Gospel times. And when the light of the Gospel dispensation dawned, how marvellously simple and hallowed was that song by which angels sung an incarnate God,—a Saviour born!

The Redeemer dwelt in the lowlier vale of human life. He sought not the praises of the unstable multi-

tude, whose hallelujahs were so soon to be exchanged for the ejaculations of "Away with Him! crucify Him!" Yet in token that the psalm of thanksgiving and the anthem of praise should be acceptable under the system of worship He came forth to constitute, His virgin mother was inspired to sing of the glory of His reign; and in the immediate prospect of His sufferings, at the paschal supper, He sung a hymn with His disciples. To His people in every age it was to be enjoined that they should "in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs," sing and "make melody" in their hearts to the Lord.

The zeal of the Christian Fathers was manifested in their love of the Divine harmonies. Many hymns of the Latin Church are still treasured as the noblest bequests of the times wherein they were written. During the middle ages, when the Church seemed to have sunk into a profound slumber, the occasional aspiration of sacred numbers proved almost the only sign that the light had not been finally extinguished. Long before the era of Reformation, congregational praise-giving had ceased; yet the hymns used in the choral services testified, to the learned at least, as to the heartfelt worship which alone is acceptable to God.

When Luther had successfully protested against the errors of the Romish faith, that illustrious Reformer be-

stowed on the Protestant Church, as his first gift, a book of praise—hymns and music—composed by himself. Calvin, and the other leaders of the Reformation, likewise encouraged the people to congregational singing. It is one of the foundation stones of the Church of England, that any psalm or hymn, founded on Holy Scripture, may be sung by congregations. Nonconformist Churches have been especially attached to the use of hymns.

In the secret experience of believers, the influences of Divine song have been attested in every age. The forthgivings of the sacred lyre have sustained converts in renouncing all for the Gospel's sake, have comforted apostles "in the inner prison," and strengthened martyrs amidst the flames. The anthem of praise has gladdened the sorrowful, and cast on the wounded spirit the balm of consolation. In the chamber of sickness, when even the soothing voice of affection has become irksome, and the memory has almost lost its power, the countenance of the dying has glowed with joy on the repetition of cherished hymns. The hymns acquired in childhood prove the only friends which survive to comfort old age.

A great impulse has lately been imparted to hymnological studies. Collections of hymns are constantly being issued, and persons endowed with the gift of

song are consecrating their genius to the service of the sanctuary.

The Editor of the present work has endeavoured to provide a Collection suitable for all the Churches. In accomplishing his design, he has devoted himself to three departments,—the presentation of approved and classical hymns, the restoration of the original texts, and the assignment of each composition to the proper author.

Respecting the first department, the Editor has, by arranging the hymns under their several authors, in alphabetical order, avoided the difficulty attendant on procuring hymns suitable to particular occasions, which has led not a few of his predecessors to the adoption of compositions unworthy of a place in the national psalmody. He has made his selections with the utmost care, and has only inserted those compositions which seemed to combine devotional fervour with poetical excellence.

The restoration of the original texts has proved a task singularly arduous. Nearly every hymn, which has been adopted by compilers, has been altered or mutilated. These textual interferences have occurred with the most untiring persistency, and in quarters alto-

gether unexpected. Only in rarest instances have the alterations proved to be improvements. As a rule, the innovations have marred the harmony, destroyed the rhythm, and even altered the sense of the original writers.

The task of restoration would have been simple, had the latest or best editions of the different authors been readily attainable. But it has been otherwise. Though the Editor has enjoyed advantages which were certainly never before possessed by any compiler of sacred song, he has frequently had to search for a course of years for particular originals. His researches were commenced in 1857; and though he cannot accuse himself of any lack of diligence, he has been enabled to procure some original readings, only as these pages have been passing through the press.

In the department of authorship, the Editor has provided brief memoirs of the hymn-writers, and these often from original sources of information. He has ascertained the authorship of many hymns, hitherto of undetermined origin, and has assigned to the veritable writers compositions heretofore ascribed to others.

These researches, may, in the estimation of some, be but of small value. By every true lover of our

national hymn literature, the Editor feels other sentiments will be entertained. What reader of Holy Scripture is content to know that certain passages which especially edify him, are contained *somewhere* in the inspired volume? Does he not rejoice to associate those precious texts with the particular writer,—whether prophet, or evangelist, or apostle,—as well as with his circumstances at the period when his inspired utterances were given forth? In like manner does the Christian believer seek to possess every fragment of Divine truth; he could not bear an abridgment of the sacred word. Modern hymn-writers, though not inspired like the sweet singer of Israel, have generally been persons of enlarged Christian views. To their lyres they have sung of Christ, as they personally experienced Him. No curtailed or interpolated expression of such deep and genuine feeling can be acceptable to those who appreciate the tones of the Gospel harp. Surely it is well that in one work, at least, the unabridged compositions of the British hymn-writers should find a resting-place.

From many unpublished hymns offered for his acceptance, the Editor has selected those which he conceived worthy of a place in a national collection. Disappointment may be experienced by some readers, at not finding in these pages lyrics which they have long remem-

bered with interest. Yet it may be found, on a careful examination, that no truly classical British hymn has been omitted.

Consequent on the operations of editors, the opening stanzas of many of the best hymns have been struck off, so that the original compositions are not recognisable by ordinary readers. Thus Bakewell's beautiful hymn, beginning—

"Hail! Thou once despisèd Jesus,"

is, in many compilations, commenced with the second stanza—

"Paschal Lamb, by God appointed."

And Keble's Evening Hymn has been so frequently begun with

"Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear!"

the opening line of the third verse, that the two preceding verses have ceased to be familiar.

The Editor has introduced a few American hymn-writers, on account of their particular compositions having been so extensively used in this country, and consequently so much identified with the national lyre. Translations, or versions of ancient and foreign hymns, have generally been excluded, as not falling within the scope of the publication. In the Appendix are presented the me-

moirs and compositions of seven hymn-writers, respecting whom satisfactory information could not be obtained in time for the alphabetical arrangement. Three anonymous hymns have likewise been included in the Appendix. To the Notes at the close of the volume the reader is referred for some particulars respecting the hymns and their writers, which could not conveniently be introduced into the text.

To many kind friends, who have from the outset evinced a deep interest in his task, the Editor owes some explanation for the long postponement of the date of publication. Five years ago, when residing in a country town, he had, by relying on information derived at second hand, conceived himself justified in proceeding to press. About two hundred pages of the work were printed; when on obtaining additional access to originals, he found that he had fallen into a succession of errors, which rendered the cancelling of the impression imperative. Even at the expiration of five years, three additional cancels have been found necessary to secure a correct text.

In the course of his recent labours, the Editor has procured his information chiefly by personal research. In the prosecution of his inquiries, he has made a tour throughout the United Kingdom, ransacked the public

libraries, and availed himself of many private collections. To his numerous correspondents he returns an expression of his best thanks. To the original contributors, and the owners of copyright hymns who have waived their privileges on his behalf, he is most sincerely grateful.

He returns his cordial thanks to Anthony Webb, Esq., Bath, for the use of his ample, and in some respects unique, hymnological library. From the Rev. William Reid, editor of the elegant "Praise Book," he obtained the use of some rare and valuable hymn-books, for which he would express his acknowledgments. To William Euing, Esq., Glasgow, his deepest gratitude is due, for not only throwing open to him his richly stored library of sacred song, but for kindly making purchase of every work which was essential to his purpose.

Indefatigable as his labours have been, the Editor acknowledges that he had only succeeded partially in his undertaking, unless for the assistance which has been rendered him by two most accomplished hymnologists, Mr. C. D. Hardcastle, Keighley, and A. C. Hobart Seymour, Esq., Bristol. Mr. Seymour is the well known author of the "Life and Times of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon," and has been engaged in hymnological studies for upwards of half a century. Mr. Hardcastle has accumulated a remarkable collection of the works of

British hymn-writers, and his knowledge in every department of hymnology is unrivalled. The assiduity with which Mr. Hardcastle has applied himself to the perfecting of this work the Editor feels he cannot sufficiently prize, or too gratefully acknowledge.

It would be unjust to one who has diligently laboured in the same field were the Editor to conclude these remarks without some allusion to the "Book of Praise," edited by Sir Roundell Palmer. From this compilation he has derived considerable assistance; but he cannot withhold an expression of regret that the learned Editor, while generally careful respecting the purity of the text, should so frequently have subjected the hymns selected by him to a process of curtailment.

In bringing his labours to a close, the Editor feels he is parting with an occupation which he has long cherished with delight. But he trusts that the result will prove edifying to others. He is not without a measure of hope that this publication may be found the most authentic collection of the classic productions of the British Lyre ever offered to the public.

2, HEATH TERRACE,
LEWISHAM, GREENWICH.
November, 1866.

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LYRA BRITANNICA.

MRS. SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

SARAH FULLER FLOWER was daughter of Benjamin Flower, editor and proprietor of *The Cambridge Intelligencer*. Mr. Flower was a prominent politician of the Liberal school; and brother of the well-known gentleman of that name, who emigrated to Illinois, in the United States, in company with Mr. Birkbeck. By his marriage with Miss Gould, of Dorsetshire, a lady of superior talent, two daughters were born to him; the subject of this notice being the younger. She was born on the 22nd February, 1805. By their mother's early death, the sisters were brought up under the immediate care of their father, and both early manifested literary tastes. On their father's decease, they established their residence at Upper Clapton, there occupying themselves in intellectual culture. Eliza, the elder sister, published "Musical Illustrations of the Waverley Novels," and a work entitled "Adoration, Aspiration, and Belief."

In 1834, Miss Sarah Flower accepted the hand of Mr. William Bridges Adams, the distinguished engineer. A community of literary tastes had brought them together. Naturally of a delicate constitution, the health of Mrs. Adams was enfeebled by a long and anxious attendance on her sister, who at length succumbed to a pulmonary ailment in 1847. In other two years, Mrs. Adams was herself a victim to the same complaint. She died on the 13th August, 1849. "She wore away," writes one to whom we are indebted for these particulars, "almost her last breath, bursting into unconscious song as the gentle spirit glided from its beautiful frame." Her remains were consigned to the Foster Street burial-ground, near Harlow, Essex.

Mrs. Adams was a person of strong sensibility and of deep religious earnestness. Those who were privileged with her society cherish her memory with love and reverence. She was an industrious contributor to the periodical press, both in verse and prose. Several of her tales attracted considerable attention. Her criticisms in art were esteemed. She composed a catechism for children, interspersed with hymns, entitled "The Flock at the Fountain." In 1841, she published a dramatic poem in five acts, on the martyrdom of Vivia Perpetua. It is dedicated to her sister, in some beautiful and touching lines of verse. To a volume of "Hymns and Anthems," published in 1841 by Mr. Charles Fox, she contributed thirteen pieces. Two of these follow the present sketch. The latter has found a place in nearly every modern hymn-book.

FATHER, THY WILL BE DONE.

HE sendeth sun, He sendeth shower,
Alike they're needful for the flower;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment:
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.

Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs whom they trust and love?
Creator, I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to Thee:
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.

Oh, ne'er will I at life repine,
Enough that Thou hast made it mine;
When falls the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing with parting breath;
As comes to me or shade or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me:
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee.

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee.

There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou send'st to me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee.

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee.

Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

JOSEPH ADDISON was born at Milston, near Amesbury, Wiltshire, on the 1st May, 1672. His father, the Rev. Lancelot Addison, latterly Dean of Lichfield, published anonymously a small duodecimo volume of "Sacred Hymns and Poems," bearing date 1699. Joseph Addison was educated in the Charterhouse, and at the University of Oxford. He was intended for the Church, but was attracted to study law and politics. He attained an early celebrity as a writer of verses, and, under powerful patronage, received a state pension of £300 a year, while only twenty-seven. He travelled on the continent, and on his return celebrated in verse the victory at Blenheim. He was appointed successively a Commissioner of Appeals, an Under Secretary of State, Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Chief Secretary for Ireland. From the duties of the last-named office he retired on an allowance of £1500 a year. He married on the 2nd August, 1716, the Dowager Countess of Warwick; the union did not prove a happy one. He died at Holland House, Kensington, on the 17th June, 1719, in his 48th year. The name of Joseph Addison is intimately associated with the history of English literature. His contributions to the "Tatler," "Spectator," and "Guardian," will continue to be read so long as classic elegance of diction and correct moral teaching are appreciated or understood. Addison wrote few hymns, but these have found a place in almost every collection.

PROVIDENCE.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps He leads ;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amidst the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds, I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile ;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

THE FIRMAMENT.

THE spacious firmament on high
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim :
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And, nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth ;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is Divine."

HOW ARE THY SERVANTS BLEST.

How are Thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep
In all its horrors rise.

Confusion dwelt on every face,
And fear in every heart,
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then, from all my griefs, O Lord!
Thy mercy set me free;
Whilst in the confidence of prayer,
My soul took hold on Thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew Thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired,
Obedient to Thy will;
The sea that roar'd at Thy command,
At Thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore,
And praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if Thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to Thee.

GOD'S MERCIES.

When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

O, how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart!
But Thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom these comforts flow'd.

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine unseen arm convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It greatly clear'd my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er;
And, in a kind and faithful friend,
Hath doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For, oh! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!

WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

THE VERY REV. WILLIAM ALEXANDER, Dean of Emly, is son of the Rev. Robert Alexander, Prebendary of Aghadowey, in Ireland. He is a graduate of Oxford, where he obtained university prizes for prose and verse compositions. His poem on "The Death of Jacob" obtained an Accessit, while that on "The Waters of Babylon" carried off the triennial sacred prize poem. The Dean of Emly has been a frequent contributor, both in verse and prose, to some of the best periodicals of the day. His poetry, however, has only been the interlude of a busy life. Some good specimens of it will be found in the "Lyra Anglicana," *The Dublin University Magazine*, *The Spectator*, and *Good Words*. The Dean has written few pieces which can strictly be called hymns; we extract, however, the following lines from the closing stanzas of his "Death of Jacob."

VISION FROM THE APOCALYPSE.

I SAW again, behold! heaven's open door!
Behold! a throne, the seraphim stood o'er it,
The white-robed elders fell upon the floor,
And flung their crowns before it.

I saw a wondrous book—an angel strong
To heaven and earth proclaimed his loud appeals;
But a hush passed across the seraph's song,
For none might loose the seals.

Then, fast as rain to death cry of the year,
Tears of St. John to that sad cry were given;
It was a wondrous thing to see, a tear
Fall on the floor of heaven.

And a sweet voice said, "Weep not; wherefore fails,
Eagle of God, thy heart, the high and leal?
The Lion out of Judah's tribe prevails,
To loose the sevenfold seal."

'Twas Israel's voice, and straightway up above
Stood in the midst a wondrous Lamb, snow-white,
Heart-wounded with the deep sweet wound of love,
Eternal, infinite.

Then rose the song no ear had heard before;
Then from the white-robed throng, high anthem woke;
And fast as spring-tide on the sealess shore,
The Alleluias broke.

Who dreams of God, when passionate youth is high,
When first life's weary waste his feet have trod ;
Who seeth angels' footfalls in the sky,
Working the works of God,—

His sun shall fade as gently as it rose ;
Through the dark woof of death's approaching night,
His faith shall shoot, at life's prophetic close,
Some threads of golden light.

For him the silver ladder shall be set,
His Saviour shall receive his latest breath ;
He walketh to a fadeless coronet
Up through the gate of death.

MRS. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

THIS accomplished authoress, daughter of Major Humphreys, Strabane, Ireland, was married in 1850, to the Very Rev. William Alexander, Dean of Emly, the subject of the preceding notice. Mrs. Alexander published, in 1846, "Verses from Holy Scripture." In 1848, she published her "Hymns for Little Children," of which, to the present time, nearly 250,000 copies have obtained circulation. Her other publications are "Moral Songs," "Narrative Hymns," "Legend of the Golden Prayer," "Hymns, Descriptive and Devotional," "Verses for Holy Seasons," "Poems on subjects in the Old Testament," "The Baron's Little Daughter, and other Tales in prose and verse," and "The Lord of the Forest and his Vassals : an Allegory." She has contributed to the "Lyra Anglicana," and has edited a volume of the "Golden Treasury Series," published by Mr. Macmillan. She has occasionally contributed to *The Dublin University Magazine*, *The Englishman's Magazine*, and other periodicals.

"TOUCHED WITH THE FEELING OF OUR INFIRMITIES."

WHEN, wounded sore, the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a piercèd hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.

When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul, dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

'Tis Jesu's blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief;
His heart that's touched with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord,
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin,
But in Thy wounded side.

HYMN FOR ADVENT.

WHEN Jesus came to earth of old,
He came in weakness and in woe;
He wore no form of angel mould,
But took our nature poor and low.

But when He cometh back once more,
There shall be set the great white throne,
And earth and heaven shall flee before
The face of Him that sits thereon.

O Son of God, in glory crown'd,
The Judge ordain'd of quick and dead;
O Son of man, so pitying found,
For all the tears Thy people shed,

Be with us in this darken'd place,
This weary, restless, dangerous night;
And teach, O teach us by Thy grace,
To struggle onward into light.

And since, in God's recording book,
Our sins are written, every one,—
The crime, the wrath, the wandering look,
The good we knew, and left undone.

Lord, ere the last dread trump be heard,
And ere before Thy face we stand,
Look Thou on each accusing word,
And blot it with Thy bleeding hand.

And by the love that brought Thee here,
And by the cross, and by the grave,
Give perfect love for conscious fear,
And in the day of judgment save.

And lead us on while here we stray,
And make us love our heavenly home,
Till from our hearts we love to say,
"Even so, Lord Jesus, quickly come."

FAITH AND HEAVEN.

THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
Oh for the pearly gates of heaven!
Oh for the golden floor!
Oh for the Sun of righteousness
That setteth never more!

The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
Oh for a heart that never sins!
Oh for a soul washed white!
Oh for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire.
Oh by Thy love and anguish, Lord!
Oh by Thy life laid down,
Oh that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown!

WILLIAM LINDSAY ALEXANDER, D.D.

AN eminent minister of the Scottish Congregational Church, the REV. WILLIAM LINDSAY ALEXANDER, was born at Leith, near Edinburgh, on the 24th August, 1808. He studied at the Universities of Edinburgh and St. Andrews. At the completion of his university studies, he became classical tutor in the Independent Theological Academy, at Blackburn. His first ministerial charge was at Norrington Chapel, Liverpool. In 1835, he became pastor of the Argyle Square Chapel, Edinburgh. In 1861, a new place of worship was erected for him by his congregation, at the cost of about £15,000. In this elegant structure, which has been styled the "Augustine Church," Dr. Alexander now ministers. He likewise holds a professorship in the Theological Hall of the Scottish Independents. Among Dr. Alexander's numerous writings, the following are the more conspicuous, "The Connection and Harmony of the Old and New Testaments," "Switzerland and the Swiss Churches," "Christ and Christianity," "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Ralph Wardlaw, D.D.," "Christian Thought and Work," and "St. Paul at Athens." He has contributed hymns to the Scottish Congregational Hymn-book. The following hymns from his pen have appeared in different collections. Dr. Alexander has kindly permitted their insertion in the present work.

HYMN TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

SPIRIT of power, and truth, and love!
Who sitt'st enthroned in light above,
Descend, and bear us on Thy wings,
Far from these low and fleeting things.

'Tis Thine the wounded soul to heal;
'Tis Thine to make the harden'd feel;
Thine to give light to blinded eyes,
And bid the grovelling spirit rise.

Compass'd by foes on every side,
By sin and sore temptation tried;
Where can we look or whither flee,
If not, Great Strengthener, to Thee?

When faith is weak and courage fails,
When grief or doubt our soul assails;
Who can, like Thee, our spirits cheer?
Great Comforter, be ever near.

Like captives at their prison grate,
We mourn our languishing estate:
Thou only canst our bonds untie;
Great Sanctifier, hear our cry.

Come, Holy Spirit, like the fire,
With burning zeal our souls inspire;
Come, like the south wind, breathing balm,
Our joys refresh, our passions calm;

Come like the sun's enlightening beam;
Come like the cooling, cleansing stream;
With all Thy graces present be—
Spirit of God, we wait for Thee.

THE LAST WISH.

No more, no more of the cares of time!
Speak to me now of that happy clime,
Where the ear never lists to the sufferer's moan,
And sorrow and care are all unknown:
Now when my pulse beats faint and slow,
And my moments are numbered here below,
With thy soft, sweet voice, my sister, tell
Of that land where my spirit longs to dwell.

Oh yes, let me hear of its blissful bowers,
And its trees of life, and its fadeless flowers;
Of its crystal streets and its radiant throng,
With their harps of gold and their endless song;
Of its glorious palms and its raiment white,
And its streamlets all lucid with living light;
And its emerald plains, where the ransom'd stray,
'Mid the bloom and the bliss of a changeless day.

And tell me of those who are resting there,
Far from sorrow, and free from care—
The loved of my soul, who pass'd away
In the roseate bloom of their early day;
Oh, are they not bending around me now,
Light in each eye, and joy on each brow,
Waiting until my spirit fly,
To herald me home to my rest on high?

Thus, thus, sweet sister, let me hear
Thy loved voice fall on my listening ear,
Like the murmur of streams in that happy grove
That circles the home of our early love;

And so let my spirit calmly rise,
From the loved upon earth, to the blest in the skies,
And lose the sweet tones I have loved so long,
In the glorious burst of the heavenly song.

MEETINGS OF MINISTERS.

From distant corners of our land,
Behold us, Lord, before Thee stand,
Once more prepared to Thee to raise
Our humble prayer, our grateful praise.

Blest be the Hand whose guardian power
Has kept us to this present hour;
Blest be the grace that bids us meet
Thus round the throne, in union sweet.

We meet to seek, in faith and zeal,
The brethren's good, the Church's weal;
Oh, whilst for Zion's cause we stand,
May Zion's King be near at hand!

We meet, O God, that through our land
The Churches planted by Thy hand,
From error, weakness, discord free,
May bloom like gardens blest by Thee.

Smile on us, Lord, and through this place
Diffuse the glory of Thy face;
Here to our gather'd tribes be given
A brightening antepast of heaven.

PRAISE TO THE HOLY TRINITY.

Thrice holy and thrice potent God,
Incomprehended Trine!
Perennial Light, through whose abode
No borrow'd splendours shine;
O Unity for ever true!
O Truth for ever one!
O Love, that spreads all being through,
Creation's Source and Sun:—

Thee, 'midst unfathomed depths of light,
With clouds encircled round,
Angels adore, nor dare the sight,
Nor tempt the dread profound.
Thee we confess; in Thee we trust;
And, born to see Thy face,
Love bears us upward from the dust,
And now foretastes the grace.

Here we would do the Father's will;
Learn all the Son hath taught;
The Spirit's word in truth fulfil,
With His rich graces fraught.
Help us, adorèd Trinity;
Help, Father, Spirit, Son;
Whose empire fills eternity,
Unending, unbegun!

HENRY ALFORD, D.D.

THE VERY REV. HENRY ALFORD, Dean of Canterbury, was born in London, on the 7th October, 1810. His father some time prosecuted the law, but subsequently took orders. He became Rector of Aston Sandford, Bucks, and died in 1852. The Dean studied at Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1831, he published his first work, entitled "Poems and Poetical Fragments." He was ordained in 1833, and, six years after, was instituted in the Vicarage of Wymeswold, Leicestershire. In 1857, he obtained his present preferment. Dean Alford is author of about sixty different publications. His annotated Greek Testament, in four volumes, has secured him reputation as a profound Biblical scholar. He is a contributor to *Good Words* and *The Sunday Magazine*. In 1835, appeared his "School of the Heart, and other Poems," 2 vols., 12mo. He published, in 1844, a small collection of "Psalms and Hymns," to which were added thirty-seven sacred lyrics, written by himself. From the latest edition of the Dean's "Poetical Works" published in 1865, the following hymns have been transcribed.

A HYMN FOR FAMILY WORSHIP.

SAVIOUR of them that trust in Thee,
Once more, with supplicating cries,
We lift the heart and bend the knee,
And bid devotion's incense rise.

For mercies past we praise Thee, Lord,
The fruits of earth, the hopes of heaven;
Thy helping arm, Thy guiding word,
And answer'd prayers, and sins forgiven.

Whene'er we tread on danger's height,
Or walk temptation's slippery way,
Be still, to steer our steps aright,
Thy word our guide, Thine arm our stay.

Be ours Thy fear and favour still,
United hearts—unchanging love;
No scheme that contradicts Thy will,
No wish that centres not above.

And since we must be parted here,
Support us when the hour shall come;
Wipe gently off the mourner's tear,—
Rejoin us in our heavenly home.

HYMN TO THE SAVIOUR.

Thou that art the Father's Word,
Thou that art the Lamb of God,
Thou that art the Virgin's Son,
Thou that savest souls undone,
Sacred sacrifice for sin,
Fount of piety within:
Hail, Lord Jesus!

Thou to whom Thine angels raise
Quiring songs of sweetest praise,
Thou that art the flower and fruit,
Virgin-born from Jesse's root,
Shedding holy peace abroad,
Perfect man and perfect God:
Hail, Lord Jesus!

Thou that art the door of heaven,
Living bread in mercy given,
Brightness of the Father's face,
Everlasting Prince of peace,
Precious pearl beyond all price,
Brightest star in all the skies:
Hail, Lord Jesus!

King and Spouse of holy hearts,
Fount of love that ne'er departs,
Sweetest life, and brightest day,
Truest truth, and surest way,
That leads onward to the blest
Sabbath of eternal rest:
Hail, Lord Jesus!

HYMN OF DELIVERANCE.

Lo, the storms of life are breaking,
Faithless fears our hearts are shaking;
For our succour undertaking,
Lord and Saviour, help us!

Lo, the world from Thee rebelling,
Round Thy Church in pride is swelling;
With Thy word their madness quelling;
Lord and Saviour, help us!

On Thine own command relying,
We our onward task are plying;
Unto Thee for safety sighing,
Lord and Saviour, help us!

By Thy birth, Thy cross and passion,
By Thy tears of deep compassion,
By Thy mighty intercession,
Lord and Saviour, help us!

HARVEST HOME.

Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest Home.
All is safely gather'd in,
Ere the winter storms begin.
God, our Maker, doth provide,
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest Home.

We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield ;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown :
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear :
Grant, O harvest Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home ;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away ;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast ;
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore!

Then, thou Church triumphant, come,
Raise the song of Harvest Home !
All are safely gather'd in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin ;
There for ever purified,
In God's garner to abide ;
Come, ten thousand angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest Home!

BROTHERLY LOVE.

Little children, dwell in love ;
New-begotten from above,
Ye by this your birth may know,
That ye dwell in love below.

God, your Father, reigns on high,
Unbeheld by mortal eye ;
Him ye see not, love Him then
In His types, your fellow-men.

Not in semblance, nor in word,
But in holy thoughts unheard,
But in very truth and deed,
Share their joy and help their need.

Thus the saint whom Jesus loved,
Spoke in word, in action proved ;
Lord, may Thy disciples be
Like to him, and like to Thee.

HOLY COMMUNION.

Lo, the feast is spread to-day ;
Jesus summons, come away !
From the vanity of life,
From the sounds of mirth and strife,
To the feast by Jesus given,
Come and taste the bread of heaven.

Why, with proud excuse and vain,
Spurn His mercy once again ?
From amidst life's social ties,
From the farm and merchandise,
Come, for all is now prepared ;
Freely given, be freely shared.

Blessèd are the lips that taste
Our Redeemer's marriage feast ;
Blessèd who on Him shall feed,
Bread of Life, and drink indeed.
Blessèd, for their thirst is o'er,
They shall never hunger more.

Make then once again your choice,
Hear to-day His calling voice ;
Servants, do your Master's will ;
Bidden guests, His table fill ;
Come, before His wrath shall swear
Ye shall never enter there.

JAMES ALLEN.

THE REV. JAMES ALLEN was born at Gayle, near Hawes, Wensleydale, Yorkshire, on the 24th June, 1734. In 1751, he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, but the year after he joined the followers of Benjamin Ingham, and became an itinerant preacher. He subsequently united himself to the Sandemanians, a Scottish sect. In this connection he continued to minister, in a small chapel, which he built on his own property in Gayle. He published a small volume entitled "Christian Songs," which has been twice reprinted. He died on the 31st October, 1804. The following hymn from his pen has been attributed to others. It appears in nearly every collection, but generally in a mutilated form.

"WORTHY THE LAMB."

GLORY to God on high,
Let praises fill the sky!
  Praise ye His name.
Angels His name adore,
Who all our sorrows bore,
And saints cry evermore,
  "Worthy the Lamb!"

All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
  Praising His name.
We who have felt His blood,
Sealing our peace with God,
Spread His dear fame abroad—
  "Worthy the Lamb!"

To Him our hearts we raise—
None else shall have our praise;
  Praise ye His name!
Him our exalted Lord,
By us below adored,
We praise with one accord—
  "Worthy the Lamb!"

If we should hold our peace,
Stones would cry out apace;
  Praise ye His name!
Love does our souls inspire
With heavenly, pure desire,
And sets us all on fire—
  "Worthy the Lamb!"

Join all the human race,
Our Lord and God to bless ;
  Praise ye His name !
In Him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise,
And say with heart and voice,
  " Worthy the Lamb ! "

Though we must change our place,
Our souls shall never cease
  Praising His name ;
To Him we'll tribute bring,
Laud Him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing,
  " Worthy the Lamb ! "

OSWALD ALLEN.

OSWALD ALLEN is son of John Allen, who has, for upwards of half a century, engaged in banking, and is Manager of the Lancashire Banking Company, at Kirkby-Lonsdale, Westmoreland. At this place, the subject of this notice was born in 1816. His great-granduncle, James Allen, is noticed in the preceding article. Owing to a delicate constitution, his education was chiefly conducted in his native place. In 1843, he entered on business at Glasgow, but was compelled to abandon it from impaired health. He now resides in his native place, able, through improved health, to take an active part in bank duties. In 1862, he published "Hymns of the Christian Life ;" London, 12mo. From this excellent publication, the following hymns have been selected. They are printed under the author's revision.

THE JOURNEY.

JESUS, through life's journey guide us
  Safely to the promised land ;
From the storm and tempest hide us,
  Watching o'er Thy lowly band.
We have pass'd through many dangers
  In our pilgrimage of love ;
Lived as outcasts and as strangers,
  Marching to the world above.

Jesus, none of these things move us,
  Man forsakes us—Thou art true ;
Thou wilt never cease to love us ;
  Thou hast strength to bear us through.

If men mark'd not our behaviour,
  If our speech were like their own,
We should not be like our Saviour ;—
  They or Thou must us disown.

Jesus, Thee our souls have taken
  For our Captain and our Guide ;
All for Thee we have forsaken ;
  All we need Thou wilt provide.
Firmest trust in Thy love placing,
  Cheerfully we hasten on ;
Every promise firm embracing,
  Till the kingdom we have won.

COME, HOLY SPIRIT.

O Holy Spirit, come,
  And Jesu's love declare ;
O tell us of our heavenly home,
  And guide us safely there.

Our unbelief remove,
  By Thine Almighty breath ;
O work the wondrous work of love,
  The mighty work of faith !

Come with resistless power,
  Come with almighty grace,
Come with the long-expected shower,
  And fall upon this place !

We know Thou hast the power,
  O let that power be shown !
We know that this is mercy's hour,
  O make Thy mercy known !

We now besiege Thy throne ;
  We fall before Thy face ;
Our only hope, Thy love alone ;
  Our only trust, Thy grace.

Thy sceptre, Lord, extend ;
Pity our deep distress ;
Thou art the contrite sinner's Friend,
Thy waiting servants bless.

Give us the melting soul,
Give us the will subdued,
Give us the streams of grace, to roll
Over a heart renewed.

We bless Thee for Thy grace,
And Thine Almighty power ;
We bless Thee for Thy holy place,
And this accepted hour.

TO-DAY.

To-day Thy mercy calls me,
To wash away my sin ;
However great my trespass,
Whate'er I may have been,
However long from mercy
I may have turn'd away,
Thy blood, O Christ, can cleanse me,
And make me white to-day.

To-day Thy gate is open,
And all who enter in
Shall find a Father's welcome,
And pardon for their sin.
The past shall be forgotten,
A present joy be given,
A future grace be promised—
A glorious crown in heaven.

To-day the Father calls me ;
The Holy Spirit waits ;
The blessed angels gather
Around the heavenly gates ;
No question will be ask'd me,
How often I have come ;
Although I oft have wander'd,
It is my Father's home.

O all-embracing mercy,
Thou ever-open door,
What should I do without Thee,
When heart and eyes run o'er?
When all things seem against me,
To drive me to despair,
I know one gate is open,
One ear will hear my prayer.

JOHN ANDERSON.

THE REV. JOHN ANDERSON was born in the manse of Dunbarnie, Perthshire. His father, the late Rev. John Anderson, D.D., was some time minister of that parish; he was subsequently preferred to the parochial charge of Newburgh, in Fife. The subject of this sketch studied at the University of St. Andrews. He took licence as a probationer, in 1844, and was shortly after appointed to St. John's parish, Dundee. In 1845, he was translated to the East Church, Perth, and in 1853, he was preferred to the parish of Kinnoul, his present charge. He has contributed to *Fraser's Magazine*, and other periodicals. Two interesting volumes of poems, "The Pleasures of Home," and "The Legend of Glencoe," have proceeded from his pen. His latest work, "Bible Incidents and their Lessons," appeared in 1861.

TO A YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

"Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling."—*Phil.* ii. 12.

WORK! thy mission is not slumber;
Sleep beseemeth not the soul;
Sins and sorrows, without number,
Stand between thee and the goal.

Tremble! lest thy foot should stumble;
Death pursues on fleetest steed;
Strive with courage, yet be humble;
Be the wings of prayer thy speed!

Fear! lest pleasure should entice thee
To forget the holy prize;
Fear! lest riches should advise thee
Heavenly treasures to despise.

Tremble! for the heart within thee,
Tremble! for the world without;
Fear! lest sin or sorrow win thee
Once to droop, despond, or doubt.

Work ! and rend each galling fetter
Satan would impose on thee ;
Rest not—either worse or better
Every day thy soul must be.

Fearing, trembling, striving, praying,
Onward, like yon rolling river ;
Man's delaying proves decaying,
Soul immortal resteth never.

Rest celestial is not slumber,
Glory's pathway climbs to God ;
Seraphs, spirits, without number,
Tread that ever-rising road.

Ever up to Godhead soaring,
'Tis their glory still to soar ;
'Mid eternal bliss adoring,
Heaven behind, around, before.

THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.

'MID the hot desert, where the pilgrim pines
For the cool shadow and the streamlet clear,
Seeking his weary way to Zion's shrines,
A fountain murmurs comfort in his ear.

Stern winter seals not up that source of bliss,
The eastern sunbeam never drinks it dry ;
Fresh flowers and greenest grass its waters kiss,
And whispering palms defend it from the sky.

There men of every clime refreshment seek ;
All sins and sorrows meet securely there ;
These waves have kiss'd Remorse's haggard cheek,
And smoothed the wrinkles on the brow of Care.

The lip of Passion there hath quenched its flame,
While pale Contrition sadly hung its head ;
That fount hath mirror'd back the blush of shame,
And wash'd the savage hand, with murder red !

Sinner, for thee a purer fountain flows,
To soothe the sorrowful, to help the weak ;
To wash the reddest crimes, like spotless snows
That gleam on Lebanon's untrodden peak.

Come, men of every crime and every care,
Behold the words upon that fountain's brink—
"If any sigh in sin, to me repair ;
Or thirst in sorrow, come to me and drink !"

The Word of God is that unfailing fount,
Life is the desert where its waters flow ;
Drink, if you hope to win the holy mount,
Where Zion's shrines in light eternal glow.

THE DYING SAINT'S PRAYER TO THE HOLY TRINITY.

Holy Father ! lend Thine ear
To a fainting mortal's cry ;
In Thy love and pity hear,
Breathe a pardon ere I die.

Blessèd Jesus ! in the tide
Poured upon the fatal tree,
Let my soul be purified
Ere it meets a Judge in Thee.

Holy Spirit ! sent by One
Skill'd in human pain and grief,
Help me till the combat's done ;
Bring, O bring my soul relief.

Glorious and eternal Three !
Give my spirit power to sing,
"Grave, how brief thy victory !
Death, how vain thy sting !"

HENRY ADAMS SERGISON ATWOOD.

THE reverend author of the following hymn, whose name is prefixed, was born on the 13th January, 1800. His ancestors were, for five successive generations, beneficed clergymen of the Church of England. He studied at Queen's College, Oxford, and took the degree of M.A. in 1824. Obtaining orders, he became Curate of Kenilworth. In 1839, he was collated to the Vicarage of Ashelworth, Gloucestershire, where he continues to discharge the duties of the sacred office. In 1837, he published "Hymns for Private or Congregational use, for every Sunday in the Year." 12mo.

FORGIVE, AND YE SHALL BE FORGIVEN.

WHEN angels sang the Saviour's birth,
The strain celestial ran—
"Glory to God! be peace on earth!
Goodwill to fallen man!"

When Peter asked, "How oft shall I
Forgive, when men offend?"
The Saviour's gracious words imply
Forgiveness without end.

He for His foes expiring prayed,
To His own precept true:
"Father, forgive them," Jesus said,
"They know not what they do."

Oh, teach us, Lord, while here we live,
As pilgrims bound for heaven,
Our brother's trespass to forgive,
As we would be forgiven.

SIR HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER, BART.

THE REV. SIR HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER, BART., was born in London, on the 27th May, 1821. His father, Sir Henry Loraine Baker, the second baronet, was a Vice-Admiral of the Royal Navy. The subject of this sketch was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1844. Having entered into holy orders, he was, in 1851, appointed to the Vicarage of Monkland, Herefordshire. The reverend baronet is one of the editors of "Hymns Ancient and Modern." The two following hymns, which were contributed by him to that work, we have received his kind permission to insert in this collection.

HEAVEN.

THERE is a blessèd Home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;

Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crown'd,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well ;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell ;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One,
And Spirit, evermore.

O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands and feet and side ;
To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.

Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe ;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

SANCTIFIED AFFLICTION.

Oh what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss ?
Bright shall the crown of glory be,
When we have borne the cross.

Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyr'd saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below :

Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,
May be our portion here.

Enough if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.

All glory, Lord, to Thee,
Whom heaven and earth adore;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore.

JOHN BAKEWELL.

JOHN BAKEWELL was born in 1721, at Brailsford, Derbyshire. About his eighteenth year, he was awakened to a saving knowledge of Divine truth. He began to preach in 1744. Proceeding to London, he formed the acquaintance of John and Charles Wesley, Toplady, Madan, and other zealous ministers. He united himself to the Wesleys, and was one of the first of their local preachers. For some time he lived at Westminster. Subsequently, he became master of the Greenwich Royal Park Academy. In his advanced years, he retired to the neighbouring village of Lewisham, where he died on the 18th March, 1819. His remains were consigned to the burial-ground adjoining the City Road Chapel. On his gravestone it is recorded that "He adorned the doctrine of God our Saviour eighty years, and preached His glorious gospel about seventy years." Till lately, Bakewell's personal history was imperfectly known. We are indebted for these particulars to an appreciatory memoir contributed to the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* for February, 1864, by Mr. James Stelfox, of Belfast. The following hymn, by Mr. Bakewell, was first published in Madan's Collection, in 1760; it was inserted, with alterations, in Toplady's Collection, in 1776. In Toplady's edition a stanza has been added, borrowed, with slight variation, from Hymn No. 97 of James Allen. We have inserted the former version, thus presenting the hymn in the author's own words.

GRATITUDE FOR THE ATONEMENT.

HAIL! Thou once despisèd Jesus;
Hail, Thou Galilean King!
Who didst suffer to release us;
Who didst free salvation bring:

Hail, Thou universal Saviour,
Who hast borne our sin and shame!
By whose merits we find favour;
Life is given through Thy name.

Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins were on Thee laid;
By almighty love appointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
Every sin may be forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Open'd is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side:
There for sinners Thou art pleading:
"Spare them yet another year;"
Thou for saints art interceding,
Till in glory they appear.

Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Christ is worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays!
Help to sing our Jesu's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

THIS accomplished authoress was born at Kibworth-Harcourt, Leicestershire, on the 20th June, 1743. Her father, the Rev. John Aikin, was a dissenting minister, and kept an academy. She early wrote verses. In 1773, she published a volume of miscellaneous poems, which rapidly passed through four editions. In the following year, she married the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, with whom she opened a school for boys, at Palsgrave, Suffolk. Her leisure hours were dedicated to composition. She published "Early Lessons for Children," "Hymns in Prose," and "Devotional Pieces." In 1784, Mr. Barbauld accepted the pastorate of a dissenting chapel at Hampstead; in 1802, he removed to Newington Green, where he died in 1803. Mrs. Barbauld continued to reside in that neighbourhood till her death, which took place on the 9th March, 1825. Her collected works, accompanied by a memoir, were published by Miss Lucy Aikin, her niece, in 1825. The following hymns have been transcribed from this edition.

CHRISTIAN FRIENDSHIP.

How blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one!

To each the soul of each how dear:
What jealous love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe;
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

Together both they seek the place
Where God reveals His awful face;
How high, how strong their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.

Nor shall the glowing flame expire
When Nature droops her sickening fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, because of love.

THE SAVIOUR'S INVITATION.

COME, says Jesu's sacred voice,
Come and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

Thou, who houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn;
Long hast roamed this barren waste;
Weary pilgrim, hither haste!

Ye who, toss'd on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye whose swollen and sleepless eyes
Long to see the morning rise;

Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In strong remorse for guilt who mourn;
Here repose your heavy care,
A wounded spirit who can bear?

Sinner, come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound;
Peace that ever shall endure—
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

LOVE, THE NEW COMMANDMENT.

Behold, where breathing love Divine,
Our dying Master stands!
His weeping followers gathering round,
Receive His last commands.

From that mild Teacher's parting lips
What tender accents fell!
The gentle precept which He gave
Became its Author well.

"Blest is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain,
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain.

"Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
A stranger's woes to feel,
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

"He spreads his kind supporting arms
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unask'd relief.

"To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow:
He views, thro' mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

"Peace from the bosom of his God,
My peace to him I give;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

"To him protection shall be shown,
And mercy from above
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love."

PRAISE TO GOD.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ;

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use.

Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain;
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse.

All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores.

These to Thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow ;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear ;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit ;

Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store ;
Though the sick'ning flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall ;

Should Thine altered hand restrain
The early and the latter rain,
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy,—

Yet to Thee my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise ;
And when every blessing's flown,
Love Thee for Thyself alone.

THE CHRISTIAN'S WARFARE.

Awake, my soul ! lift up thine eyes ;
See where thy foes against thee rise
In long array, a numerous host :
Awake, my soul, or thou art lost !

Here giant Danger threat'ning stands,
Must'ring his pale terrific bands ;
There Pleasure's silken banners spread,
And willing souls are captive led.

See, where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage ;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain !

Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground,
Perils and snares beset thee round;
Beware of all, guard every part,
But most, the traitor in thy heart.

"Come then, my soul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;"
Put on the armour from above,
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.

The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth and powers of hell;
The Man of Calvary triumph'd here;
Why should His faithful followers fear?

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

O what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
O what a sun which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb!

This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

Jesus, the friend of human kind,
With strong compassion mov'd,
Descended like a pitying God,
To save the souls He lov'd.

The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind His soul in death ;
He shook their kingdom when He fell,
With His expiring breath.

Not long the toils of hell could keep
The Hope of Judah's line ;
Corruption never could take hold
On aught so much Divine.

And now His conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies ;
While broke beneath his powerful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.

Exalted high at God's right hand,
And Lord of all below ;
Thro' Him is pardoning love dispens'd,
And boundless blessings flow.

And still for erring, guilty man,
A brother's pity flows ;
And still His bleeding heart is touch'd
With memory of our woes.

To Thee, my Saviour and my King,
Glad homage let me give ;
And stand prepar'd, like Thee, to die,
With Thee that I may live.

BERNARD BARTON.

BERNARD BARTON was born on the 31st January, 1784. London and Carlisle have both been named as his birthplace. His parents were members of the Society of Friends, the tenets of which body Barton followed through life. In 1810, he became clerk in Alexander's bank, at Woodbridge, in which situation he remained till near the period of his decease. In 1812, he published "Metrical Effusions," which gained him the correspondence of Southey. In 1818, he printed by subscription a thin quarto, entitled "Poems by an Amateur." A volume of "Poems," which he published in 1820, brought him the friendship of Lord Byron. From 1822 to 1828, he gave to the world five volumes of poetry. Two other volumes were subsequently published. In 1841, he received, on the recommendation of Sir Robert Peel, a state pension of £100 per annum. He died on the 19th February, 1849. Selections from his poems and letters were published by his daughter; London, 1853. 12mo.

A CHRISTIAN'S DEVOTEDNESS.

HE who would win a warrior's fame
Must shun, with ever-watchful aim,
    Entangling things of life;
His couch the earth, heaven's arching dome
His airy tent, his only home
    The field of martial strife.

Unwearied by the battle's toil,
Uncumber'd by the battle's spoil,
    No dangers must affright;
Nor rest seduce to slothful ease,
Intent alone his Chief to please,
    Who called him forth to fight.

Soldier of Christ, if thou wouldst be
Worthy that epithet, stand free
    From Time's encumb'ring things;
Be earth's enthralments fear'd, abhorr'd,
Knowing thy Leader is the Lord,
    Thy Chief the King of kings.*

WALK IN THE LIGHT.

WALK in the light! so shalt thou know
  That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow,
  Who reigns in light above.

* The hymn originally consisted of five stanzas. Two were afterwards omitted by the author.

Walk in the light ! and sin, abhorr'd,
Shall ne'er defile again ;
The blood of Jesus Christ thy Lord
Shall cleanse from every stain.

Walk in the light ! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrin'd,
In whom no darkness is.

Walk in the light ! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness pass'd away,
Because that light hath on thee shone,
In which is perfect day.

Walk in the light ! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear ;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquer'd there.

Walk in the light ! and thou shalt be
A path, though thorny, bright ;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God Himself is light.

HENRY BATEMAN.

HENRY BATEMAN was born in London. He now carries on business in the City. His hours of leisure have been devoted to the promotion of religious and philanthropic objects, and to literature. He has served on the Committee of the Religious Tract Society, and was, for some time, one of the Directors of the London Missionary Society. His publications are,—"Belgium, and Up and Down the Rhine ;" "Sunday Sunshine : New Hymns and Poems for the Young ;" "Metrical Lay Sermons ;" and "Heart Melodies : Three hundred and sixty-five New Hymns and Psalms, for Public Worship or Domestic Use." Mr. Bateman is nephew of the late distinguished Dr. Daniel Wilson, Bishop of Calcutta.

SUPPLICATION.

1 Peter i. 3.

GOD of mercy and of blessing,
Light and comfort of our hearts ;
All that we can need possessing,
Grant the peace Thy love imparts.

By Thy blessèd Spirit's shining
On our paths with holy light,
Elevating and refining,
Guide, O Lord, our footsteps right.

By Thy mercy, great and glorious,
Mighty Saviour, set us free;
Over sin and death victorious,
Give us joyful life in Thee.
Life that has its source and blessing,
In Thine everlasting love;
Priceless treasure! which possessing,
We shall rest with Thee above.

THANKSGIVING.

Revelation vii. 12.

HALLELUJAH! God is near us,
Guides our footsteps everywhere;
He can see, and He can hear us,
Heal our sorrows, soothe our care.
Hallelujah!
He will listen to our prayer.

Hallelujah! praise and blessing
For His love, in Christ our Lord;
He will to us, sin confessing,
Pardon and His peace accord.
Hallelujah!
Thanks for His most precious Word.

Hallelujah! rest in heaven
Comes when work on earth is done;
Strength sufficient will be given,
And life's victory be won.
Hallelujah!
Praise the Lord, through Christ the Son.

PRAISE.

Psalm xxxiii. 1.

LET us with a cheerful voice,
In the Lord our God rejoice;
Let us with thanksgiving raise
Loud hosannahs to His praise.

Praise the Lord, whose loving hand
Guides us through this pilgrim land,
From whose boundless mercy springs
Daily helpful comfortings.

Let us praise Him, who has given
Hope, through Christ, of rest in heaven;
By whose blessing life may be
Full of sweet tranquillity.

Let us all with gladness sing
Praises to our God and King,
And with thankful heart and voice,
In the love of God rejoice.

WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST.

THE REV. WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST was born at Cleve Dale, in the parish of Mangotsfield, near Bristol, on the 28th August, 1796. His father, Charles Bragge, M.P., for Bristol, assumed the name of Bathurst on succeeding to his uncle's estate of Lydney Park, Gloucestershire. The subject of this sketch studied at Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated. In 1819, he took orders, and in the following year, was appointed to the Rectory of Barwick-in-Elmet, Yorkshire. In 1830, he published "Psalms and Hymns for Public and Private Use;" London, 12mo. Of this work a second edition appeared in 1842. A small volume, entitled "Metrical Thoughts in Verse," was issued by Mr. Bathurst in 1849. About the same period, he published a translation of "The Georgics of Virgil." From the living of Barwick he retired in 1852. In May, 1863, he succeeded, on the death of his elder brother, to his paternal estate of Lydney Park, where he now resides.

OFFICES OF THE SPIRIT.

ETERNAL Spirit, by whose power
Are burst the bands of death,
On our cold hearts Thy blessing shower,
And stir them with Thy breath.

'Tis Thine to point the heavenly way,
Each rising fear control,
And with a warm, enlivening ray,
To melt the icy soul.

'Tis Thine to cheer us when distress'd,
To raise us when we fall,
To calm the doubting, troubled breast,
And aid when sinners call.

'Tis Thine to bring God's sacred Word,
And write it on our heart;
There its reviving truths record,
And there its peace impart.

Almighty Spirit, visit thus
Our hearts, and guide our ways;
Pour down Thy quick'ning grace on us,
And tune our lips to praise.

SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

Jesus, Thy Church, with longing eyes,
For Thy expected coming waits;
When will the promised light arise,
And glory beam from Zion's gates?

E'en now, when tempests round us fall,
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,
Thy words with pleasure we recall,
And deem that our redemption's nigh.

Come, gracious Lord, our hearts renew,
Our foes repel, our wrongs redress;
Man's rooted enmity subdue,
And crown Thy gospel with success.

O come and reign o'er every land,
Let Satan from his throne be hurl'd,
All nations bow to Thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.

Yes, Thou wilt speedily appear ;
The smitten earth already reels ;
And not far off we seem to hear
The thunder of Thy chariot wheels.

Teach us, in watchfulness and prayer,
To wait for the appointed hour,
And fit us by Thy grace to share
The triumphs of Thy conquering power.

CHRIST IN YOU THE HOPE OF GLORY.

O SAVIOUR, may we never rest
Till Thou art form'd within ;
Till Thou hast calm'd our troubled breast,
And crush'd the power of sin.

O may we gaze upon Thy cross,
Until the wondrous sight
Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,
And earthly sorrows light.

Until, released from carnal ties,
Our spirit upward springs,
And sees true peace above the skies,
True joy in heavenly things.

There, as we gaze, may we become
United, Lord, to Thee ;
And in a fairer, happier home,
Thy perfect beauty see.

FOR GRACE TO RETURN.

O FOR a beam of heavenly light
To guide my roving steps aright,
And lead me to the blest abode
Where dwells my Father and my God.

Lord, I am weak and prone to stray;
O keep me in Thy holy way;
What nature wants let grace supply,
And smooth my progress to the sky.

Though I am but a worm of earth,
Sinful by practice as by birth;
O let Divine compassion shed
New lustre on the path I tread.

Trusting in Jesus, let me go
In safety through this vale of woe;
And may His gracious presence cheer
My heart in all its wanderings here.

And when my pilgrimage is o'er,
O let me rest upon that shore
Where sin shall never more molest
Nor drive me from my Saviour's breast.

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR.

How sweet it is in early youth
To tread the sacred paths of truth;
From sin's deceitful snares to run,
And find a heaven on earth begun.

How happy is the soul that knows
What perfect peace and calm repose
A gracious Father deigns to give
To them who by His precepts live.

Forbid it, Lord, that we should stray
Far distant from Thy holy way;
Or so deceived and thoughtless be,
As to love pleasure more than Thee.

Though fools may make a mock at sin,
O teach us wisely to begin
To seek the safe and narrow road
That leads to happiness and God.

PROGRESS OF TRUTH.

HARK! the distant isles proclaim
Glory to Messiah's name;
Hymns of praise unheard before,
Echo from the farthest shore.

Hearts that once were taught to own
Idol gods of wood and stone,
Now to light and life restored
Honour Jesus as their Lord.

Blessèd Saviour, still proceed;
Bid the glorious conquest speed;
Let this first refreshing ray
Brighten to a perfect day.

At Thy gospel's solemn call
Bid the towers of Satan fall;
And his wretched slaves obtain
Freedom from their galling chain.

Let the messengers of peace
Raise their voice and never cease
Till the world from sin made free,
Shall unite to worship Thee.

TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

HOLY SPIRIT, from on high,
Bend on us a pitying eye;
Animate the drooping heart;
Bid the power of sin depart.

Light up every dark recess
Of our heart's ungodliness;
Show us every devious way
Where our steps have gone astray.

Teach us with repentant grief
Humbly to implore relief;
Then the Saviour's blood reveal,
All our deep disease to heal.

Other ground work should we lay,
Sweep those empty hopes away;
Make us feel that Christ alone
Can for human guilt atone.

May we daily grow in grace,
And pursue the heavenly race,
Train'd in wisdom, led by love,
Till we reach our rest above.

A BETTER HEART.

LORD, a better heart bestow;
Hear a sinner's broken prayer;
Full of weariness and woe,
To Thy mercies I repair.

Once I thought I could amend
All the evil of my ways,
To Thy throne my steps could bend,
Do Thy will and gain Thy praise.

But in vain I toil'd and pray'd,
Still I did but sin the more,
All the efforts that I made
Left me weaker than before.

Now I find no hand but one
Can deliver me from guilt;
On the merits of Thy Son
All my confidence is built.

Ruin'd, helpless, and forlorn,
To the Saviour's cross I flee;
Oh, since Christ my sins hath borne,
Let my burden'd soul go free.

GOD LEADETH TO REPENTANCE.

How strange that souls whom Jesus feeds
With manna from above,
Should grieve Him by their evil deeds,
And sin against such love!

But 'tis a greater wonder still
That He from whom they stray,
Should bear with their rebellious will,
And wash their sins away.

Lord, has not yet my stubborn heart
Exhausted all Thy grace?
Kind and forgiving as Thou art,
Can I behold Thy face?

Can such a rebel be received
Into Thy blest abode?
Have not my sins too often grieved
The Spirit of my God?

Lord, in Thy love I yet behold
An undiminished store,
A depth unmeasured and untold,
A sea without a shore.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

LED by a Father's gentle hand
Through this dark wilderness of woe,
We long to reach that peaceful land,
Where streams of lasting comfort flow.

O may our meetings here be blest,
To fit us for that holy place;
May faith and love inflame each breast
With zeal to run the heavenly race!

Here may the Spirit shed the light
Of truth to guide us on our way;
God's word upon our conscience write,
And teach us how to watch and pray!

We would dismiss each worldly thought,
When thus we commune with our God;
Our theme shall be the love that brought
A Saviour from His blest abode.

We'll think how Jesus lived and died,
The pains and sorrows that He bore,
The blessing which His love supplied,
The home to which He's gone before.

There we will hope to rest ere long,
And gladly change before His throne
The pilgrim's for the conqueror's song,
Saved by redeeming grace alone.

RICHARD BAXTER.

THIS celebrated Nonconformist divine was born on the 12th November, 1615, at Rowton, in Shropshire. Taking orders in the Church of England, he was appointed, in 1640, to the parish of Kidderminster. Baxter strongly attached himself to the Puritan party in the Church. On the passing of the Act of Uniformity, he renounced his living. For nine years onwards from 1663, he lived in retirement at Acton, Middlesex, producing during this period many of his more esteemed theological works. The Act of Indulgence permitted him to proceed to London in 1672, where he divided his time between preaching and writing. In 1685, on a false charge of sedition, he was sentenced to imprisonment by the infamous Judge Jeffreys. After eighteen months' confinement, he was pardoned and released. He died on the 8th December, 1691, in his 75th year. The works of Richard Baxter have been collected in twenty-five volumes, 1830. His "Paraphrase on the Psalms," was printed in 1692. A small volume of his "Poetical Fragments," was published by Pickering, in 1821; London, 16mo.

HE GOETH BEFORE THEM.*

LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad,
That shall have the same pay?

* These verses form the fourth, seventh, and eighth stanzas of one of Baxter's poems, entitled, "The Covenant and Confidence of Faith." The opening word of the first line is "Now" in the original.

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes,
Must enter by this door.

Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be!

Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
To sing Jehovah's praise.

My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But it's enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

CHARLES BAYLY.

CHARLES BAYLY was born at Frome-Selwood, Somersetshire. His grandfather, Edward Bayly, of Devizes, composed some devotional poems of no inconsiderable merit. The subject of this notice was educated at the grammar schools of Frome and Warminster. For a period he followed the legal profession. For many years he has resided in Bath. In 1860, Mr. Bayly published "Descriptive and other Poems;" London, 8vo. Some years previously, he edited "The Selwood Wreath," an interesting collection of local poetry.

"JESUS, TO THEE."

JESUS, to Thee I trembling fly,
To Thee direct my earnest prayer;
Let not a contrite sinner die,
But all my sins and sorrows bear.

"Lord! I believe," in joy and woe;
Help Thou each doubting thought, I pray;
Teach me Thy holy will to know,
Thy precepts gladly to obey.

Soon will my day of life be past,
This glorious orb no more be seen;
But Thou through endless years wilt last,
Holy, as Thou hast ever been.

O may I in death's trying hour
Cast all my cares, dear Lord, on Thee;
Till, saved by Thy almighty power,
I rise, from sin and sorrow free!

And when the ransom'd saints appear,
Crowding Thy courts with songs of praise;
May I, relieved of every fear,
My voice with countless angels raise!

GRACE.

Jesus Christ, enthroned on high,
Robed in glorious majesty,
Hears the sinner's earnest prayer,
Bids him all his wants declare,
Gives the heavy-laden rest,
Soothes and comforts the distrest.

Read what pangs the Saviour felt,
When on earth He sinless dwelt,
The pain, the anguish He endured,
When our salvation He secured;—
And with gratitude exclaim:
"Lord, I love Thy hallow'd name!"

Give us grace to love Thee more,
And our sinful hearts restore
To Thy likeness, bright and pure;
That, in Thee alone secure,
We may on Thy love recline,
And in life and death be Thine.

ROBERT HALL BAYNES.

THE REV. ROBERT HALL BAYNES was born at Wellington, Somerset, in 1831. He studied at St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford, and graduated M.A. in 1859. Taking orders, he became Curate of Christ Church, Blackfriars. In 1858, he was appointed to the living of St. Paul's, Whitechapel. In 1862, he was preferred to the incumbency of Holy Trinity, Maidstone. He became Vicar of St. Michael's, Coventry, his present charge, in 1866. Mr. Baynes has engaged in various useful and philanthropic enterprises. Of his several publications, his "Lyra Anglicana," an elegant compilation of hymns and sacred songs, is the most generally known. He has lately issued an elegant collection of "English Lyrics."

THE LOVE OF JESUS.

JESU, to Thy table led,
Now let every heart be fed,
With the true and living bread.

While in penitence we kneel,
Thy sweet presence let us feel,
All Thy wondrous love reveal!

While on Thy dear cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise!

When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine outpour'd blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love Divine!

Draw us to Thy wounded side,
Whence there flow'd the healing tide;
There our sins and sorrows hide!

From the bonds of sin release,
Cold and wavering faith increase,
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace!

Lead us by Thy pierced hand,
Till around Thy throne we stand,
In the bright and better land!

WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D.

WILLIAM BEATTIE was born at Dalton, and educated at Clarencefield Academy, Dumfriesshire. He studied and graduated at the University of Edinburgh; prosecuted his studies in France, Italy, and Germany; settled in London in 1830, and became Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians. He is author of illustrated histories of "Switzerland," "Scotland," the "Waldenses," "Courts of Germany," and other works, in French and German; and has published two anonymous poems—the "Pilgrim in Italy," and "Polynesia." He was executor of Thomas Campbell, and editor of his "Life and Letters." He was many years physician to H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence, William IV., and professional friend of the Poets of "Memory" and "Hope," both of whom he attended in their last hours. The following contributions to this work are from the pen of Dr. Beattie:—

EVENING HYMN OF THE ALPINE SHEPHERDS.

BROTHERS, the day declines,
  Above, the glacier brightens;
Through hills of waving pines,
  The "vesper-halo" lightens!
Now wake the welcome chorus
  To Him our sires adored;
To Him who watcheth o'er us,—
  Ye shepherds, praise the Lord!*

From each tower's embattled crest,
  The vesper-bell has toll'd;
'Tis the hour that bringeth rest
  To the shepherd and his fold:
From hamlet, rock, and châlét
  Let our evening song be pour'd;
Till mountain, rock, and valley,
  Re-echo—Praise the Lord!

Praise the Lord, who made and gave us
  Our glorious mountain-land!
Who deign'd to shield, and save us
  From the despot's iron hand:
With the bread of life He feeds us;
  Enlighten'd by His Word,
Through pastures green He leads us,—
  Ye shepherds, praise the Lord!

* Every evening, at sunset, "Ye Shepherds, praise the Lord" was sung, and repeated from cliff to cliff, until every voice joined in the chorus.

And hark! below, aloft,
From cliffs that pierce the cloud,
From blue lakes, calm and soft
As a virgin in her shroud;
New strength our anthem gathers,
From alp to alp 'tis pour'd;
So sang our sainted fathers,—
Ye shepherds, praise the Lord!

Praise the Lord! from flood and fell
Let the voice of old and young,—
All the strength of Appenzel,
True of heart, and sweet of tongue,—
The grateful theme prolong
With souls in soft accord,
Till yon stars take up our song—
Hallelujah to the Lord!

WALDENSIAN HYMN.

When clouds are hovering o'er us,
And tempests chafe the sea;
When death frowns dark before us,
Where shall Thy people flee?
Where shall the heart
Its fears impart?—
To Thee, our God, to Thee!

Safe, safe, amidst the hurricane,
Thy servants shall not fear;
The rending sky, the roaring main
Are music to the ear—
For He who binds
The waves and winds,
Our God, is ever near!

Our frail bark shall not founder:
Subdued at Thy behest,
The storm that howls around her
Thy look can lull to rest:
Our faith in Thee
The helm shall be—
The sunshine of the breast!

Through all our woes and wanderings,
When scoffers lift the voice,
To sully with their slanderings
The worship of our choice,
God's sacred lore
We love the more,
And in our wrongs rejoice!

Through every fiery trial
Be Thou our shield and stay!
Till, fading from life's dial,
The shadows fleet away—
Then, Saviour, come,
And call us home
To realms of endless day!

BENJAMIN BEDDOME.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME was born at Henley-in-Arden, Warwickshire, on the 23rd January, 1717. His father, the Rev. John Beddome, was minister of the Pithay Baptist Church, Bristol. At Bristol, Benjamin was apprenticed to a surgeon-apothecary. Becoming seriously impressed, he resolved to devote himself to the duties of the ministry. About his 20th year, he entered the Baptist College, Bristol; he subsequently prosecuted his studies at the Independent Academy, Moorfields. In 1740, he began to preach, and in three years after, accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist congregation at Bourton-on-the-Water. His people were much attached to him, and he continued among them till his death, which took place on the 3rd September, 1795, in his 79th year. Beddome contributed hymns to Rippon's Collection, published in 1787. In 1817, the whole of his hymns, numbering about 600, were edited by the celebrated Rev. Robert Hall. Like the great majority of the editors of the sacred poets, Mr. Hall has repeatedly altered the author's text.

EXCELLENCY OF THE GOSPEL.*

GOD, in the gospel of His Son,
Makes His eternal counsels known;
'Tis here His richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

Here sinners of an humble frame
May taste His grace and learn His name;
'Tis writ in characters of blood,
Severely just, immensely good.

* This hymn and the following have been transcribed from the author's original versions, in Rippon's Collection.

Here Jesus, in ten thousand ways,
His soul-attracting charms displays ;
Recounts His poverty and pains,
And tells His love in melting strains.

Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts ;
Its influence makes the sinner live,
It bids the drooping saint revive.

Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls ;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.

May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye,—
Till life's last hour, my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

My times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in Thy hand ;
My choicest comforts come from Thee,
And go at Thy command.

If Thou should'st take them all away,
Yet would I not repine ;
Before they were possess'd by me,
They were entirely Thine.

Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Though the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In Thee, and Thee alone.

What is the world with all its store ?
'Tis but a bitter sweet ;
When I attempt to pluck the rose,
A pricking thorn I meet.

Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,
The honey's mixed with gall:
'Midst changing scenes and dying friends,
Be Thou my all in all.

TEACHINGS OF THE SPIRIT.*

COME, blessèd Spirit, source of light,
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
Remove the darkness of the mind.

To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truths Thy word reveals;
Chase prejudices far away,
Unclasp the book, and loose the seals.

By inward teachings make me know
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The vanity of things below,
The excellence of things above.

All through the dubious maze of life,
Spread, like the sun, Thy beams abroad;
Point out the dangers of the way,
And guide my wandering feet to God.

FRANCIS BENNOCH.

FRANCIS BENNOCH was born at Durrisdeer, Dumfriesshire, in June, 1812. Since his 16th year, he has resided in London. Mr. Bennoch is author of "The Storm, and other Poems," and is a principal contributor to the "Modern Scottish Minstrel," Edinburgh, 1855—57.

ON FOUNDING A CHURCH OR SCHOOL.

(*Contributed.*)

O GOD of life, at whose command
This wondrous world from chaos came,
Through countless years
The rolling spheres
Thy glory and Thy power proclaim.

* This hymn is appended by the author to his published sermon entitled "Quench not the Spirit." Mr. Hall made a number of alterations.

O God of love, though man rebell'd
And proudly wander'd far from Thee,
Thy love did yearn
For his return,
Repentant, pardon'd, bless'd, and free.

O God of grace, when, 'whelmed in sin,
Corrupt, depraved, by passion slain,
The streaming flood
Of Jesu's blood
Restores us to Thine heart again.

O Lord, with grateful souls do we
In active earnest work engage,
To teach Thy truth
To wayward youth,
And consolation bring to age.

O God, we pray, these efforts bless,
To plant and spread Thy word Divine,
By vale and hill,
With all our skill;
And all the glory, Lord, be Thine.

JOHN BERRIDGE.

JOHN BERRIDGE was born at Kingston, Nottinghamshire, on the 1st March, 1716. He was intended for agricultural pursuits. About his 14th year, he began to experience serious convictions, and formed an inclination towards the ministry. He entered Clare Hall, Cambridge, in 1734. There he pursued his studies with unwonted vigour, and earned a reputation for learning. In 1749, he became Curate of Stapleford, near Cambridge. He obtained the Vicarage of Everton in 1755. Fully awakened to a perception of Divine truth, he commenced a course of itinerant preaching. He became the associate of John Wesley, Whitefield, and Lady Huntingdon. Thousands flocked to listen to his discourses. In 1760, he published "A Collection of Divine Songs." This was subsequently recalled, and in 1785, he issued "Sion's Songs, or Hymns composed for the use of them that follow the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." Berridge died on the 22nd January, 1793, in his 76th year. An edition of "Sion's Songs" was published at Birmingham in 1803, 16mo. From this edition we have made our selection. Mr. Berridge's works were published, with a memoir of his life, in 1839, London, 8vo.

PRAYER FOR HUMILITY.*

JESUS, cast a look on me,
Give me sweet simplicity;
Make me poor, and keep me low,
Seeking only Thee to know,

* See Note at end of the volume.

Weanèd from my lordly self,
Weanèd from the miser's pelf,
Weanèd from the scorner's ways,
Weanèd from the lust of praise.

All that feeds my busy pride,
Cast it evermore aside;
Bid my will to Thine submit,
Lay me humbly at Thy feet.

Make me like a little child,
Of my strength and wisdom spoil'd;
Seeing only in Thy light,
Walking only in Thy might.

Leaning on Thy loving breast,
Where a weary soul may rest;
Feeling well the peace of God,
Flowing from Thy precious blood.

In this posture let me live,
And hosannas daily give;
In this temper let me die,
And hosannas ever cry.

THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

O HAPPY saints, who dwell in light,
And walk with Jesus, cloth'd in white;
Safe landed on that peaceful shore
Where pilgrims meet to part no more.

Releas'd from sin and toil and grief,
Death was their gate to endless life,
An open'd cage to let 'em fly,
And build their happy nests on high.

And now they range the heav'nly plains,
And sing their hymns in melting strains;
And now their souls begin to prove
The heights and depths of Jesu's love.

They gaze upon His beauteous face,
His lovely mind and charming grace,
And, gazing hard with ravish'd eyes,
His form they catch, and taste his joys.

He cheers them with eternal smile;
They sing hosannas all the while;
Or, overwhelm'd with rapture sweet,
Sit down adoring at His feet.

Ah, Lord! with tardy steps I creep,
And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep;
Yet strip me of this house of clay,
And I will sing as loud as they.

JOHN BETHUNE.

JOHN BETHUNE was born in the parish of Monimail, Fifeshire, in 1812. He never was at school, and continued during life in the condition of an agricultural labourer. With his elder brother, Alexander, who was also an ingenious poet, he devotedly cultivated literature; and the fruits of their studies were given to the world in a volume, entitled "Tales and Sketches of the Scottish Peasantry," and in a work on "Practical Economy." John contributed verses to *The Scottish Christian Herald*. While about to embrace literature as a profession, he was cut off by consumption, on the 1st September, 1839, at the early age of twenty-seven. In the following year, a volume of poems from his pen, with a memoir, was published by his surviving brother.

SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

O LORD, munificent, benign,
How many mercies have been mine,
Since last I met with Thee
In that blest ordinance of Thine—
The holy feast of bread and wine,
Which was enjoy'd by me!

How many days, in goodness sent,
Have been in sickening sadness spent;
How many nights have come,
Which promised rest and sweet content,
Yet left behind them, when they went,
Distress and grief and gloom!

How many purposes have fail'd,
How many doubts my heart assail'd,
And held my spirit fast;
How many sins have been bewail'd,
How many follies have prevail'd,
Since I confess'd Thee last!

But still to Thee my spirit springs,
And underneath Thy sheltering wings
A safe asylum seeks:
For this memorial sweetly brings
Remembrance of Thy sufferings,
And all Thy kindness speaks.

And, like a little child, I lay
My spirit at Thy feet, and say,
"Lord, take it, it is Thine:
Teach it to trust, to fear, to pray,—
Feed it with love by night and day,
And let Thy will be mine."

EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH.

THE REV. EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH was born in London, in January, 1825. His father, the Rev. Edward Bickersteth, is well known for his theological and devotional writings. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1847. Obtaining orders, he became Curate of Barmingham, Norfolk; he subsequently ministered at Tunbridge Wells. In 1852, he became Rector of Hinton Martell, Dorset. He obtained the incumbency of Christ Church, Hampstead, his present charge, in 1855.

Mr. Bickersteth is author of "A Practical Commentary on the New Testament," and several other religious prose works. In 1849, he published "Poems," Cambridge, 16mo; and in 1851, "Nineveh, a Poem," London, 16mo. He has republished "The Christian Psalmody," edited by his father, and has added to that collection several hymns of his own composition. The following hymn, transcribed from the second edition of his "Psalms and Hymns," is inserted with his permission.

THE CHRISTIAN'S SONG OF JUBILEE.

O BROTHERS! lift your voices,
Triumphant songs to raise;
Till heaven on high rejoices,
And earth is fill'd with praise!
Ten thousand hearts are bounding
With holy hopes, and free
The gospel trump is sounding,
The trump of jubilee.

O Christian brothers! glorious
Shall be the conflict's close:
The Cross hath been victorious,
And shall be, o'er its foes.
Faith is our battle-token—
Our Leader all controls;
Our trophies, fetters broken;
Our captives, ransom'd souls.

Not unto us, Lord Jesus,
To Thee all praise be due:
Whose blood-bought mercy frees us,
Has freed our brethren too.
"Not unto us:" in glory
The angels catch the strain,
And cast their crowns before Thee,
Exultingly again.

Captain of our salvation,
Thy presence we adore!
Praise, glory, adoration,
Be Thine for evermore!
Still on in conflict pressing,
On Thee Thy people call;
Thee King of kings confessing,
Thee crowning Lord of all!

JOHN BICKERSTETH.

THE REV. JOHN BICKERSTETH was born at Kirkby-Lonsdale, Westmoreland, on the 19th June, 1781. He was the eldest son of Henry Bickersteth, who practised as a surgeon in that place. He attended the Grammar School in Kirkby-Lonsdale, and in 1808 entered Trinity College, Cambridge. There he graduated in honours. Having received orders, he became Vicar of Acton, Suffolk. He was afterwards preferred to the Rectory of Sapcote, Leicestershire. In 1819, he published a collection of hymns, in which are included several of his own composition. His death took place on the 2nd October, 1855. The Right Rev. Robert Bickersteth, D.D., the present Bishop of Ripon, is the fourth of his sons, and the Venerable E. Bickersteth, D.D., Archdeacon of Buckingham, is his second son.

HYMN AFTER THE LORD'S SUPPER.

ISRAEL'S Shepherd! guide me, feed me,
Through my pilgrimage below;
And beside the waters lead me,
Where Thy flocks rejoicing go.

Could I wander, fear disdaining?
Could I quit the sheltering fold?
Heedless of Thy grace constraining,
In the strength of nature bold?

No! Thy pardoning presence ever,
Meekly kneeling, I implore;
I have found Thee, and would never,
Never wander from Thee more!
Oh how sweet, how comfortable,
In the wilderness to see
Such provisions, such a table,
Spread for sinners—yes, for me!

There, Thy bounty still partaking,
Bread and consecrated wine,
Freely all things else forsaking,
I behold the Saviour mine.
In that bruisèd body broken,—
In the shedding of that blood,—
What a gracious pledge and token,
Lord! we have for every good.

Come, my soul! temptations flying,
Arm thee for the strife within;
Jesus, thy Redeemer, dying,
Stamps an infamy on sin.
Yield, my heart! no longer harden'd;
Rouse thy every latent power;
Cleansed and wash'd, and freely pardon'd,
"Go in peace! and sin no more."

THOMAS BILBY.

THOMAS BILBY was born at Southampton. In 1809, he joined the army, in which he remained eight years. Subsequently devoting himself to the cause of juvenile education, he studied the infant school system under Mr. Buchanan, whose seminary on Brewers' Green, Westminster, is said to have been the first infant school in England. In 1825, Mr. Bilby obtained charge of a training school, at Chelsea, where upwards of 500 male and female teachers were instructed in the infant system under his superintendence. In 1835, he proceeded to the West Indies, where he introduced the new mode of juvenile teaching into several islands. From his labours in connection with Mr. J. S. Reynolds, the "Home and Colonial Infant School Society," took its origin. Jointly with Mr. R. B. Ridgway, Mr. Bilby has published "The Nursery Book," 16mo; "Book of Quadrupeds," 16mo; and "The Infant Teacher's Assistant," 12mo. The following hymn by Mr. Bilby, was first published in 1832. It has long been a favourite in infant and Sunday schools. We print from a copy kindly supplied by the author.

JOYFUL.

HERE we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again,
In heaven we part no more!
Oh, that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful, joyful,
Oh, that will be joyful!
When we meet to part no more.

All who love the Lord below,
When they die to heaven will go,
And sing with saints above.
Oh, that will be joyful, etc.

Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
From every infant school.
Oh, that will be joyful, etc.

Teachers, too, shall meet above,
And our pastors, whom we love,
Shall meet to part no more.
Oh, that will be joyful, etc.

Oh how happy we shall be!
For our Saviour we shall see,
Exalted on His throne!
Oh, that will be joyful, etc.

There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ,
In praising Christ the Lord.
Oh, that will be joyful, etc.

THOMAS BINNEY.

THOMAS BINNEY was born in the year 1798, at Newcastle-on-Tyne. He was educated at Wymondley College, Hertfordshire. Having entered the ministry, he became pastor of an Independent chapel at Newport, Isle of Wight. In 1829, he removed to London, to undertake the pastorate of the congregation assembling at the "King's Weigh House Chapel," on Fish Street Hill. Mr. Binney has long enjoyed a well-merited popularity, as an earnest and striking expositor of Divine truth. Of upwards of fifty publications which he has given to the world, his more esteemed works are those entitled "Gold," and "Is it Possible to make the best of Both Worlds?"

GOD IS LIGHT.

ETERNAL light! eternal light!
How pure the soul must be,
When, placed within Thy searching sight,
It shrinks not, but with calm delight
Can live and look on Thee.

The spirits that surround Thy throne
May bear the burning bliss;
But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.

Oh, how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
That uncreated beam.

There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode;
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An Advocate with God.

These, these prepare us for the light
Of majesty above:
The sons of ignorance and night
Can stand in the eternal light
Through the eternal love.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE was born at Glasgow, in the year 1809. He studied at Marischal College, Aberdeen, and the University of Edinburgh. In 1834, he was called to the Scottish Bar. For some time he travelled abroad. He was appointed Professor of Humanity in Marischal College, Aberdeen, in 1841, and elected Greek Professor in the University of Edinburgh in 1852. Professor Blackie has published a work on the principles of beauty. His translation of Æschylus is much esteemed. In 1860, a volume of "Lyrical Poems" proceeded from his pen. The following has been transcribed from his volume entitled, "Lays and Legends of Ancient Greece, with other Poems." Edinburgh, 1857.

BENEDICITE.

ANGELS holy,
High and lowly,
Sing the praises of the Lord!
Earth and sky, all living nature,
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Sun and moon bright,
Night and moonlight,
Starry temples azure-floor'd,
Cloud and rain, and wild winds' madness,
Sons of God that shout for gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Ocean hoary,
Tell His glory,
Cliffs, where tumbling seas have roar'd!
Pulse of waters, blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Rock and high land,
Wood and island,
Crag, where eagle's pride hath soar'd,
Mighty mountains, purple-breasted,
Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Rolling river,
Praise Him ever,
From the mountain's deep vein pour'd,
Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent, madly rushing,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Bond and free man,
Land and sea man,
Earth, with peoples widely stored,
Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,
Full-voiced choir, in costly temple,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Praise Him ever,
Bounteous Giver;
Praise Him, Father, Friend, and Lord!
Each glad soul, its free course winging,
Each glad voice, its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord!

HUGH BLAIR, D.D.

THE REV. HUGH BLAIR, D.D., was born at Edinburgh, on the 7th April, 1718. He entered the University of his native city in 1730, and was licensed to preach in October, 1741. In the following year, he was ordained to the pastoral charge of Collessie, Fifeshire. In 1743, he was preferred to the office of second minister of the Canongate, Edinburgh; in 1754, he was promoted to Lady Yester's, one of the city churches. He was afterwards appointed one of the collegiate ministers of the High Church. In 1762, the chair of Rhetoric in the University was founded for his acceptance. He was associated with the Rev. John Logan, the Rev. William Cameron, and the Rev. Dr. Morrison in preparing the Church of Scotland Paraphrases. Cameron and Morrison are noticed in the present work. The contributions of Logan to the Paraphrases are believed to have been appropriated from Michael Bruce (see article Bruce). Dr. Blair did not compose any original hymn; but the following, which forms the 57th paraphrase in the collection, has been so remodelled by him from Dr. Watts that its insertion in this place may be permissible. Watts's hymn (Book I., No. 125), consists of six verses. The second four lines of Blair's second stanza are nearly *verbatim* from Watts. See Note. Dr. Blair died on the 27th September, 1800. His "Sermons" and "Lectures on Rhetoric" are well known.

OUR GREAT HIGH PRIEST.

Hebrews iv. 14—16.

JESUS, the Son of God, who once
For us His life resign'd,
Now lives in heaven, our Great High Priest
And never-dying Friend.
Through life, through death, let us to Him
With constancy adhere;
Faith shall supply new strength, and hope
Shall banish ev'ry fear.

To human weakness not severe
Is our High Priest above;
His heart o'erflows with tenderness,
His bowels melt with love;
With sympathetic feelings touch'd,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations are,
For He has felt the same.

But, though He felt temptation's power,
Unconquer'd He remain'd,
Nor 'midst the frailty of our frame
By sin was ever stain'd.
As, in the days of feeble flesh,
He pour'd forth cries and tears,
So, though exalted, still He feels
What ev'ry Christian bears.

Then let us with a filial heart
Come boldly to the throne
Of grace supreme, to tell our griefs
And all our wants make known;
That mercy we may there obtain
For sins and errors past,
And grace to help in time of need,
While days of trial last.

JAMES BODEN.

THE REV. JAMES BODEN was born at Chester, on the 13th April, 1757. A member of the Congregationalist body, he studied at Homerton College, where he qualified himself for the ministry. He was appointed in 1784 to the Independent Chapel at Hanley, Staffordshire. In 1796, he removed to Sheffield, to undertake the pastorate of the Queen Street Independent Chapel in that place. His death took place at Chesterfield, on the 4th June, 1841. Mr. Boden was one of the founders of the London Missionary Society. Along with the Rev. Edward Williams, D.D., he published, in 1801, "A Collection of above Six Hundred Hymns, designed as a New Supplement to Dr. Watts' Psalms and Hymns." To this work Mr. Boden contributed seven original hymns.

"YET THERE IS ROOM."*

YE dying sons of men,
Immerged in sin and woe,
The Gospel's voice attend,
Which Jesus sends to you:
Ye perishing and guilty, come;
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame;
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame:
All things are ready; sinner, come;
For every trembling soul there's room.

Believe the heavenly word
His messengers proclaim;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is His name.
Backsliding souls, return and come;
Cast off despair, there yet is room.

* See Note at end of the volume.

Compelled by bleeding love,
Ye wandering sheep, draw near;
Christ calls you from above;
His charming accents hear!
Let whosoever will now come,
In mercy's breast there yet is room.

THE PRAISE OF GOD.

BRIGHT Source of everlasting love,
To Thee our souls we raise;
And to Thy sovereign bounty rear
A monument of praise.

Thy mercy gilds the paths of life
With every cheering ray;
Kindly restrains the rising tear,
Or wipes that tear away.

When, sunk in guilt, our souls approach'd
The borders of despair,
Thy grace through Jesus' blood proclaim'd
A free salvation near.

What shall we render, bounteous Lord,
For all the grace we see?
Alas! the goodness worms can yield
Extendeth not to Thee.

To tents of woe, to beds of pain
We cheerfully repair,
And, with the gift Thy hand bestows,
Relieve the mourners there.

The widow's heart shall sing for joy,
The orphan shall be glad,
And hungering souls we'll gladly point
To Christ, the living bread.

Thus passing through the vale of tears,
Our useful light shall shine ;
And others learn to glorify
Our Father's name Divine.

PRAISE TO JESUS.

COME, all ye saints of God,
Publish through earth abroad
Jesus's fame ;
Tell what His love has done ;
Trust in His name alone ;
Shout to His lofty throne,
Worthy the Lamb !

Hence, gloomy doubts and fears ;
Dry up your mournful tears ;
Join our glad theme ;
Beauty for ashes bring ;
Strike each melodious string ;
Join heart and voice to sing
Worthy the Lamb.

Hark how the choirs above,
Fill'd with the Saviour's love,
Dwell on His name ;
There too may we be found,
With light and glory crown'd,
While all the heavens resound,
Worthy the Lamb.

ANDREW REDMAN BONAR.

ANDREW REDMAN BONAR was born at Edinburgh, on the 28th March, 1818. He received his education at the High School and University of his native city. In 1841, he became a licentiate of the Scottish Church. In 1843, he was ordained to the pastoral charge of Fogo, a parish in Berwickshire. He was translated to the second charge of the Canongate, Edinburgh, in 1845. In November, 1849, he was admitted to the first charge of the same parish. Mr. Bonar is an extensive prose writer. In 1864, he published "Hymns for the use of Christian Families and of Schools," the enlargement of a former work. Several hymns from his pen are likewise contained in his volume, "The Poets and Poetry of Scotland."

STRENGTH GIVEN.

THOUGH the heavens above be dark,
Though the waves beat o'er the bark,
Though the thunders loudly roar,
Though the mist be on the shore,—
He, thy Master, walks before thee,
Angel forms are bending o'er thee.
Haste to prayer, and bow the knee:—
"As thy day, thy strength shall be."

Are there thoughts thou wouldst not name?
Doth trembling seize thy shaking frame?
Fearful one, hast thou forgot
What must be the Christian's lot?
Forget'st thou One whose boundless power
Can sustain in peril's hour?—
One whose hand is stretched to thee?
"As thy day, thy strength shall be."

Doth the way to heaven appear
Steep and narrow, full of fear,
Through the perils of the way,
Secret foes, or battle's fray?
These can all be put to flight,
In armour of the sons of light;
Hear Him! "Place thy trust in me,"—
And, "As thy day, thy strength shall be."

Are thy thoughts on things below,
Fading like the sunset glow?
Deceiving hopes, or pleasures fled,
The vanish'd, or the early dead?

Earthly love, or worthless toys?
What are these to heavenly joys?
In God's heaven thy treasure see,—
"As thy day, thy strength shall be."

HEAVENLY WISDOM SOUGHT.

SOURCE of life and light and blessing,
Raise our hearts to Thee above!
And be with us while expressing
All the wonders of Thy love.
Hear us, Father!
Darkness from our minds remove.

Thou hast given us souls immortal,
Minds to know Thee, hearts to feel,—
Open Thou to us the portal,
Fill our hearts with fervent zeal.
Hear us, Mightiest!
Treasures of Thine own reveal.

Holy deeds in ancient story,
Wonders that the heaven unfolds,—
Traces of His boundless glory,
Who the winds and waters holds—
Benefactor!
Let each praise Thee who beholds.

Bring us to the feet of Jesus,
As the Eastern sages knelt;
May Thy gracious Spirit free us
From the stains and power of guilt.
Blessèd Jesus!
Let Thy light and peace be felt.

Once Thou camest meek and lowly,
Moved by pity for our race,—
Diedst, the Just One and the Holy,
Took'st the helpless sinner's place.
Great Redeemer!
Shed upon our hearts Thy grace.

Where the saints and angels bending,
Bless Thee on the throne on high,
Hear our mortal voices blending
With their lofty minstrelsy.
Safely keep us
By Thine ever-watchful eye.

HOLY SCRIPTURE.

(*Contributed.*)

We search Thy word, O Master kind,
Thy holy book of truth,
Fit comforter of bending age,
Sure guide of glowing youth.
That word of Thine which sheds a light
On life's uncertain road—
That book which speaks of Jesu's love,
And points our way to God.

Like music oft its words have come
Where pain and fear have been,
Like sunlight beaming after storm,
To gild the lowliest scene.
With prayer we would its pages read,
With fond and filial heart,—
Resolved, like duteous Mary, still
To choose the better part.

As treasure hid beneath the ground,
We would its meaning seek:—
'Tis manna to the wanderer lone,
"Glad tidings" to the weak.
We'll prize it now, in childhood's hour,
It is our "Father's" word,
And seek in all our ways to be
True followers of the Lord.

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

ONE of the most esteemed sacred poets and religious prose writers of the time, HORATIUS BONAR, was born at Edinburgh, in 1808. He was educated at the University of his native city. In 1837, he was ordained to the ministry at Kelso. At the disruption, in 1843, he joined the Free Church. In 1839, he began the series of "Kelso Tracts," which first gained him reputation as a religious writer. His larger prose works are "The Night of Weeping," "The Morning of Joy," "Prophetic Landmarks," "The Eternal Day," "Man," "The Story of Grace," "A Stranger Here," "The Land of Promise," and "The Desert of Sinai." Two of his later prose works, "God's Way of Peace," and "God's Way of Holiness," have obtained an extraordinary circulation, and have been eminently useful. Dr. Bonar's hymns are contained in his volumes entitled "Hymns of Faith and Hope," first and second series. 1857—1861. 8vo.

THY WAY, NOT MINE.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be, or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it matters not,
It leads me to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot,
I would not if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill;
As best to Thee may seem,
Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friend,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all!

"COME UNTO ME."

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."
I came to Jesus, as I was,
Weary and worn and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I look'd to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.

THE WANDERER FOUND.

I WAS a wand'ring sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.

I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home;
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child,
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
They found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

They spoke in tender love,
They raised my drooping head,
They gently closed my bleeding wounds,
My fainting soul they fed.
They washed my filth away,
They made me clean and fair;
They brought me to my home in peace,
The long-sought wanderer!

Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul;
'Twas He that washed me in His blood;
'Twas He that made me whole.
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold!
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home.

THE SUBSTITUTE.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursèd load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

I long to be like Jesus,—
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,—
The Father's holy child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

A BETHLEHEM HYMN.

He has come ! the Christ of God,
Left for us His glad abode ;
Stooping from His throne of bliss
To this darksome wilderness.

He has come ! the Prince of peace,
Come to bid our sorrows cease ;
Come to scatter with His light
All the shadows of our night.

He, the mighty King, has come !
Making this poor earth His home ;
Come to bear our sins' sad load ;
Son of David, Son of God.

He has come, whose name of grace
Speaks deliverance to our race ;
Left for us His glad abode ;
Son of Mary, Son of God.

"Unto us a Child is born !"
Ne'er has earth beheld a morn,
Among all the morns of time,
Half so glorious in its prime.

"Unto us a Son is given !"
He has come from God's own heaven,
Bringing with Him from above
Holy peace and holy love.

THE INNER CALM.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
While these hot breezes blow ;
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast ;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm;
Let Thine outstretchèd wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm
Beside her desert spring.

Yes! keep me calm, tho' loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet,—
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street.

Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain;

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame;
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng
Who hate Thy holy name.

Calm when the great world's news with power
My listening spirit stir;
Let not the tidings of the hour
E'er find too fond an ear.

Calm as the ray of sun or star
Which storms assail in vain,
Moving unruffled thro' earth's war,
The eternal calm to gain.

THE MORNING STAR.

THERE is a Morning Star, my soul,
There is a Morning Star;
'Twill soon be near and bright, tho' now
It seems so dim and far.
And when time's stars have come and gone,
And every mist of earth has flown,
That better star shall rise
On this world's clouded skies,
To shine for ever!

The night is well-nigh spent, my soul,
The night is well-nigh spent;
And soon above our heads shall shine
A glorious firmament:
A sky all glad and pure and bright,
The Lamb, once slain, its perfect light;
A star without a cloud,
Whose light no mists enshroud,
Descending never!

REST YONDER.

THIS is not my place of resting,
Mine's a city yet to come;
Onwards to it I am hasting—
On to my eternal home.

In it all is light and glory,
O'er it shines a nightless day;
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse, has pass'd away.

There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us
By the streams of life along;
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.

Soon we pass this desert dreary,
Soon we bid farewell to pain;
Never more be sad or weary,
Never, never sin again.

JANE BORTHWICK.

JANE BORTHWICK is descended from an old and respectable Scottish family. Under the signature of H. L. L., she has contributed numerous compositions in prose and verse to *The Family Treasury*. She is well known in connection with her work, "Hymns from the Land of Luther, translated from the German," of which the first series appeared in 1854. Miss Borthwick is author of a small volume of original verses, entitled "Thoughts for Thoughtful Hours," which was published in 1859, and has passed through several editions. She has written some prose works for the young.

"THY WILL BE DONE."*

My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
  Oh may Thy will be mine!
Into Thy hand of love
  I would my all resign.
Through sorrow, or through joy,
  Conduct me as Thine own;
And help me still to say,
  My Lord, Thy will be done!

My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
  If needy here and poor,
Give me Thy people's bread,
  Their portion rich and sure.
The manna of Thy word
  Let my soul feed upon;
And if all else should fail,
  My Lord, Thy will be done!

My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
  If among thorns I go,
Still sometimes, here and there,
  Let a few roses blow.
But Thou on earth along
  The thorny path hast gone;
Then lead me after Thee;
  My Lord, Thy will be done!

My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
  Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
  Grow dim or disappear.

* Translated from the German of B. Schmolk.

Since Thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
If loved ones must depart,
Suffer not sorrow's flood
To overwhelm my heart:
For they are blest with Thee,
Their race and conflict won;
Let me but follow them,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
When death itself draws nigh,
To Thy dear wounded side
I would for refuge fly;
Leaning on Thee, to go
Where Thou before hast gone;
The rest as Thou shalt please;
My Lord, Thy will be done!

My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
All shall be well for me,
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee.
Straight to my home above,
I travel calmly on;
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

JOHN BOWDLER.

JOHN BOWDLER was born in London, on the 2nd February, 1783. Educated at Winchester College, he selected the legal profession, and became a member of Lincoln's Inn. As a barrister, he gave promise of attaining to eminence, but was prematurely cut off on the 1st February, 1815, at the early age of thirty-two. In 1816, his miscellaneous writings were published by his father, in two octavo volumes, under the title, "Select Pieces in Prose and Verse," accompanied by a memoir. He composed versions of several of the Psalms.

PSALM CXXIII. PARAPHRASED.

LORD, before Thy throne we bend ;
Lord, to Thee our eyes ascend ;
Servants to our Master true,
Lo, we yield the homage due ;
Children, to our Sire we fly,
Abba, Father, hear our cry !

To the dust our knees we bow ;
We are weak, but mighty Thou :
Sore distress'd, yet suppliant still,
We await Thy holy will :
Bound to earth, and rooted here
Till our Saviour-God appear.

From the heavens, Thy dwelling-place,
Shed, O shed Thy pardoning grace :
Turn to save us—none below
Pause to hear our silent woe ;
Pleased or sad, a thoughtless throng,
Still they gaze and pass along.

Leave us not beneath the power
Of temptation's darkest hour ;
Swift to seal their captive's doom,
See our foes exulting come :
Jesus, Saviour, yet be nigh,
Lord of life and victory.

THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

Psalm xlii.

As panting in the sultry beam,
The hart desires the cooling stream,
So to Thy presence, Lord, I flee,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee;
Athirst to taste Thy living grace,
And see Thy glory face to face.

But rising griefs distress my soul,
And tears on tears successive roll:
For many an evil voice is near,
To chide my woe, and mock my fear;
And silent memory weeps alone
O'er hours of peace and gladness flown.

For I have walk'd the happy round
That circles Sion's holy ground,
And gladly swell'd the choral lays
That hymn'd my great Redeemer's praise;
What time the hallow'd arch along
Responsive swell'd the solemn song.

Ah! why, by passing clouds oppress'd
Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast?
Turn, turn to Him in every pain,
Whom never suppliant sought in vain—
Thy strength in joy's ecstatic day,
Thy hope when joy has pass'd away.

SIR JOHN BOWRING, LL.D., F.R.S.

A DISTINGUISHED diplomatist and colonial governor, SIR JOHN BOWRING is likewise entitled to an honourable place among British hymn writers. He was born at Exeter, on the 17th October, 1792. Possessing an extraordinary power of attaining languages, he early acquired reputation as a metrical translator of poems from many of the European tongues. He became editor of *The Westminster Review*, in 1825. In 1835, he entered Parliament as member for Kilmarnock. He afterwards represented Bolton. In 1849, he was appointed British Consul at Canton. He was knighted in 1854, on his nomination as Her Majesty's Plenipotentiary in China, and Governor of Hong-Kong. Sir John Bowring is the author of several important works of travel and on political subjects. In 1825, he published a volume of "Hymns," 16mo. His "Matins and Vespers," 12mo, appeared about the same period. This work has been considerably enlarged; it passed into a fourth edition in 1851. Several original hymns from his pen are in the "Hymn Book for Christian Worship," an American collection, of which the 5th edition appeared at Boston, U. S., in 1857. Sir John, who has retired from public life, is now resident, in honourable independence, near his native city.

GOD IS LOVE.

GOD is love; His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens!
God is wisdom, God is love.

Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom, God is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom His brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

REPORT OF THE WATCHMAN.

WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are?
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star.

Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller! yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.

Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller! ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn,
Traveller! darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller! lo, the Prince of peace,
Lo, the Son of God, is come!

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure;
Joys that through all time abide.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

TRUST IN GOD.

O LET my trembling soul be still,
While darkness veils this mortal eye,
And wait Thy wise, Thy holy will,
Wrapt yet in fears and mystery;
I cannot, Lord! Thy purpose see;
Yet all is well,—since ruled by Thee.

When, mounted on Thy clouded car,
Thou send'st Thy darker spirits down,
I can discern Thy light afar,
Thy light sweet-beaming through Thy frown;
And, should I faint a moment, then
I think of Thee, and smile again.

So, trusting in Thy love, I tread
The narrow path of duty on;
What though some cherish'd joys are fled?
What though some flattering dreams are gone?
Yet purer, brighter joys remain:
Why should my spirit then complain?

OMNIPRESENCE.

FATHER and Friend! Thy light, Thy love,
Beaming through all Thy works we see;
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of Thee.

Thy voice we hear, Thy presence feel,
Whilst Thou, too pure for mortal sight,
Involved in clouds—invisible,
Reignest the Lord of life and light.

We know not in what hallow'd part
Of the wide heavens Thy throne may be,
But *this* we know, that where Thou art,
Strength, wisdom, goodness dwell with Thee.

And through the various ways of time,
And through the infinity of space,
We follow Thy career sublime,
And all Thy wondrous footsteps trace.

Thy children shall not faint or fear,
Sustain'd by this delightful thought,
Since Thou their God art everywhere,
They cannot be where Thou art not.

JEHOIADA BREWER.

JEHOIADA BREWER was born at Newport, Monmouthshire, in 1751. He commenced life as a trader, but becoming seriously impressed, he prepared himself for the ministry. He purposed to seek ordination in the Church of England, but afterwards joined the Nonconformists. He had some time a congregation at Rodborough, Gloucestershire. In 1783, he received a call to Sheffield, and after fifteen years' ministerial labour there, he undertook the pastorate of Carr's Lane Independent Chapel, Birmingham. He afterwards became minister of a new congregation in Livery Street. His death took place on the 24th August, 1817, in his 65th year. Brewer composed several hymns. The following, which was originally published in *The Gospel Magazine*, for 1776 (pp. 471, 472), and there subscribed *Sylvestris*, is much esteemed. It has frequently been included in the hymn-books, but is generally misprinted.

THE HIDING-PLACE.

HAIL, sov'reign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man!
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding-place!

Against the God who rules the sky
I fought with hand uplifted high;
Despised the mention of His grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.

Enwrapp'd in thick Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure, without a hiding-place.

But thus th' eternal council ran,
"Almighty love, arrest that man!"
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding-place.

Indignant justice stood in view;
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
But justice cried, with frowning face,
"This mountain is no hiding-place."

Ere long an heav'nly voice I heard,
And mercy's angel form appear'd;
She led me on with placid pace
To Jesus, as my hiding-place.

Should storms of sev'n-fold thunder roll,
And shake the globe from pole to pole,
No flaming bolt could daunt my face,
For Jesus is my hiding-place.

On Him almighty vengeance fell,
That must have sunk a world to hell;
He bore it for the chosen race,
And thus became their hiding-place.

A few more rolling suns at most
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast,
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious hiding-place.

ANNE BRONTE.

ANNE BRONTE was the youngest daughter of the Rev. Patrick Bronte, incumbent of Haworth, in the West Riding of Yorkshire; she was born in 1820. Owing to the narrow income of her father, Anne, and her two elder sisters, Charlotte and Emily, were necessitated, on reaching womanhood, to obtain situations as governesses. Escaping from the drudgeries of tuition, the sisters returned to their father's house in 1845, resolving to make a vigorous effort in the world of letters. In the following year appeared "Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell," such being the *noms de plume* assumed by the sisters. Anne published "Agnes Grey," and "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall." She died at Scarborough, on the 28th May, 1849; her remains repose in the old churchyard, near the castle. The following composition by Anne Bronte is transcribed from her poems appended to the volume of "Wuthering Heights and Agnes Grey, by Ellis and Acton Bell," London, 1850.

CONFIDENCE.

OPPRESSED with sin and woe,
A burdened heart I bear;
Opposed by many a mighty foe;
But I will not despair.

With this polluted heart
I dare to come to Thee,
Holy and mighty as Thou art,
For Thou wilt pardon me.

I feel that I am weak,
And prone to every sin;
But Thou, who giv'st to those who seek,
Wilt give me strength within.

Far as this earth may be
From yonder starry skies;
Remoter still am I from Thee:
Yet Thou wilt not despise.

I need not fear my foes,
I need not yield to care;
I need not sink beneath my woes,
For Thou wilt answer prayer.

In my Redeemer's name,
I give myself to Thee;
And, all unworthy as I am,
My God will cherish me.

JAMES BALDWIN BROWN, LL.D.

JAMES BALDWIN BROWN was a barrister of the Inner Temple. He published two works on law, which are esteemed by the profession. His life of John Howard, the philanthropist, is well known. In 1812, he published "The Battle of Albuera," a poem. He joined the Rev. Dr. Raffles, and Mr. Wiffin, in publishing "Poems by Three Friends," which appeared anonymously in 1815. In 1820, Dr. Brown commenced *The Investigator*, a quarterly magazine, which was edited by Dr. Raffles and another. The following hymn by Dr. Brown is transcribed from Dr. Raffles' collection.

THE HEAVENLY BREAD.

THE manna to the fainting Jews
Was not by Moses given;
Descending with the morning dews,
'Twas bread sent down from heaven.

'Twas angels' food, yet served to stay
But for a while their wants;
Hence fresh supplies, from day to day,
Their heavenly Father grants.

But the true bread from heaven is He
Who from His glorious throne
Stooped, by His death, from wrath to free
A race by sin undone.

Who eateth of this bread shall live,
Nor ever hunger more;
Lord, of this bread, in mercy give
Our souls an ample store.

JAMES BALDWIN BROWN.

THE REV. JAMES BALDWIN BROWN, son of the preceding, was born in 1820, in the Inner Temple. He was educated at University College, London, where he took the degree of B.A., in 1839. Intending to follow his father's profession, he studied at the Inner Temple. He subsequently spent two years at Highbury College, and entered the ministry. In 1843, he became pastor of the London Road Congregational Chapel, Derby. Since 1846, he has been minister of Claylands Chapel, Clapham Road, London. Mr. Brown's larger publications are, "Studies of First Principles," "The Divine Life in Man," "The Soul's Exodus and Pilgrimage," "The Divine Mystery of Peace," "The Divine Treatment of Sin," and "The Home Life."

FOR INCREASE OF FAITH.

THOU who our faithless hearts canst read,
  And know'st each weakness there;
Poor, trembling, faint, with Thee we plead;
  O turn not from our prayer!

We cannot grasp from hour to hour
  The truths Thy gospel saith;
Then aid us by Thy heavenly power,
  And so increase our faith,

That we may trust Thy guardian care,
  When no kind hand we see;
That we may lift our souls in prayer
  Undoubtingly to Thee.

Help us to gaze on things unseen
  By eyes of mortal sight;
To pierce through earth's dark veil, and glean
  Some beams of heavenly light.

Thy glorious presence may we see,
  When earth's last tie is riven;
In faith then trust our souls to Thee,
  Till we awake in heaven.

SIMON BROWNE.

SIMON BROWNE was born at Shepton Mallet, Somersetshire, about the year 1680. He became minister of a dissenting congregation at Portsmouth. In 1716, he accepted an invitation to succeed Mr. Shower, at the Old Jewry, London. In 1723, he lost his wife and only son, an amount of affliction which so overcame him that he was afterwards incapable of performing ministerial duty. He retired to his native place, where he died at the close of the year 1732, in his 52nd year. In 1720, he published "Hymns and Spiritual Songs," London, 12mo. From this volume the following hymns have been transcribed.

INCONSISTENCY OF SIN WITH A CHRISTIAN PROFESSION.

JESUS, my Saviour and my God,
My life and sacrifice;
My hopes, deep founded in Thy blood,
Reach far above the skies.

Up to the highest heav'ns they soar,
Where, round Thy dazzling throne,
Seraphs lie prostrate and adore,
And Thee their Sovereign own.

Thou hast those happy seats possest
Both for Thyself and Thine;
There all Thy follow'rs shall be blest,
And in Thy glory shine.

Among these follow'rs, Lord, am I;
Thy glorious name I bear;
My hopes lift up my soul on high,
And fix my mansion there.

But shall I own Thine awful Name,
And yet oppose Thy will?
A subject's highest privilege claim,
Yet act the rebel still?

Forbid it, Lord! no, I abhor
The base and trait'rous thought;
I own Thine ancient right and pow'r,
And what Thy blood hath bought.

To Thee I'll ever subject live,
And all Thy laws approve,
The fullest homage freely give,
And proofs of loyal love.

Thus shall my heav'nly hopes begin;
Thus I'll my hopes maintain;
Nor once expect, in ways of sin,
Eternal life to gain.

FOR THE HOLY SPIRIT.

COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
My sinful maladies remove;
Be Thou my light, be Thou my guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

The light of truth to me display,
That I may know and choose my way;
Plant holy fear within mine heart,
That I from God may ne'er depart.

Conduct me safe, conduct me far
From every sin and hurtful snare;
Lead me to God, my *final rest*,
In His enjoyment to be blest.

Lead me to Christ, the living way,
Nor let me from His pastures stray;
Lead me to *heaven*, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

Lead me to *holiness*, the road
That I must take to dwell with God;
Lead to Thy *word*, that rules must give,
And sure directions how to live.

Lead me to *means* of *grace*, where I
May own my wants, and seek supply;
Lead to *Thyself*, the spring from whence
To fetch all quick'ning influence.

Thus I, conducted still by Thee,
Of God a child beloved shall be ;
Here to His family pertain,
Hereafter with Him ever reign.

GOD OUR HAPPINESS.

ETERNAL God, of Beings first,
Of all created good the spring,
For Thee I long, for Thee I thirst,
My Love, my Saviour, and my King ;
Thine is a never-failing store :
If God be mine, I ask no more.

The fairest world of light on high
Reflection makes, but faint, of Thine ;
The glorious tenants of the sky
In God's own beams transported shine ;
But should'st Thou wrap Thy face in shade,
Soon all their life and lustre fade.

Thy presence makes celestial day,
And fills each raptured soul with bliss ;
Night would prevail, were God away,
And spirits pine in paradise.
In vain would all the angels try
To fill Thy room, Thy lack supply.

And sure from heav'n we turn our eyes
In vain to seek for bliss below ;
The tree of life can't root nor rise,
Nor in this blasted region grow :
The wealth of this poor barren clod,
Can ne'er make up the want of God.

But, Lord, in Thee the thirsty soul
Will meet with full, with rich supplies ;
Thy smiles will all her fears control,
Thy beauties feast her ravish'd eyes ;
To failing flesh and fainting heart
Thy favour, life, and strength impart.

O let me, Lord, this favour gain,
With smiles still sate, yet feed desire,
In all the loads of life sustain,
In dying moments life inspire.
Guard my departed soul to rest,
Be still my God, and I am blest.

MRS. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

ONE of the most gifted of modern poetesses, ELIZABETH BARRETT was born in London, in 1809. Her father was a person of considerable affluence. In her 18th year, she gave evidence of poetical talent, by the publication of "An Essay on Mind, and other Poems." In 1833, she published anonymously, a translation of the "Prometheus" of Æschylus. Her next publication, "The Seraphim," confirmed her reputation as a poetess. In 1846, she became the wife of Mr. Robert Browning, a poet of genius not inferior to her own. The newly married pair proceeded to Italy,—there they continued to reside, first at Pisa, and afterwards at Florence. Mrs. Browning died at Florence, on the 29th June, 1861. In 1856, her poetical works were published in three volumes, 12mo. A fourth volume was added after her decease.

THE SLEEP.

"He giveth His beloved sleep."—*Psalm* cxxvii. 2.

OF all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
"He giveth *His* beloved, sleep"?

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?
"He giveth *His* beloved, sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved,
A little dust to over weep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake:
"He giveth *His* beloved, sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep.
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber, when
"He giveth *His* beloved, sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delvèd gold, the wailer's heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And "giveth *His* beloved, sleep."

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap.
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth *His* beloved, sleep."

Ay, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man,
Confirmed in such a rest to keep;
But angels say, and through the word
I think their happy smile is *heard*—
"He giveth *His* beloved, sleep."

For me my heart that erst did go,
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the mummers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would, childlike, on *His* love repose,
Who "giveth *His* beloved, sleep."

And friends, dear friends—when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier you come to weep,
Let One, most loving of you all,
Say "Not a tear must o'er her fall,"
"He giveth *His* beloved, sleep."

MICHAEL BRUCE.

ONE of the most remarkable of short-lived poets, MICHAEL BRUCE, was born at Kinnesswood parish of Portmoak, Kinrosshire, on the 27th March, 1746. His parents were in humble circumstances, but they determined, owing to his literary predilections, to educate him for the ministry. During four years, he prosecuted his classical studies at the University of Edinburgh. He subsequently entered on the study of theology, and employed himself in tuition, as a means of livelihood. Under incessant mental toil, a constitution always weak, began to decline. He died of a lingering consumption, on the 6th July, 1767, in his 21st year. The poetical remains of Michael Bruce have been made the subject of a curious controversy. At college, he had become the companion of Mr. John Logan, a person of somewhat kindred genius, and who afterwards becoming minister of Leith, acquired reputation as a preacher. Subsequent to Bruce's death, Logan visited his parents, and offered to publish their son's poems for their pecuniary benefit. He was, accordingly, entrusted with the whole of the MSS., including an unpublished book of hymns, which the parents familiarly termed their son's "Gospel Sonnets." Of the latter, several were familiar to the neighbours, who had derived their knowledge of the compositions from the deceased poet himself. After a considerable delay, Logan published a small volume, entitled "Poems on several occasions, by Michael Bruce," accompanied by a laudatory preface, commemorative of the writer. The scantiness of the compositions, and the absence of the "Gospel Sonnets," disquieted the parents. On a request being made to Logan, by the father of the deceased poet, for the MS. book of hymns, he stated that it was lost. Logan was afterwards associated with other clerical brethren in preparing a collection of Scripture paraphrases, for the use of the Scottish Church. He became the most conspicuous member of committee, by contributing a number of compositions, which were hailed with admiration, and readily adopted by the Church. But Michael Bruce's father recognised them as his son's "Gospel Sonnets,"—and such, with probably a few verbal alterations, there is strong reason for believing, they were. The hymns which follow the present sketch, were all claimed by Logan. The industry of the Rev. William Mackelvie, one of the editors of Bruce's poems has, however, established the Kinnesswood poet's claim to certain of them, and the latest editor, the Rev. Alexander Grosart (1865), has, we think, satisfactorily proved his title to the whole. There are few who now defend the claims of Logan to the authorship, a fact chiefly due to the circumstance, that it has been demonstrated that the celebrated "Ode to the Cuckoo," which he appropriated, was the composition of his deceased friend.

Besides the following compositions, all of which are included in the Church of Scotland paraphrases, the eighth paraphrase beginning, "Few are thy days and full of woe," has been formed of selected verses from one of his lyrics. The ninth paraphrase may also be fairly ascribed to him.

ADVENT OF THE MESSIAH.

BEHOLD! th' Ambassador Divine,
  Descending from above,
To publish to mankind the law
  Of everlasting love!

On Him in rich effusion pour'd
  The heavenly dew descends;
And truth Divine He shall reveal,
  To earth's remotest ends.

No trumpet-sound, at His approach,
  Shall strike the wondering ears;
But still and gentle breathe the voice
  In which the God appears.

By His kind hand the shaken reed
Shall raise its falling frame;
The dying embers shall revive,
And kindle to a flame.

The onward progress of His zeal
Shall never know decline,
Till foreign lands and distant isles
Receive the law Divine.

He who spread forth the arch of heaven,
And bade the planets roll,
Who laid the basis of the earth,
And form'd the human soul:

Thus saith the Lord: "Thee have I sent,
A Prophet from the sky,
Wide o'er the nations to proclaim
The message from on high.

Before Thy face the shades of death
Shall take to sudden flight,
The people who in darkness dwell
Shall hail a glorious light;

The gates of brass shall 'sunder burst,
The iron fetters fall;
The promised jubilee of Heaven
Appointed rise o'er all.

And lo! presaging Thy approach,
The heathen temples shake,
And trembling in forsaken fanes
The fabled idols quake.

I am Jehovah, I am One;
My name shall now be known;
No idol shall usurp my praise,
Nor mount into my throne."

Lo, former scenes, predicted once,
Conspicuous rise to view;
And future scenes predicted now,
Shall be accomplish'd too.

Now sing a new song to the Lord!
Let earth His praise resound;
Ye who upon the ocean dwell,
And fill the isles around.

O city of the Lord, begin
The universal song;
And let the scatter'd villages
The joyful notes prolong.

Let Kedar's wilderness afar
Lift up the lonely voice;
And let the tenants of the rock
With accent rude rejoice.

O from the streams of distant lands
Unto Jehovah sing!
And joyful from the mountain tops
Shout to the Lord the King!

Let all combined with one accord
Jehovah's glories raise,
Till in remotest bounds of earth
The nations sound His praise.

THE APPROACHING SAVIOUR.

Messiah, at Thy glad approach
The howling winds are still;
Thy praises fill the lonely waste,
And breathe from every hill.

The hidden fountains at Thy call
Their sacred stores unlock;
Loud in the desert, sudden streams
Burst living from the rock.

The incense of the spring ascends
Upon the morning gale;
Red o'er the hill the roses bloom
The lilies in the vale.

Renew'd, the earth a robe of light,
A robe of beauty wears;
And in new heavens a brighter sun
Leads on the promised years.

The kingdom of Messiah come,
Appointed times disclose;
And fairer in Emmanuel's land
The new creation glows.

Let Israel to the Prince of peace
The loud hosannah sing!
With hallelujahs and with hymns,
O Zion, hail thy King.

WHEN JESUS, BY THE VIRGIN BROUGHT.

When Jesus, by the Virgin brought,
So runs the law of heaven,
Was offered holy to the Lord,
And at Thy altar given;

Simeon the just, and the devout,
Who frequent in the fane,
Had for the Saviour waited long,
But waited still in vain,

Came, Heaven-directed, at the hour
When Mary held her Son;
He stretchèd forth his aged arms,
While tears of gladness run.

With holy joy upon his face,
The good old father smiled;
While fondly in his wither'd arms,
He clasp'd the promised Child.

And then he lifted up to heaven
An earnest asking eye:
My joy is full, my hour is come,
Lord, let Thy servant die.

At last my arms embrace my Lord,
Now let their vigour cease;
At last my eyes my Saviour see,
Now let them close in peace!

The star and glory of the land
Hath now begun to shine;
The morning that shall gild the globe,
Breaks on these eyes of mine!

THE GREAT HIGH-PRIEST.

WHERE high the heav'nly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High-Priest our nature wears,
The Patron of mankind appears.

He who for men in mercy stood,
And pour'd on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His plan of grace,
The Guardian God of human race.

Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears and agonies and cries.

In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part;
He sympathises with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aids of Heav'nly pow'r
To help us in the evil hour.

HEAVENLY WISDOM.

O HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early only choice.

For she has treasures greater far
Than East or West unfold,
And her reward is more secure
Than is the gain of gold.

In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years;
And in her left the prize of fame
And honour bright appears.

She guides the young with innocence,
In Pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

THE MILLENNIUM.*

BEHOLD! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.

To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to His house, we'll go.

* This is an improved version of one of the hymns issued by a committee of the Church of Scotland, in 1745, and transmitted by the General Assembly to Presbyteries for their consideration. The alterations were professedly made by Logan.

The beam that shines on Zion-hill
  Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Zion's towers
  Shall all the world command.

No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
  Or mar the peaceful years;
To ploughshares soon they beat their swords,
  To pruning-hooks their spears.

No longer hosts encountering hosts,
  Their millions slain deplore:
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
  And study war no more.

Come then, O come from every land,
  To worship at His shrine;
And walking in the light of God,
  With holy beauties shine.

DYING IN THE LORD.

THE hour of my departure's come;
I hear the voice that calls me home;
At last, O Lord, let trouble cease,
And let Thy servant die in peace.

The race appointed I have run,
The combat's o'er, the prize is won;
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record's in the sky.

Not in mine innocence, I trust;
I bow before Thee in the dust;
And through my Saviour's blood alone
I look for mercy at Thy throne.

I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I held so dear,
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
And to the friendless prove a friend.

I come, I come at Thy command,
I give my spirit to Thy hand;
Stretch forth Thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.

The hour of my departure's come;
I hear the voice that calls me home;
Now, O my God! let trouble cease!
Now let Thy servant die in peace.

THE CALL OF WISDOM.

In streets and op'nings of the gates,
Where pours the busy crowd,
Thus heavenly Wisdom lifts her voice,
And cries to men aloud:

"How long, ye scorners of the truth,
Scornful will ye remain?
How long shall fools their folly love,
And hear my words in vain?

O turn at last, at my reproof!
And in that happy hour,
His bless'd effusions on your heart,
My Spirit down shall pour.

But since, so long with earnest voice,
To you in vain I call;
Since all my counsels and reproofs
Thus ineffectual fall;

The time will come, when humbled low,
In sorrow's evil day;
Your voice by anguish shall be taught,
But taught too late, to pray.

When, like the whirlwind o'er the deep
Comes desolation's blast;
Prayers then extorted shall be vain;
The hour of mercy past.

The choice you made has fix'd your doom,
For this is Heaven's decree,
That with the fruits of what he sow'd,
The sinner fill'd shall be."

ATONING SACRIFICE.

THUS speaks the heathen: "How shall men
The Power Supreme adore?
With what accepted off'rings come
This mercy to implore?

Shall clouds of incense to the skies
With grateful odour speed?
Or victims from a thousand hills
Upon the altar bleed?

Does Justice noble blood demand
To save the sinner's life?
Shall trembling in his offspring's side
The father plunge the knife?"

No! God rejects the bloody rites
Which blindfold zeal began;
His oracles of truth proclaim
The message brought to man.

He what is good hath clearly shown,
O favour'd race, to thee;
And what doth God require of those
Who bend to Him the knee?

Thy deeds, let sacred justice rule;
Thy heart, in mercy fill;
And walking humbly with thy God,
To Him resign thy will.

SORROW NOT AS WITHOUT HOPE.

TAKE comfort, Christians, when your friends
In Jesus fall asleep;
Their better being never ends;
Why then dejected weep?

Why inconsolable as those
To whom no hope is given?
Death is the messenger of peace,
And calls the soul to heaven.

As Jesus died and rose again
Victorious from the dead;
So His disciples rise and reign
With their triumphant Head.

The time draws nigh when from the clouds
Christ shall with shouts descend,
And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heav'ns and earth shall rend.

Then they who live shall changèd be,
And they who sleep shall wake;
The graves shall yield their ancient charge,
And earth's foundations shake.

The saints of God, from death set free,
With joy shall mount on high;
The heavenly host, with praises loud
Shall meet them in the sky.

Together to their Father's house
With joyful hearts they go;
And dwell for ever with the Lord
Beyond the reach of woe.

A few short years of evil past,
We reach the happy shore;
When death-divided friends at last
Shall meet to part no more.

GEORGE BURDER.

THE REV. GEORGE BURDER was born in London, on the 5th June, 1752. He received a respectable education, and was apprenticed to an engraver. He commenced business at twenty-one. At twenty-four, he began to preach, in connection with the Calvinistic Methodists; he subsequently joined the Congregationalists. He was ordained at Lancaster, in 1778, where he continued six years. He now removed to Coventry, where he remained for twenty years. In 1803, he became pastor of the Congregational Chapel, Fetter Lane. He was projector of the Religious Tract Society, one of the founders of the London Missionary Society, and one of the originators of the British and Foreign Bible Society. His active and useful life terminated on the 29th May, 1832. He published several volumes of discourses. His "Village Sermons," have been often reprinted. In 1784, he published a "Collection of Hymns." The best of three hymns, which he composed, we have subjoined. The dismissive hymn, beginning, "Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing," has been inaccurately ascribed to him.

THE DESIRE OF ALL NATIONS.

COME, dear Desire of nations, come,
And aid our feeble tongues;
While we Thy worthy praise attempt,
In our unworthy songs.

By faith we see, and we adore
Thy grace, Thy power, and love;
And, sweetly drawn from sense and sin,
To Thee our spirits move.

Yes, Jesus, Thou art our desire,
In Thee our wishes meet;
Nor can the whole creation's round
Afford a name so sweet.

Let carnal minds for pleasure strive,
And after wealth aspire;
Our choice is made, our hearts are fixed,
For Christ is our desire.

Pity the nations, dearest Lord,
Where Thou art yet unknown;
Be their desire as well as ours,
And make the world Thine own.

JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS.

JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS was born at Edinburgh, on the 18th February, 1823. He studied at the High School and University of his native city. Having graduated, he attended the Divinity Hall of the Free Church College, and in due time became a licentiate. In 1845, he was admitted to the pastoral charge of the Free Church congregation at Dunblane. After three years he was compelled, from a severe pulmonary attack, to vacate his charge, and seek a milder climate. He proceeded to Madeira, where he spent five years. Returning to Britain, he became pastor, in 1854, of a Presbyterian congregation at Hampstead. His constitution, always feeble, at length succumbed to his complaint. He died at Mentone, in the south of France, on the 27th November, 1864. His remains were interred in Highgate Cemetery, London. Mr. Burns published, in 1854, "The Vision of Prophecy, and other Poems," 12mo; a second edition appeared in 1858. From the second edition of his poems our selections have been made.

THOUGH LONG THE WANDERER MAY DEPART.

THOUGH long the wanderer may depart,
And far his footsteps roam,
He clasps the closer to his heart
The image of his home.
To that loved land, where'er he goes,
His tenderest thoughts are cast,
And dearer still, through absence, grows
The memory of the past.

Though Nature on another shore
Her softest smiles may wear,
The vales, the hills he loved before,
To him are far more fair.
The heavens that met his childhood's eye,
All clouded though they be,
Seem brighter than the sunniest sky
Of climes beyond the sea.

So Faith, a stranger on the earth,
Still turns its eye above;
The child of an immortal birth
Seeks more than mortal love.
The scenes of earth, so very fair,
Want home's endearing spell;
And all his heart and hope are where
His God and Saviour dwell.

He may behold them dimly here,
And see them as not nigh;
But all he loves will yet appear
Unclouded to his eye.
To that fair city, now so far,
Rejoicing he shall come—
A better light than Bethlehem's star
Guides every wanderer home.

FRIENDS I LOVE.

FRIENDS I love may die or leave me,
Friends I trust may treacherous prove;
But Thou never wilt deceive me,
O my Saviour! in Thy love.
Change can ne'er this union sever,
Death its links may never part;
Yesterday, to-day, for ever,
Thou the same Redeemer art!

On the cross, love made Thee bearer
Of transgressions not Thine own;
And that love still makes Thee sharer
In our sorrows on the throne.
From Thy glory Thou art bending
Still on earth a pitying eye;
And, 'mid angels' songs ascending,
Hearest every mourner's cry.

In the days of worldly gladness,
Cold and proud our hearts may be;
But to whom, in fear and sadness,
Can we go but unto Thee?
From that depth of gloom and sorrow,
Where Thy love to man was shown,
Every bleeding heart may borrow
Hope and strength to bear its own.

Though the cup I drink be bitter,
Yet since Thou hast made it mine,
This, Thy love, will make it sweeter
Than the world's best mingled wine.

Darker days may yet betide me,
Sharper sorrows I may prove;
But the worst will ne'er divide me,
O my Saviour! from Thy love.

CHASTENING.

O THOU whose sacred feet have trod
The thorny path of woe,
Forbid that I should slight the rod,
Or faint beneath the blow.

My spirit to its chastening stroke
I meekly would resign,
Nor murmur at the heaviest yoke
That tells me I am Thine.

Give me the spirit of Thy trust,
To suffer as a son,—
To say, though lying in the dust,
My Father's will be done!

I know that trial works for ends
Too high for sense to trace,—
That oft in dark attire He sends
Some embassy of grace.

May none depart till I have gain'd
The blessing which it bears,
And learn, though late, I entertain'd
An angel unawares.

So shall I bless the hour that sent
The mercy of the rod,
And build an altar by the tent
Where I have met with God.

ROBERT BURNS.

ROBERT BURNS, the most celebrated of lyric poets, was born at Alloway, near Ayr, on the 25th January, 1759. With a limited education at school, he was sent early to the plough. During the intervals of leisure, he composed verses; in 1786, he printed a volume of poems by subscription, with a view to his procuring the means of emigrating to the West Indies. The success of this adventure led him to change his resolution of abandoning his native country. He suddenly found himself famous; he was invited to Edinburgh, and there hailed as a prodigy. The sum of £500 was realized from an enlarged edition of his poems. He made a tour to the more interesting localities of Scotland, and was everywhere received with honours and hospitalities. He became a tenant-farmer in Dumfriesshire, and accepted an appointment in the Excise. He latterly settled as an Excise officer at Dumfries. His death took place at Dumfries, on the 21st July, 1796, in his 38th year. The songs of Robert Burns are the best that have been written. Though occasionally overtaken in the convivial excesses of his age, Burns was imbued with pious sentiments, and with an earnest love of Holy Scripture. "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and others of his poems, breathe the spirit of devotion. The editor of this work was informed by Mrs. Begg, the poet's sister, of his conducting worship in the household, at a period when it was not common among persons of his condition, and that he was careful in instructing the younger members of his father's family in the Church Catechism.

THE FIRST PSALM.

THE man, in life wherever placed,
Hath happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way,
Nor learns their guilty lore;

Nor from the seat of scornful pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe
Still walks before his God.

That man shall flourish like the trees
Which by the streamlets grow;
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below.

But he whose blossom buds in guilt,
Shall to the ground be cast;
And, like the rootless stubble, tost
Before the sweeping blast.

For why? that God the good adore
Hath given them peace and rest,
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest.

THE NINETIETH PSALM.

O THOU the first, the greatest Friend
Of all the human race!
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling-place.

Before the mountains heaved their heads
Beneath Thy forming hand;
Before this ponderous globe itself
Arose at Thy command;

That Power which raised and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time,
Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years,
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before Thy sight
Than yesterday that's past.

Thou giv'st Thy word, Thy creature man
Is to existence brought;
Again Thou say'st, "Ye sons of men
Return ye into nought."

Thou layest them, with all their cares,
In everlasting sleep;
As with a flood, Thou tak'st them off
With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flower,
In beauty's pride array'd;
But long ere night cut down it lies,
All wither'd and decay'd.

JOHN BURTON, SEN.

THE personal history of this author is unknown. He published in 1800 a work entitled "The Youth's Monitor." The following hymn from his pen is universally esteemed.

HOLY Bible, book Divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine;
Mine to tell me whence I came,
Mine to teach me what I am.

Mine to chide me when I rove,
Mine to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet,
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.

Mine to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.

Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
Holy Bible, book Divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

JOHN BURTON, JUN.

JOHN BURTON, author of "Hymns for Little Children," and to whose name we have affixed junior, to distinguish him from the preceding hymn-writer, was born at Stratford, Essex, on the 23rd July, 1803. He composed verses in boyhood. In December, 1822, he appeared as the writer of some religious poetry in *The Evangelical Magazine*. Under the auspices of the Religious Tract Society, he has published "Scripture Characters in Verse," "One Hundred Original Hymns for the Young," "Hymns for Little Children," and several small books and tracts. For a period of forty years he has been a contributor to religious periodicals. His principal work, on which he spent not less than two thousand hours, these chiefly before dawn, is entitled "Christian Devotedness." This volume is an attempt to show from the Scriptures what the life of a Christian ought to be, and what by the grace of God it might be. For upwards of forty years Mr. Burton has been engaged on a new metrical version of the Book of Psalms, which is now ready for publication. Mr. Burton has avoided publicity as an author; his various works bear only his initials, with the affix "Essex." He resides at Stratford, and supports himself by trade.

OUR FATHER.

OH, what praises shall we render
To the Lord who reigns above,
For His mercies, constant, tender,
For His condescending love?

Though we often have offended,
And transgress'd His holy will,
Still has He our souls befriended;
We may call Him Father still.

Heavenly Father! Thou hast taught us
Thus to seek Thee in our youth;
Hitherto Thy grace hath brought us,—
Lead us onward in Thy truth.
We are weak, do Thou uphold us,
And from every snare defend;
Let Thy mighty arms enfold us,
Save us, keep us, to the end.

Oh, our Father, great and glorious!
Draw our youthful hearts to Thee;
Let Thy grace be there victorious,
Let Thy love our portion be.
May we know Thy great salvation,
Serve and love Thee all our days;
Then in heaven, thy habitation,
Join to sing Thine endless praise.

FOR ORPHANS.

Come let us sing our Maker's praise,
Whose goodness cheers our youthful days;
His name we ever ought to bless,
The Father of the fatherless.

Poor, helpless orphans we were found,
Left in a world where snares abound;
But He became, in our distress,
The Father of the fatherless.

For when our earthly parents died,
The Lord Himself their place supplied;
Yes, he has been, we must confess,
The Father of the fatherless.

And, oh! what blessings from above
Prove His kind care and tender love:
What thanks to Him should we express,
The Father of the fatherless.

Let us rejoice! above the skies,
We have a Friend who never dies;
To Him we may our prayer address,
The Father of the fatherless.

Our Father! let Thy heavenly grace
On all our souls Thine image trace;
Then shall we never cease to bless
The Father of the fatherless.

REDEEMING LOVE.

(*Contributed.*)

JESUS, our Lord, to Thee we raise
A song of gratitude and praise,—
To Thee, our Saviour King.
Spirit Divine, Thy grace impart,
Wake every power, warm every heart,
Redeeming love to sing.

Redeeming love!—what theme but this
Inspires with ecstasy of bliss
The harps before the throne,
Where angels lead th' enraptured song,
And ransom'd souls the strain prolong,
With joys on earth unknown.

And didst Thou, Lord, ere time began,
Engage to rescue fallen man
From guilt and misery?
And didst Thou lay Thy glory by,
Suffer, and agonize, and die,
That we might live through Thee?

And didst Thou rise, and dost Thou reign,
And human nature still retain,
  Pleading for us above?
And dost Thou give us hope that we
Shall soon Thy face in glory see,
  And know Thy perfect love?

Worthy art Thou, O Christ, our Lord,
To be by all mankind ador'd,
  And by the hosts of heaven.
Jesus, all power and praise be Thine,
And glory ceaseless and Divine,
  To Thy great name be given!

JOHN BYROM.

JOHN BYROM was born at Manchester, in 1691. His father was a linen-draper, but his paternal ancestors were connected with an old family in Lancashire. He entered Trinity College, Cambridge, on the 6th July, 1708; he became a Fellow of the college in 1714. In 1716, he took M.A., and proceeded to Montpelier, where he studied medicine. Abandoning his medical studies, he settled in London, and obtained a livelihood by teaching a system of shorthand, which he had projected. In 1724, he was elected a member of the Royal Society. About the same period, he succeeded to the family estate, on the death of his elder brother. His death took place on the 28th September, 1763, in his 72nd year. Byrom was possessed of a joyous temperament, chastened by religious impressions. He wrote verses only for recreation, and did not seek publicity as an author. The first edition of his poems appeared posthumously in 1773, in two volumes. In 1814, a more complete edition, in two volumes, was published by the late James Nichols, then of Leeds.

A HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTIANS, awake! salute the happy morn
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born;
Rise, to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above:

With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God Incarnate, and the Virgin's Son:
Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice—"Behold!

"I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth;
This day hath God fulfill'd His promis'd word;
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord;

"In David's city, shepherds, ye shall find
The long-foretold Redeemer of mankind.
Wrapt up in swaddling clothes, the Babe Divine
Lies in a manger; this shall be your sign."

He spake, and straightway the celestial choir,
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:
The praises of redeeming love they sung,
And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rung.

"God's highest glory" was their anthem still;
"Peace upon earth, and mutual goodwill."
To Bethlehem straight the enlighten'd shepherds ran,
To see the wonder God had wrought for man;

And found, with Joseph and the blessèd maid,
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid.
Amaz'd, the wondrous story they proclaim;
The first apostles of His infant fame;

While Mary keeps and ponders in her heart
The heav'nly vision which the swains impart.
They to their flocks, still praising God, return,
And their glad hearts within their bosoms burn.

Let us, like these good shepherds, then, employ,
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy;
Like Mary, let us ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;

Artless and watchful, as these favour'd swains,
While virgin meekness in the heart remains,
Trace we the Babe, who has retriev'd our loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter cross;

Treading His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heav'nly state again takes place.
Then may we hope, th' angelic thrones among,
To sing, redeem'd, a glad triumphal song:

He that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all His glory shall display;
Sav'd by His love, incessant we shall sing,
Of angels, and of angel-men, the King.

LORD BYRON.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON, one of the most illustrious of British poets, was born in Holles Street, London, on the 22nd January, 1788. His early years were spent at Aberdeen, under the care of his mother. He afterwards studied at Harrow, and in 1805 entered Trinity College, Cambridge. His "Hours of Idleness," a volume of juvenile poems, appeared in 1807. The "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," a satirical poem, which he published in reply to a sarcastic critique on his juvenile volume in *The Edinburgh Review*, surprised the world, and established his fame as a great poet. The first two cantos of his "Childe Harold" appeared in 1812. Other poems succeeded, which severally sustained his poetic reputation. He married in 1812, but the union proved a singularly unhappy one. Byron proceeded abroad, irritated by social misfortune, and stung by public rumours. He resided in Italy and at Geneva, and subsequently proceeded to Greece. After a short illness, he died at Missolonghi, in Greece, on the 19th April, 1824. The following are two of his "Hebrew Melodies."

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest, when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest, when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown!

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heav'd, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed, with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Asshur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

OH! WEEP FOR THOSE THAT WEPT BY BABEL'S STREAM.

Oh! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream;
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell;
Mourn—where their God hath dwelt, the godless dwell!

And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet?
And when shall Zion's songs again seem sweet?
And Judah's melody once more rejoice
The hearts that leap'd before its heavenly voice?

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
How shall ye flee away and be at rest!
The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country—Israel but the grave!

ADA CAMBRIDGE.

THE author of two volumes of sacred lyrics, Miss ADA CAMBRIDGE, was born in 1844. Her works are entitled, "Hymns on the Litany," and "Hymns on the Holy Communion." The latter volume is prefixed with a suitable preface by the Rev. Robert H. Baynes. Miss Cambridge is now engaged on a volume of sacred poetry, which will more than fulfil the expectations of her admirers. The two following hymns by Miss Cambridge are transcribed, the former from the "Hymns on the Holy Communion," the latter from the Rev. R. S. Baynes' "English Lyrics," with the kind permission of Messrs. Houlston and Wright, the publishers.

ON THE ALTAR STEP.

Jesu, great Redeemer,
Source of life Divine,
In our souls for ever
Grant the life to shine!

Light of peace eternal,
Prince of peace, restore!
Light of life immortal,
Shine for evermore.

Bread for sinners broken—
Bread of life indeed;
Manna for the hungry,
In their sorest need:
Pledge of our salvation,
How we thirst for Thee!
Cup of heavenly blessing,
Wine of charity!

Thou, O holy Saviour,
Come and enter in;
Cleanse away the impress
Of our dreadful sin!
Make us pure, we pray Thee,
Thou who art so pure!
And O let Thy likeness
In our heart endure.

Spirit, Holy Spirit,
Aid us with Thy love!
Give Thy gentle presence,
Ever blessèd Dove!
Father, O receive us
Now for Jesus' sake,
And our feeble worship
Condescend to take.

"IN ALL TIME OF OUR TRIBULATION, GOOD LORD, DELIVER US."

Saviour, by Thy sweet compassion,
So unmeasured, so Divine,
By that bitter, bitter passion;
By that crimson cross of Thine;

By the woes Thy love once tasted
In this sin-marr'd world below,
Succour those in tribulation,
Succour those in sorrow now.

Thou who wast so sorely burden'd,
Help the weak that are oppress'd;
Sanctify all earthly crosses
For the coming day of rest;
Give the meek a trustful spirit
That will always lean on Thee,
And in storms of deep affliction
Still Thy gracious Presence see.

Lord, Thou hast a holy purpose
In each suffering we bear,
In each throe of pain and terror,
In each secret, silent tear;
In the weary days of sickness,
Famine, want, and loneliness,
In our night-time of bereavement,
In our soul's Lent-bitterness.

All the needful sweet correction
Of this gentle Hand of Thine,
All Thy wise and careful nurture,
All Thy faultless discipline;
All to purge the precious metal,
Till it will reflect Thy face,
All to shape and polish jewels
Thine own diadem to grace.

Lord, we know that we must ever
Take our cross and follow Thee
All along the narrow pathway,
If we would Thy glory see;
Then, O help us each to bear it,
By Thine own hard life of shame,
Let us suffer well and meekly,
Let us glorify Thy name.

Cheer the weak ones, who are bending
'Neath this weary burden now;
Lift the pallid faces upward,
Smooth the careworn, furrow'd brow,
Send a bright and hopeful message
To each tried and tempted heart,
That the thick and gloomy shadows
At that sunshine may depart.

Tell them Thou canst see all sorrow
In this world's rough wilderness;
Tell them Thou art near to succour,
Near to comfort and to bless:
Tell them of Thy cross and passion,
Tell them of Thy trials sore,
Tell them of the angel-city,
Where is joy for evermore.

WILLIAM CAMERON.

THE REV. WILLIAM CAMERON was born in 1751. Having studied at Marischal College, Aberdeen, and obtained licence, he was, in 1785, ordained minister of Kirknewton, in Mid-Lothian. Associated with the Rev. John Logan and others in preparing the Church Paraphrases, he is understood to have composed the 14th, 17th, and 66th, and to have revised some others in the series. The following hymn, No. 66 of the "Paraphrases," may be described as Cameron's composition, though it is founded on Dr. Watts's hymn, No. 41, book 1. Cameron died on the 17th November, 1811. He published "A Collection of Poems," 1790, 12mo. He is the reputed author of "Poetical Dialogues on Religion;" Edinburgh, 1788. In 1813, a posthumous volume of his poems was published by subscription.

THE REDEEMED IN GLORY.

How bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

Lo! these are they from suff'rings great,
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
Those robes which shine so bright.

Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes ev'ry mouth to sing:
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their Sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

'Mong pastures green, He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from ev'ry eye
Shall wipe off ev'ry tear.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

ONE of the most remarkable of British poets, THOMAS CAMPBELL, was born at Glasgow, on the 27th July, 1777, and was educated at the University of that city. He wrote verses from boyhood, and produced, in his twenty-second year, his immortal poem, "The Pleasures of Hope." After some years' residence in Edinburgh, he proceeded to London in 1803. A civil-list pension of £200 was conferred on him during the premiership of Charles Fox; but this annuity was largely supplemented by sums which he continued to receive from the sale of his works, and as a contributor to the leading periodicals. In 1825 he aided Lord Brougham in establishing the London University. He was in the following year elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow—an honour repeated on two subsequent occasions. He died at Boulogne, on the 13th July, 1844, in his sixty-seventh year. His remains are interred in Westminster Abbey.

THE NATIVITY.

WHEN Jordan hush'd his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion hill;
When Salem's shepherds through the night
Watch'd o'er their flocks by starry light:

Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice, of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.

Then swift to every startled eye,
New streams of glory gild the sky;
Heaven bursts her azure gates, to pour
Her spirits to the midnight hour.

On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts to Zion came;
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they smote their harps and sung:

O Zion! lift Thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign!

See Mercy, from her golden urn,
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn;
Behold, she binds with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of despair.

He comes to cheer the trembling heart,
Bids Satan and his host depart;
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom!

O Zion! lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign!

JOSEPH DACRE CARLYLE.

AN eminent Oriental scholar, JOSEPH DACRE CARLYLE, was born in 1759. He accompanied the Earl of Elgin in his travels, and consequent on his celebrity as an orientalist, was appointed to the Professorship of Arabic in the University of Cambridge. He also held the ecclesiastical appointments of Vicar of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Chancellor of Carlisle, and Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Durham. His death took place in 1804. A posthumous volume from his pen, entitled "Poems suggested chiefly by Scenes in Asia Minor," appeared in 1805, under the editorial care of his sister, Susanna Maria Carlyle. From this work the two following hymns have been transcribed.

ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

FATHER of heaven! whose gracious hand
Dispenses good in boundless store,
May every breath Thy praise expand,
And every heart Thy name adore!

Great Lord! may all our waken'd powers
To spread Thy sway exulting join,
Till we shall dare to think Thee ours,
And Thou shalt deign to make us Thine.

Whate'er Thy will, may we display,
Hearts that submit without a sigh;
Whate'er Thy law, may we obey,
Like raptured saints, and feel its joy.

Vouchsafe us what our wants require
This fleeting life in peace to spend,
But bid our wishes, Lord, aspire
To grasp the life that cannot end.

Our countless crimes with mercy view,
For Jesus' sake their guilt remove,
And teach us, Lord, to pardon too,
That Thou may'st see a world of love.

Protect us when temptation's near,
Keep us from pride and passion free;
Shield us from sin and sorrow here,
And bring us, Lord, at length to Thee.

HEARTFELT WORSHIP.

LORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

Our broken spirits, pitying, see,
And penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful hymns to raise;
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And mount to Thee in praise.

Then, on Thy glories, while we dwell,
Thy mercies we'll review,
Till Love divine transported tell
Our God 's our Father too.

When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly Thine.

Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies.

JOHN CAWOOD.

THE REV. JOHN CAWOOD was born at Matlock, in Derbyshire, on the 18th March, 1775. His father, Thomas Cawood, was a small farmer, and was enabled to afford his son only a limited education. Through his own exertions, he acquired a knowledge of the classics, and in 1797 he entered St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford, where he graduated in 1801. He was ordained on the 21st December, 1800, on obtaining the curacy of Ribbesford and Dowles. In 1814 he was presented to the Perpetual Curacy of St. Anne's Chapel of Ease, Bewdley, Worcestershire. This was his only preferment. He died on the 7th November, 1852. Mr. Cawood was early brought to a knowledge of saving truth, and was a vigorous upholder of evangelical doctrine. In 1842, he published two volumes of discourses, and he has also written a small work, entitled "Church of England and Dissent." He composed hymns for the use of his family and Sunday-schools. Of these about twenty have appeared in different collections. Through the kindness of the Rev. John Cawood, Perpetual Curate of Pensax, th author's son, we have been privileged with authenticated copies of his MS. hymns.

AN INFANT'S PRAYER.

A CHILD of sin and wrath I'm born,
Through Adam's fall and Satan's art;
Corrupt and wretched and forlorn,
And no good thing within my heart.

O God, in Jesus reconciled,
Soon to my soul Thy grace impart,
And, pitying a little child,
Plant some good thing within my heart.

Speak, Jesus, in Thine accents mild;
Command the *stony* to depart;
And put within a praying child
A broken, soft, and contrite heart.

As through the path of life I stray,
Let Thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
But guide and cherish all the way,
That "better thing within my heart."

When life and all its woes are past,
And death shall soul and body part,
Then mayest Thou, as I breathe my last,
See some good thing within my heart.

When standing near the Great White Throne,
I see Thee, Saviour, as Thou art,
Then may'st Thou claim me for Thine own,
And see Thine image in my heart.

THE SAVIOUR'S HUMILITY.

THE Son of God, in worlds on high,
Eternal praise received;
The Son of God, when come to die,
Was scorn'd, cast out, and grieved.

On the cold ground, exposed and bare,
Our blest Redeemer lies;
His prayers disturb the midnight air,
And pierce the midnight skies.

The wild beast has his secret lair,
The wild bird has her nest,
But our Redeemer had not where
His weary head to rest.

That head erewhile so lowly laid,
Once pierced and crown'd with thorns;
That sacred head, once bow'd and dead,
Heaven's brightest crown adorns.

Ah, see Him on heaven's highest throne;
Ah, list the kind and true;
"Ye Christians, love these little ones,
As I have lovèd you."

HYMN FOR THE YOUNG.

BLESSED Father! great Creator!
Humbly at Thy feet we bend;
To Thy throne for all Thy favours,
Youthful praises now we send.
Blessèd Father!
To our youthful songs attend.

Blessèd Jesus! Great Redeemer!
Sadly by Thy cross we stand;
On Thy cross Thou diedst, to bring us
To the joys of Thy right hand.
Blessèd Jesus!
Bring us to Thy heavenly land.

Blessèd Spirit! Great Consoler!
Make our hearts Thy dwelling-place;
Teach us, guide us, sanctify us,
And console us all our days.
Blessèd Spirit!
Ever cheer us with Thy grace.

Blessèd Father, Son, and Spirit,
Glorious Godhead, Three in One!
Guide us to the heaven of heavens,
Through the merits of the Son.
Guide and guard us,
Till we see Him on the throne.

FOR CHRISTMAS-DAY.

HARK! what mean those holy voices
Sweetly warbling in the skies?
Sure th' angelic host rejoices,
Loudest hallelujahs rise.
Hallelujah!

Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy—
"Glory in the highest, glory;
Glory be to God most high.
Hallelujah!

Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound,
Hallelujah!

Christ is born ; the great Anointed !
Heaven and earth His glory sing !
Glad receive Whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
Hallelujah !

Hasten, mortals, to adore Him ;
Learn His Name, and taste His joy,
Till in heaven you sing before Him,
Glory be to God most high.
Hallelujah ! "

Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth,
Spread the brightness of His glory,
Till it cover all the earth.
Hallelujah !

"COME OVER AND HELP US."

HARK ! what mean those lamentations,
Rolling sadly through the sky ?
'Tis the cry of heathen nations—
"Come and help us, or we die."

Lost and helpless and desponding,
Wrapt in error's night they lie ;
To their cries your hearts responding,
Haste to help them ere they die.

Hark ! again those lamentations
Rolling sadly through the sky,
Louder cry the heathen nations—
"Come and help us, or we die."

Hear the heathen's sad complaining ;
Christians, hear their dying cry ;
And the love of Christ constraining,
Join to help them ere they die.

HYMN AFTER SERMON.

ALMIGHTY GOD, Thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground ;
Oh may it grow in humble hearts,
And righteous fruits abound.

Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove,
But give it root in praying souls
To bring forth fruits of love.

Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy ;
But may it, in converted minds,
Produce the fruits of joy.

Let not Thy word, so kindly sent
To raise us to Thy throne,
Return to Thee, and sadly tell
That we reject Thy Son.

Great God, come down, and on Thy word
Thy mighty power bestow,
That all who hear the joyful sound
Thy saving grace may know.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

CHRISTIANS, the glorious hope ye know,
Which soothes the heart in every woe,
While heathens helpless, hopeless, lie,
No ray of glory charms their eye.
O give to their desiring sight
The hope that Jesus brought to light.

Christians, ye taste the heavenly grace
Which cheers believers in their race ;
Uncheered by grace, through heathen gloom,
Millions of souls haste to the tomb ;
To heathen lands that grace convey,
Which trains the soul for endless day.

Christians, ye prize that precious blood,
In which the soul is cleansed for God;
Millions of souls in darkness dwell,
Uncleansed from sin, exposed to hell.
O strive that heathens soon may view
That precious blood which cleanseth you.

JOHN CENNICK.

JOHN CENNICK was born at Reading, Berkshire, in the year 1717. From a youth spent in frivolity, he was at the age of fifteen impressed with serious convictions; at the end of two years he experienced peace in the Saviour. He became acquainted with Wesley and Whitefield, and preached in the Methodist connection. When Wesley and Whitefield separated, he joined the latter. In 1745 he attached himself to the Moravians or United Brethren. During his original connection he had ministered at Kingswood, Bristol. On joining the Moravians, he made a tour in Germany, in order fully to acquaint himself with their doctrines. He subsequently ministered in Dublin and in the north of Ireland. He died while on a visit to London, on the 4th July, 1755. His remains were interred in the Moravian Cemetery, Chelsea. Cennick published (1741–44) "Sacred Hymns for the Children of God," and in 1743–44, "Sacred Hymns for the use of Religious Societies." In 1752, an enlarged edition was published, containing *The Judgment Hymn*, respecting which see article "CHARLES WESLEY." In 1754, he published a volume of hymns for children, of which no copy is known to exist. In the Moravian collection (1789), several hymns, not in his published works, were printed from his MSS.

REJOICING IN HOPE OF HEAVEN.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

O ye banish'd seed be glad,
Christ our advocate is made!
Us to save, our flesh assumes;
Brother to our souls becomes!

Shout, ye little flock and blest,
Ye on Jesu's throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

MELCHISEDEC A TYPE OF CHRIST.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
I love to hear of Thee;
No music like Thy charming name,
Is half so sweet to me.

O let me ever hear Thy voice;
In mercy to me speak;
And in my Priest will I rejoice,
My great Melchisedec!

My Jesus shall be still my theme,
While in this world I stay;
I'll sing my Jesu's lovely name,
When all things else decay.

When I appear in yonder cloud
With all Thy favour'd throng,
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be my song.

FOLLOWING CHRIST.

JESUS, my All, to heaven is gone,
He that I placed my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till Him I view.

The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all the paths are peace.

No stranger may proceed therein,
No lover of the world, and sin;
No lion, no devouring care,
No ravenous tiger, shall be there;

No; nothing may go up thereon,
But travelling souls, and I am one;
Wayfaring men to Canaan bound,
Shall only in the way be found.

Nor fools, by carnal men esteem'd,
Shall e'er therein; but they redeem'd
In Jesu's blood, shall show their right
To travel there, till heaven's in sight.

This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd, because I found it not;
My grief, my burden, long have been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

The more I strove against its pow'r,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, for I'm the Way."

Lo! glad I come, and Thou, dear Lamb,
Shalt take me to Thee, as I am;
Nothing but sin I Thee can give,
Yet help me, and Thy praise I'll live.

I'll tell to all poor sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God.

CHRIST IS COME.

A GOOD High-Priest is come,
Supplying Aaron's place,
And taking up his Room,
Dispensing life and grace:
The law by Aaron's priesthood came,
But grace and truth by Jesu's name.

An ephod Aaron wore,
A cov'ring to the knee,
Sprinkled with bullock's gore;
A type designed to be
Of Jesu's robes wash'd in His blood,
My cov'ring when I go to God.

Down to the foot, saith John,
The milky dress I saw:
Hereby was plainly shown
It was not of the law;
That reach'd but to the knee, lo! this
Declares a perfect holiness.

My Lord a priest is made,
As sware the mighty God
To Israel and his seed,
Ordain'd to offer Blood;
For sinners, who His mercy seek,
A priest, as was Melchisedec.

He once temptations knew,
Of ev'ry sort and kind,
That He might succour show
To ev'ry tempted mind;
In ev'ry point the Lamb was tried
Like us, and then for us He died.

He dies, but lives again,
And by the altar stands,
There shows how He was slain,
And op'ning His pierc'd hands,
He 'bides a priest, and pleads our cause,
Transgressors of His righteous laws.

I know I shall succeed;
I shall not ever fail;
The Lamb for me will plead,
He can with God prevail.
He undertakes for me; I soon
Shall hear Him say, "My child, 'tis done."

"'Tis done," my Saviour saith,
His blood He now applies;
I know the living faith,
The faith that justifies;
I can believe the Lord, my Priest,
Hath bought for me eternal rest.

I other priests disclaim,
And laws and offerings too;
None but the bleeding Lamb
The mighty work can do;
He shall have all the praise, for He
Alone me loved, and died for me.

MRS. CHARLES.

MRS. ANDREW PATON CHARLES, *nee* ELIZABETH RUNDLE, was born at Tavistock, Devonshire. She is the only daughter of the late John Rundle, Esq., who for many years represented that borough in Parliament. Her publications, all of which have appeared anonymously, enjoy a large measure of popularity. Her best known works are "The Voice of Christian Life in Song," "Tales and Sketches of Christian Life," "The Three Wakings, with Hymns and Songs," "Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family," "Winifred Bertram," and the "Diary of Mrs. Kitty Trevelyn." The following hymns by Mrs. Charles have been here printed under her revision.

THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

SIN *hardens;* all the heart with ice encrusting,
And narrowing its current evermore;
Therefore, O Saviour, loving, pitying, trusting,
Thy heart the ice of sin ne'er crusted o'er,—

Was tenderer to feel each pang that tried Thee,
Than any sinful heart that ever bled,
The timid love that followed, yet denied Thee,
The selfish fear that kept afar, or fled.

But sin must ever *weaken* while it hardens,
Enfeebling to endure, or act, or dare,
Till nothing, save the balm of heavenly pardons,
Can nerve the heart again to do or bear.

Then must Thy heart be stronger far to suffer,
Than any sinful heart that ever beat;
And if Thy path than any path be rougher,
Yet hast Thou strength unscathed its woes to meet.

What tide of anguish, Mightiest! o'er Thee rushes,
Thus tasking e'en Thy patience and Thy trust?
What woe beyond all woe Thy spirit crushes,
Bowing Thee, sinless, spotless, to the dust?

Martyrs for Thee have gone to meet their anguish,
Singing glad psalms e'en with their dying breath,
Not all their tortures causing once to languish
The hope that led them forth for Thee to death.

Thy Stephen's face shone like a happy angel's,
Uplifted 'midst the stones towards Thy skies,
Beaming from radiant brows Thine own evangels,
And glowing with the welcome in Thine eyes.

But Thou, Lord, liftest not Thy face to heaven;
Thou bowest prostrate on the dewy sod,
Thy soul "exceeding sorrowful" with death-pangs riven,
Thy sweat of anguish as great drops of blood!

What storm is this in which Thou all but sinkest,
Whose arm has borne so many through the flood?
What bitter cup is this from which Thou shrinkest,
Strength of all martyrs, patient Lamb of God?

The sin of all the world, whose throne Thou claimest,
Hadst made so fair, so fallen, loved and sought;
The sin of all Thine own to whom Thou camest,
Thou camest, and Thine own received Thee not.

The sin of all the saved, who dying bless'd Thee;
Who from the sting of death hadst set them free;
The sin of all Thy martyrs who confess'd Thee,
And died, rejoicing that they went to Thee.

This is the weight of agony unspoken,
Which Thee, oh Highest! thus so low hath laid
The curse of all the law mankind had broken,
The sin of all the world which Thou hast made.

Earth's serried woe and curse, in one compressing,
Thou bearest all within Thy single breast,
And changest thus our every curse to blessing,
Giving us life through death ; in labour, rest!

"IT IS I; BE NOT AFRAID."

Toss'd with rough winds, and faint with fear,
Above the tempest soft and clear,
What still small accents greet mine ear?—
'Tis I; be not afraid.

'Tis I who wash thy spirit white ;
'Tis I who gave thy blind eyes sight;
'Tis I, thy Lord, thy Life, thy Light;
'Tis I; be not afraid.

These raging winds, this surging sea,
Bear not a breath of wrath to Thee ;
That storm has all been spent on me:
'Tis I ; be not afraid.

This bitter cup, I drank it first;
To thee it is no draft accurst ;
The hand that gives it thee is pierced.
'Tis I ; be not afraid.

Mine eyes are watching by thy bed,
My arms are underneath thy head ;
My blessing is around thee shed ;
'Tis I ; be not afraid.

When on the other side, thy feet
Shall rest,—'mid thousand welcomes sweet,
One well-known voice thy heart shall greet,—
'Tis I, be not afraid.

From out the dazzling majesty,
Gently He'll lay His hand on thee,
Saying, "Belovèd, lovest thou me?
'Twas not in vain I died for thee.
'Tis I ; be not afraid."

"COME AND SEE."

MASTER, where abidest Thou?
Lamb of God, 'tis Thee we seek;
For the wants which press us now
Other aid is all too weak.
Canst Thou take our sins away?
May we find repose in Thee?
And the gracious lips to-day,
As of old, say, "Come and see."

Master, where abidest Thou?
We would leave the past behind;
We would scale the mountain's brow,
Learning more Thy heavenly mind.
Still a look is all our lore!
The transforming look to Thee;
From the living Truth once more
Breathes the answer, "Come and see."

Master, where abidest Thou?
How shall we Thine image best
Bear in light upon our brow,
Stamp in love upon our breast?
Still a look is all our might;
Looking draws the heart to Thee;
Sends us from the absorbing sight,
With the message, "Come and see."

Master, where abidest Thou?
All the springs of life are low;
Sin and grief our spirits bow,
And we wait Thy call to go.
From the depths of happy rest,
Where the just abide with Thee;
From the voice which makes them blest,
Breathes the summons, "Come and see."

Christian! tell it to thy brother,
From life's dawning till its end;
Every hand may clasp another,
And the loneliest bring a friend;

Till the veil is drawn aside,
And from where her home shall be,
Bursts upon the enfranchised Bride,
The triumphant, "Come and see."

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

THE greatest prodigy in English literature, THOMAS CHATTERTON, was born at Bristol, on the 20th November, 1752. Before his sixteenth year, he produced a number of compositions in prose and verse, which he attributed to an older date, and which equally surprised and delighted the world of letters. He was apprenticed to an attorney in Bristol, but quitting his situation, he attempted a literary career in London. His success in the metropolis was unequal to his hopes; while, in combination with extraordinary intellectual power, he possessed a nature addicted to melancholy. In a state of frenzy he destroyed his manuscripts, and perished by his own hand, on the 25th August, 1770. He had reached only his eighteenth year.

THE RESIGNATION.

O GOD, whose thunder shakes the sky;
Whose eye this atom-globe surveys;
To Thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in Thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of Thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the power of human skill—
But what the Eternal acts is right.

O teach me in the trying hour
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own Thy power,
Thy goodness love, Thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but Thee,
Encroaching sought a boundless way,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And Mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?
Why, drooping, seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bless.

But ah! my breast is human still;
The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resign'd,
I'll thank the Inflictor of the blow;
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.

A HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS-DAY.

ALMIGHTY Framer of the skies!
Oh let our pure devotion rise,
Like incense in Thy sight!
Wrapt in impenetrable shade
The texture of our souls was made,
Till Thy command gave light.

The Sun of glory gleam'd the ray,
Refined the darkness into day,
And bid the vapours fly:
Impell'd by His eternal love,
He left His palaces above,
To cheer our gloomy sky.

How shall we celebrate the day
When God appear'd in mortal clay,
The mark of worldly scorn;
When the archangel's heavenly lays
Attempted the Redeemer's praise,
And hail'd salvation's morn?

An humble form the Godhead wore,
The pains of poverty He bore,
To gaudy pomp unknown:
Though in an humble walk He trod,
Still was the man Almighty God,
In glory all His own.

Despised, oppress'd, the Godhead bears
The torments of this vale of tears,
  Nor bids His vengeance rise ;
He saw the creatures He had made
Revile His power, His peace invade ;
  He saw with mercy's eyes.

How shall we celebrate His name,
Who groan'd beneath a life of shame,
  In all afflictions tried ?
The soul is raptured to conceive
A truth which being must believe,
  The God eternal died.

My soul exert thy powers, adore,
Upon devotion's plumage soar,
  To celebrate the day :
The God from whom creation sprung
Shall animate my grateful tongue ;
  From Him I'll catch the lay !

INGRAM COBBIN.

INGRAM COBBIN was born in London, in the year 1777. In 1798, he became a student at Hoxton College, and in 1802, was ordained to the pastoral care of a congregation at South-Molton. He afterwards ministered at Banbury and other places, but feeble health compelled him, in course of a few years, to abandon the pastoral duties. In 1819, he became one of the founders of the Home Missionary Society, and undertook the duties of the Secretaryship. He was a voluminous writer. His condensed "Commentary of the Bible," and his "Domestic Bible," have been often reprinted. He died at Camberwell, on the 10th March, 1851, aged seventy-four. He published, in 1820, "The Village Hymn-Book," in which are several hymns of his own composition. The following hymn by Mr. Cobbin appeared in Dr. Raffles' collection.

GOD'S FOREKNOWLEDGE.

BEFORE the Almighty Power began
To form the wondrous frame of man ;
Before He hung the lights on high,
And made them sparkle o'er the sky ;
Before He gave the mountains birth,
Or shaped the yet unfounded earth,—
God all His ransom'd people knew,
And in His love He chose them too.

Chose them in Christ, that they should prove
The trophies of His dying love ;
Chose them through faith, that precious grace
Which bears the fruits of righteousness ;
Chose them that they on earth should shine,
The image of His face Divine ;
Chose them, like jewels, from the world,
When it should be to ruin hurl'd.

But, oh, no tongue can ever tell
The grace that is unsearchable !
Angels that fell were passèd by
When Christ for mortals came to die.
The poor shall wear th' immortal crown
That decks few brows of high renown ;
And vilest sinners be forgiven,
To raise the loudest songs in heaven.

WILLIAM BENGO COLLYER, D.D., LL.D.

WILLIAM BENGO COLLYER was born at Blackheath, Kent, on the 14th April, 1782. In his thirteenth year he entered the Academy at Homerton. When only eighteen, he began to preach. Having formed a congregation at Peckham, Surrey, he was ordained to its ministerial superintendence, in November, 1801. He continued to discharge the pastoral duties at Peckham for fifty-three years. He died on the 9th January, 1854, in his 72nd year. Among many other miscellaneous works, Dr. Collyer published "Scripture Tracts," "Lectures on Scripture Miracles," and "Lectures on Prophecy." In 1812, he published "Hymns, partly Collected and partly Original," 16mo.

AN EASTER HYMN.

MORNING breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus dissipates its gloom !
Day of triumph through the skies ;
See the glorious Saviour rise.

Christians, dry your flowing tears,
Chase those unbelieving fears ;
Look on His deserted grave ;
Doubt no more His power to save.

Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scatter'd shade :
Drive your anxious cares away,
See the place where Jesus lay.

So the rising sun appears,
Shedding radiance o'er the spheres ;
So returning beams of light
Chase the terrors of the night.

"TO LIVE IS CHRIST, TO DIE IS GAIN."

When I tread the mortal vale
Where the shades of death prevail,
Saviour, guide my trembling feet
Through this last, this still retreat ;
Let Thy glory chase its gloom,
Light the feeble traveller home ;
Never leave me till I stand
Safe in yonder heavenly land.

When I bow my sinking head,
Seeking rest among the dead ;
When my pulses, throbbing slow,
Tell the tide of life runs low ;
Hear me, my Almighty Friend,
Watch, sustain me to the end ;
Smiling through my dying tears,
I will then dismiss my fears.

Thee, Redeemer, I pursue,
All life's weary journey through ;
Other interests I resign,
Only tell me Thou art mine ;
And when mortal agonies
Break my heart-strings, glaze mine eyes,
Let me but this prize obtain,
I shall prove "To die is gain."

JOSIAH CONDER.

ONE of the best of modern hymn-writers, JOSIAH CONDER, was born in London, on the 17th September, 1789. He became a publisher in the City, and in 1814 obtained the proprietorship of *The Eclectic Review*. Subsequent to 1824, he composed a series of descriptive works, which appeared in thirty volumes. In 1833, he undertook the joint-editorship of *The Patriot* newspaper, which he assisted in conducting till the period of his death. He published "Sacred Poems," etc., London, 1824, 12mo; "The Poet of the Sanctuary," 1851, 12mo; and "Hymns of Praise," 1854, 18mo. He died at St. John's Wood, on the 27th December, 1855. Nigh to the time of his death, he was engaged in preparing for the press a revised edition of his hymns. The work was published soon after his decease. From this volume, entitled "Hymns of Praise, Prayer, and Devout Meditation," we have transcribed the following compositions.

COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

WHEN in the hour of lonely woe,
I give my sorrow leave to flow;
And anxious fear and dark distrust
Weigh down my spirit to the dust:

When not e'en friendship's gentle aid
Can heal the wounds the world has made,
Oh! this shall check each rising sigh,
That Jesus is for ever nigh.

His counsels and upholding care
My safety and my comfort are;
And He shall guide me all my days,
Till glory crown the work of grace.

Jesus! in whom but Thee above,
Can I repose my trust, my love?
And shall an earthly object be
Loved in comparison with Thee?

My flesh is hastening to decay,
Soon shall the world have passed away;
And what can mortal friends avail,
When heart and strength and life shall fail?

But oh! be Thou, my Saviour, nigh,
And I will triumph while I die;
My strength, my portion, is Divine,
And Jesus is for ever mine!

"LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

HEAVENLY Father, to whose eye
Future things unfolded lie,
Through the desert, where I stray,
Let Thy counsels guide my way.

Lead me not, for flesh is frail,
Where fierce trials would assail;
Leave me not, in darkened hour,
To withstand the tempter's power.

Save me from his treacherous wiles;
Arm me against pleasure's smiles;
Give me for my spirit's health
Neither poverty nor wealth.

Help Thy servant to maintain
A profession free from stain;
That my sole reproach may be
Following Christ, and fearing Thee.

Lord! uphold me day by day;
Shed a light upon my way;
Guide me through perplexing snares;
Care for me in all my cares.

All I ask for is, enough;
Only when the way is rough,
Let Thy rod and staff impart
Strength and courage to my heart.

Should Thy wisdom, Lord, decree
Trials long and sharp for me,
Pain or sorrow, care or shame,
Father! glorify Thy name.

Let me neither faint nor fear,
Feeling still that Thou art near;
In the course my Saviour trod,
Tending still to Thee, my God.

DIVINE CHASTISEMENT.

WHEN I can trust my all with God,
In trial's fearful hour,
Bow all resign'd beneath His rod,
And bless His sparing power,
A joy springs up amid distress—
A fountain in the wilderness.

Oh! to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though sorrows fix me there,
Is still a privilege, and sweet
The energies of prayer,—
Though sighs and tears its language be,
If Christ be nigh, and smile on me,

Then blessèd be the Hand that gave,
Still blessèd when it takes;
Blessèd be He who smites to save,
Who heals the heart He breaks.
Perfect and true are all His ways,
Whom heaven adores and death obeys.

THE BETTER COUNTRY.

SHEPHERD of Thine Israel, lead us,
Pilgrims through this desert land;
Thou who hast from bondage freed us,
Guard us by Thy mighty hand;
Daily feed us
Till we reach the heavenly strand.

As Thou didst in wondrous manner
Guide Thy chosen flock aright,
Let Thy presence be our banner,
Cloud by day and fire by night;
Thy protection
Be our shield, Thy word our light.

When we come to Death's dark river,
And should we dread the swelling tide,
Death of Death! life's Source and Giver!
Bid the narrow stream divide.
Joyful praises
We will sing on Canaan's side.

TRUST IN GOD.

"The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble."—*Ps.* xx.

In the day of thy distress,
May Jehovah hear thee;
In the hour when dangers press,
Jacob's God be near thee;
Send thee, from His holy place,
Timely aid or strengthening grace!

May thy prayers and offerings rise,
By Thy God recorded;
Thine oblations reach the skies,
Graciously rewarded;
Granted be thy heart's request;
All Thy purposes be blest!

Thy success our hearts shall cheer;
We, with exultation,
In Jehovah's name will rear
Trophies of salvation.
Go beneath His guardian care,
And the Lord fulfil thy prayer.

Vain the despot's haughty boasts,
Fleets or martial forces;
Be our trust the God of hosts,
Heavenly our resources.
Theirs shall be defeat and shame;
We shall triumph in Thy name.

HYMN OF PRAISE.

HALLELUJAH ! raise, oh, raise,
To our God, the song of praise ;
All His servants join to sing
God our Saviour and our King.

Blessèd be for evermore,
That dread Name which we adore !
Round the world His praise be sung,
Through all lands, in every tongue.

O'er all nations God alone,
Higher than the heavens His throne ;
Who is like to God Most High,
Infinite in Majesty ?

Yet to view the heavens He bends,
Yea, to earth He condescends ;
Passing by the rich and great
For the low and desolate.

He can raise the poor to stand
With the princes of the land ;
Wealth upon the needy shower,
Set the meanest high in power.

He the broken spirit cheers ;
Turns to joy the mourner's tears ;
Such the wonders of His ways ;
Praise His name, for ever praise.

ELIZA COOK.

ELIZA COOK was born at Southwark, about the year 1817. At an early age she became a contributor to some of the London periodicals. In 1840 she published a volume of verses, under the title of "Melaia, and other Poems," which, four years after, was reprinted in New York. In September, 1849, appeared the first number of *Eliza Cook's Journal*, which was published weekly till 1854, when failing health obliged the accomplished editor to discontinue it. An elegant edition of her "Poems" was published by Routledge, in 1864, 12mo. From this edition the two following compositions have been transcribed.

AN EVENING SONG.

FATHER above, I pray to Thee,
Before I take my rest;
I seek Thee on my bended knee,
With warm and grateful breast.

First let me thank Thee for my share
Of sweet and blessèd health;
It is a boon I would not spare
For worlds of shining wealth.

And next I thank Thy bounteous hand,
That gives my "daily bread;"
That flings the corn upon the land,
And keeps our table spread.

I thank Thee for each peaceful night,
That brings me soft repose;
I thank Thee for the morning's light,
That bids my eyes unclose.

I own Thy mercy, when I move
With limbs all sound and free,
That gaily bear me when I rove
Beside the moth and bee.

I thank Thee for my many friends,
So loving and so kind,
Who tell me all that knowledge lends
To aid my heart and mind.

Ah! let me value as I ought
The lessons good men teach;
To bear no malice in my thought,
No anger in my speech.

Father above, O hear my prayer,
And let me ever be
Worthy my earthly parents' care,
And true in serving Thee!

A SABBATH EVENING SONG.

God on earth, and God in heaven;
God who gave one day in seven
Unto man, that he might rest
With Thy mercy in his breast;—
God of goodness, I am kneeling,
In my spirit's deep revealing,
Fervently to give Thee praise
For the peace of Sabbath-days.
Calm and tranquil Thou hast made
This soft hour of twilight shade;
And I ask Thee, in Thy might,
To be "watchman of my night."

Let me thank Thee, let me own,
At the footstool of Thy throne,
All my grateful joy and love,
Drawn from hopes that point above;
Let me lay my heart before Thee,
And with holy trust implore Thee
To forgive its human blot,
Gather'd in its human lot.
Listen, Father! to my singing,
Like a child to Thee I'm clinging;
If I wander, guide me right,
Be Thou "watchman of my night."

Let me ask Thee, ere I sleep,
To remember those who weep,—
Those who moan with some wild sorrow,
That shall dread to meet the morrow;

Let me ask Thee to abide
At the fainting sick one's side,
Where the plaints of anguish rise
In smother'd groans and weary sighs ;
Give them strength to brook and bear
Trial pain and trial care ;
Let them see Thy saving light,
Be Thou "watchman of their night."

God of all ! Thou knowest well
Myriads of Thy children dwell
Here among us, lone and blind
In the midnight of the mind ;
Well Thou knowest how they need
Words to teach and hand to lead ;
Well Thou knowest that they sin,
For the want of light within ;
They grope and fall, and men refuse
To raise them up, and "bind the bruise ;"
But Thou, O God, in judgment right,
Be Thou "watchman of their night."

God of mercy ! God of grace !
Keep me worthy of my place ;
Let my harp-strings ne'er be heard
When they jar with Thy plain Word ;
Should the world's fair pitfall take me,
Father ! do not Thou forsake me ;
Let repentance cleanse the stain,
And call me back to truth again ;
Father, Infinite and Just !
Shine upon my path of dust ;
Lead me in the noontide light,
And be Thou "watchman of my night."

JOSEPH COTTLE.

JOSEPH COTTLE was born in 1770. In his 24th year he became a bookseller and printer in Bristol, but he retired from business in course of a few years. Being in circumstances of independence, he now employed his time in cultivating his literary tastes, and in cherishing the intercourse of some of his gifted contemporaries. He published numerous works in prose and verse. He was an early friend of Southey and Coleridge; and perceiving their respective merits, risked the expense of producing their first poetical efforts from his printing office. In advanced life he published several volumes of reminiscences of these poets. He composed many hymns, which, though generally meritorious, will only entitle him to a secondary rank as a sacred lyrist. His death took place at his residence, near Bristol, on the 7th June, 1853, in his 84th year. Of the two following hymns, the former has been transcribed from his volume of "Hymns and Sacred Lyrics," 1828, the latter from Dr. Leifchild's Hymn-Book, 1842, in which it was inserted under the author's sanction.

"THY KINGDOM COME."

MIGHTY Lord! extend Thine empire!
Be the truth with triumph crown'd!
Let the lands that sit in darkness
Hear the glorious gospel's sound,
From our borders,
To the world's remotest bound.

By Thine arm, eternal Father,
Scatter far the shades of night!
Let the great Immanuel's kingdom
Open like the morning light,
And the future
Realize our visions bright.

What are Satan's mightiest barriers,
Which a breath of Thine o'erthrows?
Shall the creature, in his frenzy,
The Creator's power oppose?
Him, whose lightning
Ruin hurls upon His foes?

Come, too long to earth a stranger,
Once again Thy reign restore!
In Thy strength, ride forth and conquer,
Still advancing more and more,
Till the heathen
Shall the Lord supreme adore.

On their cruel habitations
May the dawn celestial break!
May they from the sleep of ages,
To the blaze of day awake!
Spurn their idols,
And the Lord their portion make.

Nor, in breathings for Thy kingdom,
Would we banish from our prayer,
Men renouncing home and kindred,
Tidings of the cross to bear;
Ease disdaining,
Burning suns and poisonous air!

Such, of high and noble daring,
Venturing thus the truth to spread;
Bounteous Father, good and gracious,
On their path Thy blessings shed!
And, in danger,
Cheer their heart and shield their head.

Oh, what crowns await the faithful,
When the storms of life shall cease!
Mansions fair for every pilgrim,
Joys untold, that still increase;
Thought exceeding,
Cloudless skies and perfect peace,

If afflictions press us downward,
While as strangers here we roam,
Comforts rich are in reversion,
When we reach our Father's home,
And no longer
Cry, O Lord, "Thy kingdom come."

ONWARD AND UPWARD.

From every earthly pleasure,
From every transient joy,
From every mortal treasure
That soon will fade and cloy;

No longer these desiring,
Upward our wishes tend,
To nobler bliss aspiring,
And joys that never end.

From every piercing sorrow
That heaves our breast to-day,
Or threatens us to-morrow,
Hope turns our eyes away ;
On wings of faith ascending,
We see the land of light,
And feel our sorrows ending
In infinite delight.

'Tis true we are but strangers
And sojourners below,
And countless snares and dangers
Surround the path we go.
Though painful and distressing,
Yet there's a rest above,
And onward still we're pressing,
To reach that land of love.

NATHANIEL COTTON, M.D.

NATHANIEL COTTON was born in the year 1707. He studied medicine at Leyden, and on returning to England, assisted a physician who kept a house for lunatics at Dunstable. He built and superintended a large establishment for lunatic patients at St. Albans. His death took place at St. Albans, on the 2nd August, 1788. The poet Cowper was for a period under his care. His writings were published posthumously, under the title of "Various Pieces in Verse and Prose ;" 2 vols., 12mo, 1791.

AFFLICTION SANCTIFIED.

AMIDST these various scenes of ills,
Each stroke some kind design fulfils ;
And shall I murmur at my God,
When sovereign love directs the rod ?

Peace, rebel thoughts !—I'll not complain,
My Father's smiles suspend my pain,—
Smiles that a thousand joys impart,
And pour the balm that heals the smart.

Though heaven afflicts, I'll not repine,
Each heartfelt comfort still is mine,—
Comfort that shall o'er death prevail,
And journey with me through the vale.

Dear Jesus, smooth that rugged way,
And lead me to the realms of day ;
To milder skies, and lighter plains,
Where everlasting sunshine reigns.

AFFLICTION SANCTIFIED.

Affliction is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave ;
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.

The Hand that now withholds my joys
Can reinstate my peace ;
And He who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid that tempest cease.

In the dark watches of the night,
I'll count His mercies o'er !
I'll praise Him for ten thousand past,
And humbly sue for more.

When darkness and when sorrows rose,
And press'd on every side,
The Lord has still sustain'd my steps,
And still has been my guide.

Here will I rest and build my hopes,
Nor murmur at His rod ;
He's more than all the world to me,
My health, my life, my God.

A LORD'S-DAY HYMN.

THIS is the day the Lord of life
Ascended to the skies;
My thoughts pursue the lofty theme,
And to the heaven arise.

Let no vain cares divert my mind
From this celestial road;
Nor all the honours of the earth
Detain my soul from God.

Think of the splendours of that place,
The joys that are on high;
Nor meanly rest contented here,
With worlds beneath the sky.

Heaven is the birthplace of the saints,
To heaven their souls ascend;
Th' Almighty owns His favourite race,
As Father and as Friend.

O may these lovely titles prove
My comfort and defence,
When the sick couch shall be my lot,
And death shall call me hence!

WILLIAM COWPER.

WILLIAM COWPER was born at Berkhampstead, Herts, on the 26th November, 1731. He studied at Westminster School. In 1754, he was called to the bar. Through family influence he secured the appointment of Clerk of the Journals to the House of Lords; but nervous weakness, followed by a period of mental alienation, prevented his entering on his duties. He was induced to write verses as a relief to his habitual melancholy, and the result was his attaining a high place among British poets. In 1794, he obtained a civil-list pension of £300 a year. He died on the 25th April, 1800. Along with his friend, the Rev. John Newton, Cowper composed the "Olney Hymns," sixty-eight of their number proceeding from his pen. In his advanced years, his constitutional malady returned; he latterly was oppressed by a deep and unsurmountable despondency.

LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain:
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

WELCOME CROSS.

'Tis my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

Trials must and will befal,
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,—
This is happiness to me.

God, in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
These spring up and choke the weeds,
Which would else o'erspread the soil.

Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to His feet;
Lay me low, and keep me there.

Did I meet no trials here,
No correction by the way,
Might I not with reason fear,
I should prove a castaway?

Worldlings may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly vain delight;
But the true-born child of God,
Must not,—would not, if he might.

THE FUTURE PEACE AND GLORY OF THE CHURCH.

HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken:
"O my people, faint and few;
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you:
Thorns of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls Salvation,
And your gates shall all be Praise.

"There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow,
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All His bounty shall bestow:
Still in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

"Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see,
But your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in me:
God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
Change to-day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God, your everlasting light."

RETIREMENT.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace and joy and love
She communes with her God!

There like the nightingale she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light Divine,
And all harmonious names in one,
My Saviour, Thou art mine.

What thanks I owe Thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store
Still echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more.

SUBMISSION.

O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to Thy will,
And make Thy pleasure mine.

Why should I shrink at Thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

No, rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to Thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

Thy favour all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
Shall I resist them both?
A poor, blind creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth!

But ah! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to Thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils the skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

"LOVEST THOU ME?"

HARK, my soul! it is the Lord.
'Tis thy Saviour; hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee;
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

"I deliver'd thee when bound,
And when bleeding, heal'd thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right;
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

"Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

"Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

"Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore;
Oh for grace to love Thee more!

LONGING TO BE WITH CHRIST.

To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
O bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to His throne!

My Saviour, whom absent, I love;
Whom not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power.

Dissolve Thou these bonds, that detain
My soul from her portion in Thee;
Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

When that happy era begins,
When array'd in Thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline.

O then shall the veil be removed,
And round me Thy brightness be pour'd;
I shall meet Him, whom absent I loved,
I shall see whom, unseen, I adored.

And then never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose.

Or, if yet remember'd above,
Remembrance no sadness shall raise;
They will be but new signs of Thy love,
New themes for my wonder and praise.

Thus the strokes which from sin and from pain
Shall set me eternally free,
Will but strengthen and rivet the chain
Which binds me, my Saviour, to Thee.

PRAYER.

WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there.

Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.

Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when, through weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.

Have you no words? Ah! think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

WALKING WITH GOD.

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus, and His word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

PRAISE FOR THE FOUNTAIN OPENED.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away !

Dear dying Lamb ! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save ;
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought, free reward,
A golden harp for me.

'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And form'd by power Divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but Thine.

LOOKING UPWARDS IN A STORM.

God of my life, to Thee I call ;
Afflicted, at Thy feet I fall ;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail !

Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?
Where but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor ?

Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fix'd remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God,
Supports me under every load.

Fair is the lot that's cast for me;
I have an Advocate with Thee;
They whom the world caresses most
Have no such privilege to boast.

Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

GEORGE CRABBE.

GEORGE CRABBE was born on the 24th December, 1754, at Aldborough, Suffolk. In his fourteenth year, he was apprenticed to a surgeon. Renouncing medical pursuits, he proceeded to London in 1780, with the view of following the literary profession. He endured much privation at first, but was fortunate in gaining the patronage of Edmund Burke. He was enabled to take orders, and became domestic chaplain to the Duke of Rutland. He obtained a living and married. In 1813, he was preferred to the living of Trowbridge, Wiltshire. He died on the 3rd February, 1832. His numerous poetical works deservedly enjoy a high reputation.

THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM.*

PILGRIM, burden'd with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate;
There, till Mercy let thee in,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait.
Knock—He knows the sinner's cry;
Weep—He loves the mourner's tears;
Watch—for saving grace is nigh;
Wait—till heavenly light appears.

* These verses form the hymn sung by the preacher in Crabbe's poem of Sir Eustace Grey.

Hark! it is the Bridegroom's voice:
"Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest."
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe, and seal'd, and bought, and blest.
Safe—from all the lures of vice;
Seal'd—by signs the chosen know;
Bought—by love, and life the price;
Blest—the mighty debt to owe!

Holy pilgrim! what for thee
In a world like this remain?
From thy guarded breast shall flee
Fear, and shame, and doubt, and pain.
Fear—the hope of heaven shall fly;
Shame—from glory's view retire;
Doubt—in certain rapture die;
Pain—in endless bliss expire.

THE RESURRECTION.

THE wintry winds have ceased to blow,
And trembling leaves appear;
And fairest flowers succeed the snow,
And hail the infant year.

So when the world and all its woes
Are vanish'd far away,
Fair scenes and wonderful repose
Shall bless the new-born day.

When from the confines of the grave
The body too shall rise;
No more precarious passion's slave,
Nor error's sacrifice.

'Tis but a sleep—and Sion's King
Will call the many dead;
'Tis but a sleep—and then we sing
O'er dreams of sorrow fled.

Yes! wintry winds have ceased to blow,
And trembling leaves appear,
And Nature has her types to show
Throughout the varying year.

GEORGE CROLY, LL.D.

GEORGE CROLY was born in Dublin, in 1781, and was educated at Trinity College. He took orders in the Church, but was for many years devoted to literary pursuits. He was an early contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*. His more considerable poems are "Paris in 1815," and the "Angel of the World;" his more popular works of fiction are "Tales of the Great St. Bernard," "Salathiel," and "Marston." His other principal publications are a "Life of Edmund Burke," "Life of King George IV.," and a work on the Apocalypse. In 1835, Lord Brougham secured for Dr. Croly the united living of St. Bene't Sherehog with St. Stephen's, Walbrook. His death took place, suddenly, in London, on the 24th November, 1860, in his 80th year. In 1854, Dr. Croly published "Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship," 18mo. Of these compositions, ten psalms and an equal number of hymns were written by himself.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

TEACH us, Almighty Lord, this day
Thy mercies to proclaim;
Teach us with heart and lip to pray,
"All hallow'd be Thy Name."

Grant that as we our wrongs forgive,
Our faults may be forgiven;
And daily may our souls receive
The bread that comes from heaven.

Grant that our hearts no more may yield
To sin and Satan's power;
But make Thy word our sword and shield,
In dark temptation's hour.

Grant that Thou mayst be worshipp'd here
As angels worship Thee,—
In love that casteth out all fear,
Till earth shall bow the knee.

When shall we see the coming sign?
When hear the trumpet blown,
Which makes earth's kingdoms all be Thine,
The universe Thy throne?

SPIRITUAL GUIDANCE.

BLEST be the day, all gracious Lord,
Which Thou to man hast given,
To sing Thy praise, and hear Thy word,
And fix his heart on heaven.

And while beneath Thy sacred roof
We join in humble prayer,
May every thought be kept aloof
Unfit to enter there.

Teach us on earth, however tried,
To love and serve Thee still;
To make Thy law our only guide,—
Thy will our only will.

Teach us to keep our conscience pure,
Our heart without a stain;
Our hope unclouded, faith secure,
Till death dissolves our chain.

SUPPLICATION.

"If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit. —*Gal.* v. 25.

SPIRIT of God! descend upon my heart;
Wean it from earth; through all its pulses move;
Stoop to my weakness, mighty as Thou art,
And make me love Thee as I ought to love.

I ask no dream, no prophet-ecstasies;
No sudden rending of the veil of clay;
No angel-visitant, no opening skies;
But take the dimness of my soul away.

Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and King?
All, all Thine own—soul, heart, and strength, and mind;
I see Thy cross—there teach my heart to cling:
O let me seek Thee, and O let me find!

Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh;
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear;
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
Teach me the patience of unanswer'd prayer.

Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels love,
One holy passion filling all my frame;
The baptism of the heaven-descended Dove,
My heart an altar, and Thy love the flame.

A DIRGE.

EARTH to earth, and dust to dust!
Here the evil and the just,
Here the youthful and the old,
Here the fearful and the bold,
Here the matron and the maid,
In one silent bed are laid;
Here the vassal and the king
Side by side lie withering;
Here the sword and sceptre rust—
Earth to earth, and dust to dust!

Age on age shall roll along
O'er this pale and mighty throng;
Those that wept them, those that weep,
All shall with these sleepers sleep;
Brothers, sisters of the worm,
Summer's sun, or winter's storm,
Song of peace, or battle's roar,
Ne'er shall break their slumbers more;
Death shall keep his solemn trust—
Earth to earth, and dust to dust!

But a day is coming fast,
Earth, thy mightiest and thy last;
It shall come in fear and wonder,
Heralded by trump and thunder;
It shall come in strife and toil;
It shall come in blood and spoil;
It shall come in empire's groans,
Burning temples, trampled thrones.
Then, Ambition, rue thy lust!
Earth to earth, and dust to dust!

Then shall come the judgment sign,—
In the east the King shall shine;
Flashing from heaven's golden gate,
Thousand thousands round His state;
Spirits with the crown and plume.
Tremble then, thou sullen tomb!
Heaven shall open on our sight,
Earth be turn'd to living light,
Kingdoms of the ransom'd just—
Earth to earth, and dust to dust!

Then shall, gorgeous as a gem,
Shine thy mount, Jerusalem;
Then shall in the desert rise
Fruits of more than Paradise;
Earth by angel-feet be trod,
One great garden of her God;
Till are dried the martyr's tears
Through a glorious thousand years.
Now in hope of Him we trust—
Earth to earth, and dust to dust!

SAMUEL CROSSMAN.

SAMUEL CROSSMAN was son of Samuel Crossman, of Bradfield Monachorum, Suffolk, and was born in 1624. He became Bachelor of Divinity at Cambridge, and obtained a prebendal stall in Bristol Cathedral. He is author of a number of separate discourses, and an octavo volume of counsels addressed to young men. He published nine hymns, which have lately been reprinted by Mr. Sedgwick. His death took place on the 4th February, 1683, and his remains were interred in the south aisle of Bristol Cathedral.

HEAVEN.*

FIRST PART.

SWEET place! sweet place alone!
The court of God most high;
The heaven of heavens, the throne
Of spotless Majesty:
Oh, happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

The stranger homeward bends,
And sigheth for his rest:
Heaven is my home, my friends
Lodge there in Abraham's breast.
Oh, happy place! etc.

Earth's but a sorry tent,
Pitch'd for a few frail days,
A short-leased tenement;
Heaven's still my song, my praise.
Oh, happy place! etc.

No tears from any eyes
Drop in that holy choir;
But death itself there dies,
And sighs themselves expire.
Oh, happy place! etc.

* The first edition contained an additional stanza, but it was omitted by the author in all subsequent editions.

There should temptations cease,
My frailties there should end;
There should I rest in peace.
In th' arms of my best Friend.
Oh, happy place! etc.

SECOND PART.

Jerusalem on high,
My song and city is;
My home whene'er I die,
The centre of my bliss.
Oh, happy place! etc.

Thy walls, sweet city! thine
With pearls are garnishèd;
Thy gates with praises shine,
Thy streets with gold are spread.
Oh, happy place! etc.

No sun by day shines there,
Nor moon by silent night;
Oh, no! these needless are;
The Lamb's the city's light.
Oh, happy place! etc.

There dwells my Lord, my King,
Judged here unfit to live;
There angels to Him sing,
And lowly homage give.
Oh, happy place! etc.

The patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease;
The prophets there behold
Their long'd-for Prince of peace.
Oh, happy place! etc.

The Lamb's apostles there
I might with joy behold;
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold.
Oh, happy place! etc.

The bleeding martyrs, they,
Within those courts are found ;
Clothèd in pure array,
Their scars with glory crown'd.
Oh, happy place ! etc.

Ah, me ! ah, me ! that I
In Kedar's tents here stay ;
No place like this on high ;
Thither, Lord, guide my way.
Oh, happy place !
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face ?

THOMAS DALE.

AN accomplished poet and eloquent preacher, THOMAS DALE, was born at Pentonville, London, on the 22nd August, 1797. He was educated at Christ's Hospital, and in 1817, entered Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. In 1818, he published his "Widow of Nain;" other poems followed. He graduated, and in 1822 took orders. He taught at Greenwich and Beckenham. His first preferment was to the curacy of St. Michael's, Cornhill, London. In 1828, he became Professor of English Literature in the London University. From 1831 to 1839 he held a similar office in King's College, London. He was appointed, in 1835, to the vicarage of St. Bride, Fleet Street. In 1843, he obtained a canonry in St. Paul's, and in other three years he was preferred to the vicarage of St. Pancras. In 1861, he resigned this living, on his accepting the Rectory of Therfield, Herts. He is now Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's. Canon Dale has published three volumes of poems, numerous discourses, a translation of Sophocles, and other works.

WEEP NOT FOR ME.

WHEN the spark of life is waning,
Weep not for me ;
When the languid eye is straining,
Weep not for me.
When the feeble pulse is ceasing,
Start not at its swift decreasing,
'Tis the fettered soul's releasing ;
Weep not for me.

When the pangs of death assail me,
Weep not for me;
Christ is mine, He cannot fail me,
Weep not for me.
Yes, though sin and doubt endeavour
From His love my soul to sever,
Jesus is my strength for ever;
Weep not for me.

WEEP NOT FOR HIM.*

DEAR as thou wert, and justly dear,
We will not weep for thee;
One thought shall check the starting tear,—
It is, that thou art free.
And thus shall faith's consoling power
The tears of love restrain;
Oh, who that saw thy parting hour
Could wish thee here again?

Triumphant in thy closing eye
The hope of glory shone;
Joy breathed in thine expiring sigh
To think the fight was won.
Gently the passing spirit fled,
Sustain'd by grace Divine;
Oh, may such grace on me be shed,
And make my end like thine!

HYMN FOR CHILDREN.

(*Contributed.*)

THINE is the spacious earth, O God,
And Thine the boundless sea;
By Thee the heavens were stretch'd abroad,
The mountains fix'd by Thee.
Thou speakest—and the whirlwinds rise;
Thou speakest—all is still;
And lightnings glance along the skies,
Or vanish at Thy will.

* A dirge, sung by the village minstrel in Mr. Dale's "Widow of Nain."

What then is man, and what are we
That thus we seek to raise
An altar in our hearts to Thee,
And from our lips Thy praise?
Can there be room for infant strains
Where kindling seraphs flame?
There can—there will, for Jesus reigns,
And bids us bear His name.

Meekly in that blest name we bow
To Thee, Almighty Lord;
Nor dread avenging lightnings now,
Nor fear the flaming sword.
He lived to bless, and died to save;
And light by Him is given
To guide our passage to the grave,
And through the grave to heaven.

And they, by whom the wisdom came
That raised our hopes above;
They, who fulfill'd in Jesus' name
A ministry of love;
May they unite in that glad strain;
With those bright eyes adore;
"Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
But lives for evermore."

THOMAS DAVIS, M.A.

THE REV. THOMAS DAVIS is a native of Worcester, of which city his father, Richard Francis Davis, D.D., was rector. He studied at Queen's College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1832. In the following year, he was ordained to the curacy of All Saints, Worcester. In 1840, he was preferred to the office of perpetual curate of St. John's, Roundhay, Yorkshire, an incumbency which he still retains. Mr. Davis has published "Devotional Verse for a Month," London, 1855, 32mo; "Songs for the Suffering," London, 1859, 8vo.; and "Hymns Old and New," consisting of 223 selected and 260 original hymns, London, 1864, 32mo. The following sacred lyrics are transcribed from "Songs for the Suffering," by the kind permission of Messrs. Parker, the publishers. The proof sheets have been revised, and an alteration made in the second hymn, by the author.

LOVE AND FEAR.

THE mighty God who rules above,
He is thy Father: oh, with love,
  Confiding love, draw near:
Thy Father is the mighty God
Who spread the firmament abroad:
  Approach with holy fear.

Thy love should be the child's, that knows
The sweetness of secure repose
  Upon a father's breast;
Thy fear, the feeling pure and deep,
That prompts him watchfully to keep
  Meet for that place of rest.

Oh, watch and pray that both may be
In holy union found in thee;
  And thou shalt soon adore
Thy God and Father face to face,
Where love, in its own native place,
  Reveres for evermore.

DEATH CONQUERED.

SHALL I fear, O earth, thy bosom,
  Shrink and faint to lay me there,
Whence the fragrant, lovely blossom
  Springs to gladden earth and air?

Whence the tree, the brook, the river,
Soft clouds floating in the sky,
All fair things come whispering ever,
Of the love Divine on high?

Yea, whence One arose victorious,
O'er the darkness of the grave;
His strong arm revealing, glorious
In its might Divine to save.

No, fair earth! a tender mother
Thou hast been, and yet canst be;
And through Him, my Lord and Brother,
Sweet shall be my rest in thee!

SAMUEL DAVIES.

SAMUEL DAVIES was born at Newcastle, Delaware, U. S., on the 3rd November, 1724. After exercising his gifts for some years as a preacher of the Presbyterian Church, he was, in 1759, appointed President of New Jersey College. He died on the 4th February, 1761. His hymns were published in 1769, under the care of the Rev. Dr. T. Gibbons.

THE PARDONING GOD.

Micah vii. 18.

GREAT God of wonders! all Thy ways
Are matchless, godlike, and Divine;
But the fair glories of Thy grace
More godlike and unrivall'd shine:
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

Crimes of such horror to forgive,
Such guilty, daring worms to spare;
This is Thy grand prerogative,
And none shall in the honour share:
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

Angels and men resign your claim
To pity, mercy, love, and grace;
These glories crown Jehovah's name
With an incomparable blaze:
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

In wonder lost, with trembling joy,
We take the pardon of our God,
Pardon for crimes of deepest dye;
A pardon bought with Jesu's blood:
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

O may this strange, this matchless grace,
This godlike miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
And all the angelic choirs above:
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

JAMES GEORGE DECK.

JAMES GEORGE DECK is the eldest son of the late John Deck, Esq., of Bury St. Edmunds. He held a commission in the army. For some years he has been settled in New Zealand. He is author of a religious memoir, entitled "Joy in Departing." He has written a number of hymns. Several of these are contained in "Hymns for the Poor of the Flock," 1838, a collection of the Plymouth Brethren, to which, it is understood, they were contributed by the writer.

HYMN TO JESUS.

O LORD, when we the path retrace
Which Thou on earth hast trod,
To man Thy wondrous love and grace,
Thy faithfulness to God:—

Thy love by man, so sorely tried,
Proved stronger than the grave;
The very spear that pierced Thy side
Drew forth the blood to save.

Faithful amidst unfaithfulness,
'Midst darkness only light,
Thou didst Thy Father's name confess,
And in His will delight.

Unmoved by Satan's subtle wiles,
Or suffering, shame, and loss;
Thy path uncheer'd by earthly smiles,
Led only to the cross.

O Lord, with sorrow and with shame,
We meekly would confess,
How little we who bear Thy name,
Thy mind, Thy ways express.

Give us Thy meek, Thy lowly mind:
We would obedient be;
And all our rest and pleasure find,
In fellowship with Thee.

FAITH AND COMMUNION.

When first o'erwhelmed with sin and shame,
To Jesus' cross I trembling came,
Burden'd with guilt, and full of fear,
Yet drawn by love, I ventured near,
Pardon I found, and peace with God,
In Jesu's rich, atoning blood.

My sin is gone, my fears are o'er,
I shun His presence now no more;
He sits upon the throne of grace,
He bids me boldly seek His face;
Sprinkled upon the throne of God,
I see that rich, atoning blood.

Before His face my Priest appears;
My Advocate, the Father hears:
That precious blood, before His eyes,
Both day and night, for mercy cries?
It speaks, it ever speaks to God—
The voice of that atoning blood.

By faith that voice I also hear ;
It answers doubt, it stills each fear :
Th' accuser seeks in vain to move
The wrath of Him whose name is Love ;
Each charge against the sons of God
Is silenced by th' atoning blood.

Here I can rest without a fear ;
By this, to God I now draw near ;
By this, I triumph over sin,
For this has made, and keeps me clean ;
And when I reach the throne of God,
I'll praise that rich, atoning blood.

THE LAMB OF GOD.

LAMB of God ! our souls adore Thee,
While upon Thy face we gaze :
There the Father's love and glory
Shine in all their brightest rays :
Thine Almighty power and wisdom
All creation's works proclaim :
Heaven and earth alike confess Thee,
As the ever great "I AM."

Lamb of God ! Thy Father's bosom
Ever was Thy dwelling-place ;
His delight in Him rejoicing,
One with Him, in power and grace :
Oh, what wondrous love and mercy !
Thou didst lay Thy glory by,
And for us didst come from heaven
As the Lamb of God to die.

Lamb of God ! when we behold Thee
Lowly in the manger laid ;
Wandering as a homeless stranger,
In the world Thy hands had made ;
When we see Thee in the garden
In Thine agony of blood—
At Thy grace we are confounded,
Holy, spotless, Lamb of God !

When we see Thee as the victim,
Bound to the accursèd tree,
For our guilt and sorrow stricken,
All our judgment borne by Thee :
Lord, we own, with hearts adoring,
Thou has loved us unto blood ;
Glory, glory, everlasting,
Be to Thee, Thou Lamb of God !

SIR EDWARD DENNY, BART.

SIR EDWARD DENNY, BART., of Tralee Castle, county Kerry, Ireland, was born on the 2nd October, 1796. On the death of his father, he succeeded as fourth baronet, in August, 1831. Sir Edward is the author of several publications on Scripture prophecies, chiefly in reference to the millennial period. In 1848, he published "Hymns and Poems," London, 12mo. This work has passed into a second edition. Sir Edward resides chiefly in London.

THE HEART WATCHING FOR THE MORNING.

LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
Star of the coming day !
Arise, and with Thy morning beams,
Chase all our griefs away.

Come, blessèd Lord ! bid every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of Thy royal name,
And own Thee as their King.

Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy,
In memory of Thy love.

Lord, Lord, Thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.

Come, then, with all Thy quickening power,
With one awakening smile,
And bid the serpent's trail no more
Thy beauteous realms defile.

Thine was the cross, with all its fruit
Of grace and peace divine;
Be Thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory Thine.

THE MAN OF SORROWS.

A PILGRIM through this lonely world,
The blessed Saviour pass'd;
A mourner all His life was He,
A dying Lamb at last.

That tender heart that felt for all,
For all its life-blood gave;
It found on earth no resting-place,
Save only in the grave.

Such was our Lord—and shall we fear
The cross with all its scorn,
Or love a faithless, evil world
That wreathed His brow with thorn?

No; facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like Him obedient still,
We homeward press, through storm or calm,
To yon celestial hill.

In tents we dwell amid the waste,
Nor turn aside to roam
In folly's paths, nor seek our rest
Where Jesus had no home.

Dead to the world, with Him who died
To win our hearts, our love;
We, risen with our risen Head,
In spirit dwell above.

By faith, His boundless glories there,
Our wond'ring eyes behold;
Those glories which eternal years
Shall never all unfold.

This fills our hearts with deep desire
To lose ourselves in love,
Bears all our hopes from earth away,
And fixes them above.

THE HEART BIDDING FAREWELL TO THE WORLD.

Thou vain, deceitful world, farewell!
Thine idle joys no more we love;
By faith in brighter worlds we dwell,
In spirit find our home above.

Jesus, we go with Thee, to taste
Of joy supreme that never dies;
Our feet still press the weary waste,
Our heart, our home are in the skies.

And oh! while unto heaven's high hill
The toilsome path of life we tread,
Around us, loving Father, still
Thy circling wings of mercy spread.

From day to day, from hour to hour,
Oh, may our rising spirits prove
The strength of Thine almighty power,
The sweetness of Thy saving love.

THE CHURCH CHEERED WITH THE HOPE OF HER LORD'S RETURN.

Bride of the Lamb, awake! awake!
Why sleep for sorrow now?
The hope of glory, Christ is thine,
A child of glory thou.

Thy spirit, through the lonely night
From earthly joy apart,
Hath sigh'd for one that's far away,—
The Bridegroom of thy heart.

But see, the night is waning fast,
The breaking morn is near,
And Jesus comes with voice of love
Thy drooping heart to cheer.

He comes, for oh, His yearning heart
No more can bear delay,
To scenes of full unmingled joy,
To call His Bride away.

This earth, the scene of all His woe,
A homeless wild to thee,
Full soon upon His heavenly throne
Its rightful King shall see.

Thou too shalt reign, He will not wear
His crown of joy alone;
And earth His royal Bride shall see
Beside Him on the throne.

Then weep no more; 'tis all thine own—
His crown, His joy Divine;
And, sweeter far than all beside,
He, He Himself is thine.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

WHERE, in this waste, unlovely world,
May weary hearts, opprest
With thoughts of sorrows yet to come,
In calm assurance rest?

In Him who, of the Father's love,
The gracious herald came,
Of mercy to a guilty world,
Of blessing through His name.

In Him who, with unsullied feet
And guileless spirit, trod
The paths of this unquiet earth,
In solitude with God.

In Jesus who, ascended now,
Looks backward on the past,
Feels for His suff'ring members here,
And loves us to the last.

'Tis only in His changeless love,
Our waiting spirits, blest
With the sweet hope of glory, find
Their dwelling-place of rest.

In the same track where He of old
The dreary desert trod,
Led onward by His grace, we learn
The fulness of our God.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

CHILDREN of light, arise and shine!
Your birth, your hopes are all divine;
Your home is in the skies;
Oh, then, for heavenly glory born,
Look down on all with holy scorn
That earthly spirits prize.

With Christ, with glory full in view,
Oh, what is all the world to you?
What is it all but loss?
Come on, then, cleave no more to earth,
Nor wrong your high celestial birth,
Ye pilgrims of the cross!

The cross is ours; we bear it now;
But did not He beneath it bow,
And suffer there at last?
All that we feel can Jesus tell;
His gracious soul remembers well
The sorrows of the past.

O blessèd Lord, we yet shall reign,
Redeem'd from sorrow, sin, and pain,
And walk with Thee in white.
We suffer now, but oh, at last
We'll bless Thee, Lord, for all the past,
And own our cross was light.

DAVID DICKSON.

A DISTINGUISHED Presbyterian minister, DAVID DICKSON, was born at Glasgow, in 1583. In 1618, he was ordained minister of Irvine; in 1640, he became Professor of Divinity at Glasgow; and, after an interval of ten years, he was preferred to the Chair of Theology in the University of Edinburgh. He was deprived of his office at the Restoration, for refusing the oath of supremacy. His death took place in 1663. Dickson published commentaries on various portions of Scripture, and other theological works. The well-known hymn, "O Mother dear, Jerusalem," presented here in an abridged form, was adapted by him from an older version, of which the authorship is unknown.

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see?
O happy harbour of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil!

In thee no sickness is at all,
No hurt, nor any sore;
There is no death, nor ugly sight,
But life for evermore.
No dimmish clouds o'ershadow thee,
No dull nor darksome night!
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God Himself gives light.

* * * *

The houses are of ivory,
The windows crystal clear,
Thy streets are laid with beaten gold,
Where angels do appear.
Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamond square;
Thy gates are made of orient pearl,
O God! if I were there.

* * * *

There love and charity do reign,
And Christ is all in all;
Whom they most perfectly behold
In glory spiritual.
They love, they praise, they praise, they love,
They "Holy, holy," cry;
They neither toil, nor faint, nor end,
But laud continually.

* * * *

O passing happy were my state
Might I be worthy found,
To wait upon my God and King,
His praises there to sound!

* * * *

With cherubim and seraphim,
And holy souls of men,
To sing Thy praise, O God of hosts,
For ever, and amen!

The preceding hymn is better known in the altered form which we subjoin. Into this shape it has been rendered through the instrumentality of different hands, several of which are not precisely known. In its modern form, the hymn first appeared in a little work, entitled "A Help and Guide to Christian Families," published in 1693, by the Rev. William Burkitt. Burkitt was born on the 25th July, 1650. He became Vicar of Dedham, Essex, and died in 1703.

HEAVENLY JERUSALEM.

JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin, nor sorrow know;
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX.

WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX was born at Bristol, in June, 1837. His father, John Dix, originally a surgeon in that city, was a person of much ingenuity and literary taste. He published a life of Chatterton, the "Local Legends of Bristol," "Lays of Rome," and other works; he died lately in America. The subject of this notice was educated at Bristol Grammar School, and was bred to mercantile pursuits. During the last four years, he has resided in Glasgow; he holds a respectable appointment in a Marine Insurance Office. Mr. Dix has published a number of sacred and other lyrics in *The Western Daily Press* newspaper, and is author of a small poetical volume. The following hymn was contributed by him to "Hymns Ancient and Modern;" it is here reproduced with the permission of the editor of that work.

EPIPHANY.

As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright:
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed;
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore:
So may we with willing feet,
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

Holy Jesus! every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light ;
Thou, its light, its joy, its crown,
Thou, its sun which goes not down ;
There for ever, may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D.D.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE was born in London, on the 26th June, 1702. Educated in an academy at Kibworth, and afterwards at Hinckley, he entered the ministry in 1722. In the following year, he was settled at Kibworth. In 1729, he removed to Northampton. Having contracted an illness, in December, 1750, he proceeded to the south of Europe to try the benefits of a warmer climate. He died at Lisbon, on the 26th October, 1751. Dr. Doddridge is well known as the author of "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," the "Family Expositor of the New Testament," and the "Life of Colonel Gardiner." His hymns, numbering 375, were published subsequent to his decease, by Mr. Job Orton, his friend and biographer. The following have been transcribed from an edition of Dr. Doddridge's hymns, published by his great-grandson, John Doddridge Humphreys, Esq., London, 1819, 36mo.

SALVATION.

AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And lift your voices high ;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love,
That shows salvation nigh.

On all the wings of time it flies :
Each moment brings it near ;
Then welcome each declining day !
Welcome each closing year !

Not many years their round shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.

Ye wheels of nature, speed your course ;
Ye mortal powers decay ;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

GRACE.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to mine ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

THE CHRISTIAN RACE.

AWAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around,
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And crown'd with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honours down.

FOR NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

ETERNAL Source of every joy!
Well may Thy praise our lips employ,
While in Thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

While, as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole;
The sun is taught by Thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

The flowery spring at Thy command
Embalms the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winter, soften'd by Thy cares,
No more a face of horror wears.

Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With opening light and closing shade.

Here in Thy house shall incense rise,
As circling Sabbaths bless our eyes;
And still we make Thy mercies known,
Around Thy board, and round our own.

O may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown pursue these songs;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

ON OPENING A PLACE OF WORSHIP.

And will the great eternal God
On earth establish His abode?
And will He from His radiant throne
Avow our temples for His own?

We bring the tribute of our praise,
And sing that condescending grace,
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call such sinful mortals near.

Our Father's watchful care we bless,
Which guards our Churches here in peace,
That no tumultuous foes invade,
To make our trembling souls afraid.

These walls we to Thine honour raise;
Long may they echo with Thy praise;
And Thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of Thy grace.

Here let the great Redeemer reign
With all the virtues of His train;
While power divine His word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer His friends.

And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born to glory here.

HYMN OF PRAISE.

God of my life, through all its days
My grateful powers shall sound Thy praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises raised on high
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

But oh! when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chain'd to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies!

Soon shall I learn the exalted strains
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round Thy throne.

The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul can live;
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

DIVINE MERCY.

GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame,
We own Thy power divine;
We hear Thy breath in every storm,
For all the winds are Thine.

Wide as they sweep their sounding way
They work Thy sovereign will;
And, awed by Thy majestic voice,
Confusion shall be still.

Thy mercy tempers every blast
To them that seek Thy face,
And mingles with the tempest's roar
The whispers of Thy grace.

Those gentle whispers let me hear,
Till all the tumult cease;
And gales of paradise shall lull
My weary soul to peace.

GOD IN PROVIDENCE.

O God of Jacob, by whose hand
  Thine Israel still is fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
  Hath all our fathers led;

To Thee our humble vows we raise,
  To Thee address our prayer,
And in Thy kind and faithful breast
  Deposit all our care.

If Thou, through each perplexing path,
  Wilt be our constant guide;
If Thou wilt daily bread supply,
  And raiment wilt provide;

If Thou wilt spread Thy shield around,
  Till these our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode,
  Our souls arrive in peace:

To Thee, as to our covenant God,
  We will ourselves resign;
And count, that not our tenth alone,
  But all we have is Thine.

OUR GREAT HIGH-PRIEST.

Now let our cheerful eyes survey
  Our great High-Priest above,
And celebrate His constant care,
  His sympathy and love.

Though raised to a superior throne,
  Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the heavenly host,
  With matchless honour crown'd,—

The names of all His saints He bears,
  Deep graven on His heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say,
  That he hath lost his part.

Those characters shall fair abide
Our everlasting trust,
When gems and monuments and crowns
Are moulder'd down to dust.

So, gracious Saviour, on my breast
May Thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

GOD THE LIGHT OF HIS SAINTS.

Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.

And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames array'd;
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my Divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts
Where I shall reign with God.

The Father of eternal light
Shall there His beams display,
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes,
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amidst those brighter skies.

There all the millions of His saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

THE WISE CHOICE.

BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand:
Saviour Divine, diffuse Thy light
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

Engage this roving, treacherous heart
To fix on Mary's better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day
For joys that none can take away.

Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

If Thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I'll live, and joyful die:
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in Thee.

REJOICING IN OUR COVENANT WITH GOD.

O HAPPY day that fix'd my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God:
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

O happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

'Tis done! the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice Divine.

Now rest, my long-divided heart!
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest!
O who with earth would grudge to part
When call'd with angels to be bless'd?

High heaven that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

CHRIST'S MESSAGE.

HARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

On Him the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,
His holy breast inspire.

He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes from thickest films of vice,
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

His silver trumpets publish loud
The jubilee of the Lord;
Our debts are all remitted now,
Our heritage restored!

Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

FATHER of peace, and God of love,
We own Thy power to save,
That power by which our Shepherd rose
Victorious from the grave.

We triumph in that Shepherd's name,
Still watchful for our good,
Who brought the eternal covenant down,
And seal'd it with His blood.

So may Thy Spirit seal my soul,
And mould it to Thy will;
That my fond heart no more may stray,
But keep Thy covenant still.

Still may we gain superior strength,
And press with vigour on,
Till full perfection crown our hopes,
And fix us near Thy throne.

THE LAW OF LOVE.

FAR from Thy servants, God of grace
The unfeeling heart remove;
And form in our obedient souls
The image of Thy love.

O may our sympathising breasts
Thy generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe!

Where'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

O be the law of love fulfill'd
In every act and thought:
Each angry passion far removed,
Each selfish view forgot.

Be thou, my heart, dilated wide
With this kind, social grace;
And in one grasp of fervent love
All earth and heaven embrace.

JAMES DODDS.

THE REV. JAMES DODDS was born at Cummertrees, Dumfriesshire, in 1812. Licensed as a probationer of the Church of Scotland in 1839, he was admitted to the pastoral charge of the parish of Humbie, East Lothian, in 1841. At the Disruption, in 1843, he joined the Free Church. In the following year, he was translated to Dunbar. Mr. Dodds is author of a popular work, entitled "A Century of Scottish Church History." In 1842, he edited a small volume of sacred lyrics, entitled "Poetry of the Seasons," which contains a number of original compositions from his pen.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG CHRISTIAN.*

HER heart was in heaven, and she cared not for earth,
Nor all that its pleasures afford;
And death was to her but a life-giving birth,
For she lived in the joy of her Lord.

In this valley she walk'd like an angel of love,
Sent to lighten our sorrowful shade,
Yet glad to revisit that region above,
Where it first was in glory array'd.

A seal was impress'd on her sweet-beaming brow,
That mark'd her for saintly repose—
The hope that enraptured her life, and is now
Fulfill'd at life's dark-seeming close.

A cloud of deep trouble encompass'd her frame,
And her day was soon turn'd into night;
But the cross, like a heaven-pointing pillar of flame,
Fill'd the eye of her spirit with light.

* Mrs. W. W. Duncan, of Cleish.

As from a dark prison she struggled away
To a mansion of God in the sky;
And her light is now lost in the brightness of day,
In the glory that never shall die.

Sweet pledge of a sanctified rest in the skies,
Her life was a Sabbath of peace;
And the day that beheld her dear Saviour arise,
Was the day of her spirit's release.

HYMN.

(*Contributed.*)

O God of nature and of grace,
How lovely is Thy dwelling-place!
The temple where Thou art adored
As universal King and Lord;
Where meet the simple-hearted just
In holy awe and childlike trust,
To catch devotion's kindling flame,
And sing the glory of Thy name.

Nor yet alone in sacred fane,
Dost Thou in sovereign greatness reign—
From the earth's plains and mountains bold
Firm fix'd on their foundations old;
From oceans that obey Thy will,
Thy kingdom stretches widening still;
Far as the astonish'd eye can pierce
The grand and glowing universe.

And when the eye of science fails,
And her own region faith unveils,
Ascending to her heavenly goal,
What glories burst upon the soul!
The visible creation fades,
The sun and stars are dimm'd in shades
Before that boundless vision bright,
That blaze of uncreated light.

O God of nature and of grace,
How spacious is Thy dwelling-place!
From low-roof'd churches, towers sublime,
From minsters sanctified by time,
And homes where humble Christians dwell,
What songs of spiritual gladness swell!
Joining the hymn of earth and sea,
And starry heavens, that mounts to Thee.

D. T. K. DRUMMOND.

THE REV. D. T. K. DRUMMOND is the youngest son of James Drummond, of Aberuchill, Perthshire. He was born at Edinburgh, and educated for the Episcopal Church. In 1830, he received orders in the English Church, and for two years held a charge in the neighbourhood of Bristol. He is at present incumbent of St. Thomas's Episcopal Chapel, Edinburgh. Among other works, he has published "Last Scenes in the Life of Christ," and "Memoirs of Montagu Stanley."

"CHRIST SHALL GIVE THEE LIGHT."

THOU earth, o'er which the curse of sin
Has flung the shroud of night,
On thee the day-spring hath appear'd,
For Christ shall give thee light.

O sinner! on whose soul hath dwelt
Sin's deep and deadly blight,
Arise! hope dawns upon the tomb,
For Christ shall give thee light.

Christian! does thy pathway seem
Dark to thy feeble sight?
Direct thine eyes to Christ on high,
For He shall give thee light.

Soldier! does the shadowy foe
Darken the field of fight?
Dauntless hold up the shield of faith,
For Christ shall give thee light.

Mourner! has sorrow bow'd thy heart
In sad and dreary night?
Smile through thy tears, the day is nigh
When Christ shall give thee light.

Thou trembling one, who must appear
Before Christ in His might!
He is thy Judge, but He is love,
And He shall give thee light.

Bless'd heir of glory! hast thou reach'd
Thy home so pure and bright?
Thy heritage is sure, for Christ
For ever gives thee light.

"GOD IS LOVE."

WHAT is the Lord? Survey the world,
Each hill, each vale, each stream, each grove;
From every rock, and field, and tree,
A voice replies, that "God is love!"

What is the Lord? Gaze through the skies
On yon bright orbs which ceaseless move
In glorious maze—still as they roll
They chant the song that "God is love!"

What is the Lord? Look to the place
Where glory sits enthroned above;
Ten thousand times ten thousand there
Cry, with one voice, that "God is love!"

What is the Lord? Search Nature's store,
Her length and breadth, below, above—
There's not an atom but appears
Stamp'd with the record, "God is love!"

Yet amid all, behold yon tree!
One glance of faith will sweetly prove,
That there the brightest ray descends,
Which, beaming, tells that "God is love!"

Dark is the wood, and stain'd with blood,
Yet o'er it broods the holy Dove,
Uttering, to all eternity,
The still, small voice, that "God is love!"

HEAVEN.

Our glorious home above,
The city of our God,
The resting-place of peace and love,
The pilgrim's sweet abode.

Oh for an angel's wing,
To soar above the skies,
And join the angelic choir who sing
Their hallow'd symphonies!

Pure mansions of the blest,
Prepared by Jesus' hand,
That all His own may sweetly rest
Safe in Emmanuel's land.

May each we love be there,
From death and darkness free;
Our joy unspeakable to share
Throughout eternity.

WILLIAM HAMILTON DRUMMOND, D.D.

WILLIAM HAMILTON DRUMMOND, D.D., was born in the village of Ballyclare, county Antrim, Ireland, in 1772. During infancy, he was deprived of his father, who died of fever, caught in course of his practice as a physician, so that he was entirely indebted for his early training to his mother, a person of superior energy and intellectual vigour. He was destined for commercial pursuits, but, having evinced an aptitude for the ministerial profession, he was sent to the University of Glasgow. Obtaining licence as a probationer, he entered on the duties of the sacred office in his twenty-first year, as pastor of the second Presbyterian congregation at Belfast. In 1810, he was translated to the Strand Street Chapel, Dublin. He died in Dublin, on the 11th October, 1865, in his eighty-sixth year. Among other works, Dr. Drummond published "Juvenile Poems," Glasgow, 1797; "A Translation of the First Book of Lucretius, *De Rerum Natura*," 1803; "Trafalgar, a Poem," 1805; "The Giant's Causeway, a Poem," 1811; "Clontarf, a descriptive Poem," 1817; "Who are the Happy? a Poem on the Christian Beatitudes; with other Poems on Sacred Subjects," 1818; "The Pleasures of Benevolence," 1835. The following compositions from the pen of Dr. Drummond have been frequently reprinted; they are included in the author's volume entitled, "Who are the Happy?"

CHARITY.

COME let us sound her praise abroad,
Sweet Charity, the child of God!
Hers, on whose kind, maternal breast
The shelter'd babes of misery rest;

Who, when she sees the sufferer bleed,
Reckless of name, or sect, or creed,
Comes with prompt hand and look benign,
To bathe his wounds in oil and wine;

Who in her robe the sinner hides,
And soothes and pities while she chides;
Who lends an ear to every cry,
And asks no plea but misery.

Her tender mercies freely fall,
Like heaven's refreshing dews on all;
Encircling in their wide embrace
Her friends, her foes—the human race.

Nor bounded to the earth alone,
Her love expands to worlds unknown;
Wherever Faith's rapt thought has soar'd,
Or Hope her upward flight explor'd.

Ere these received their name or birth,
She dwelt in heaven, she smiled on earth;
Of all celestial graces blest,
The first—the last—the greatest—best.

When Faith and Hope, from earth set free,
Are lost in boundless ecstasy,
Eternal daughter of the skies,
She mounts to heaven, and never dies.

THE COMING OF THE LORD.

A VOICE from the desert comes awful and shrill:
"The Lord is advancing—prepare ye the way;
The word of Jehovah He comes to fulfil,
And o'er the dark world pour the splendour of day.

Bring down the proud mountain, though towering to heaven,
And be the low valley exalted on high!
The rough path and crooked be made smooth and even,
For, Sion, your King, your Redeemer, is nigh."

The beams of salvation His progress illume,
The lone, dreary wilderness sings of her God;
The rose and the myrtle shall suddenly bloom,
And the olive of peace spread its branches abroad.

VICTORY THROUGH CHRIST.

GIVE thanks to God the Lord!
The victory is ours;
And hell is overcome
By Christ's triumphant powers.
The monster sin
In chains is bound,
And death has felt
His mortal wound.

Oppress'd by guilt and woe,
In darkness long we lay;
Till Christ on earth appear'd,
Then all was boundless day.
With terror struck,
The host of night
Fled in despair,
To shun the light.

Now o'er the vanquish'd tomb,
Behold the trophy blaze;
The banner of the Cross,
That pours its streaming rays,
To mark the path
Where Jesus trod,
And upward guide
Our steps to God.

Give thanks to God the Lord!
The victory is won;
And up the path to heaven
Our march is now begun.
The hymn of joy
Exulting raise,
And shout aloud
The Saviour's praise.

RETIREMENT.

O HAD I the wings of a dove,
To the desert afar I would flee,
To the solitude sweet that I love,
From discord and misery free.

There 'mid the lone wilds of creation,
By folly and faction untrod,
On the bright-beaming ray of salvation,
My soul should oft mount to my God.

No passion with swift-scorching levin,
Should flash on the bower of my rest,
But the sweet, tranquil aspect of heaven
Its image reflect in my breast.

While sounds, with high ecstasy filling
My soul, all around me should rise;
From harps of blest seraphim thrilling
Unseen as they float through the skies.

JOHN DRYDEN.

ONE of the greatest of British poets, JOHN DRYDEN, was born at Aldwinkle, Northamptonshire, on the 9th August, 1631. He was educated at Westminster School, and Trinity College, Cambridge. He pursued the career of a poet and man of letters, under a variety of external circumstances. His poems, plays, and prose works have been edited by Sir Walter Scott, in eighteen octavo volumes. Dryden died on the 1st May, 1700. He was interred in Westminster Abbey. His great work is his translation of Virgil.

CREATOR SPIRIT! BY WHOSE AID.

CREATOR Spirit! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind;
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

O Source of uncreated light!
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy!
Thou strength of His Almighty hand,
Whose power doth heaven and earth command.
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,
And crown'st Thy gift with eloquence,—

Refine and purge our earthly parts,
But oh! inflame and fire our hearts!

Our frailties help, and vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay Thy hand and hold them down.

Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.

Immortal honours, endless fame
Attend th' Almighty Father's name;
The Saviour-Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee.

JAMES EDMESTON.

THE author of nearly two thousand hymns, JAMES EDMESTON was born at Wapping, London, on the 10th September, 1791. His youth was spent at Hackney. He was articled to an architect in his sixteenth year. In 1816, he commenced business as an architect, on his own account. He now resides at Homerton, a suburb of the metropolis. In 1816, he printed a small volume of poems. His subsequent publications are "Sacred Lyrics," 1820—1822, 12mo, two volumes; the "Cottage Minstrel," 1821, 12mo; "Missionary Hymns," 1824; "Hymns," 1844; "Sonnets," 1845; "Hymns for the Chamber of Sickness;" "Closet Hymns and Poems," and "Infant Breathings," 1846. In 1847, the greater portion of Mr. Edmeston's lyrical compositions were collected in a single volume. The following compositions have been here printed under Mr. Edmeston's revision.

EVENING HYMN.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He, who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

THE SABBATH EVENING.

Is there a time when moments flow
More lovelily than all beside?
It is, of all the times below,
A Sabbath eve in summer tide.

Oh, then the setting sun smiles fair;
And all below, and all above
The different forms of nature wear
One universal garb of love.

And then the peace that Jesus beams,
The life of grace, the death of sin,
With nature's placid woods and streams,
Is peace without, and peace within.

Delightful scene!—a world at rest,
A God all love, no grief nor fear:
A heavenly hope, a peaceful breast,
A smile, unsullied by a tear!

If heaven be ever felt below,
A scene celestial as this
May cause a heart on earth to know
Some foretaste of unmingled bliss.

Delightful hour! how soon will night
Spread her dark mantle o'er thy reign!
And morrow's quick returning light
Must call us to the world again.

Yet will there dawn at last a day—
A sun that never sets shall rise;
Night will not veil its ceaseless ray!
The heavenly Sabbath never dies!

AS OFT, WITH WORN AND WEARY FEET.

As oft, with worn and weary feet,
We tread earth's rugged valley o'er,
The thought how comforting and sweet,
Christ trod this very path before!
Our wants and weaknesses He knows,
From life's first dawning to its close.

Do sickness, feebleness, or pain,
Or sorrow in our path appear?
The recollection will remain—
More deeply did He suffer here:
His life, how truly sad and brief,
Fill'd up with suffering and grief.

If Satan tempt our hearts to stray,
And whisper evil things within,
So did he, in the desert way,
Assail our Lord with thoughts of sin,
When, worn, and in a feeble hour
The tempter came with all his power.

Just such as I, this earth He trod,
With every human ill but sin;
And, though indeed the very God,
As I am now so He has been.
My God, my Saviour, look on me
With pity, love, and sympathy.

SPIRITUAL PEACE.

COME, sacred peace, delightful guest,
Diffuse thy heaven within my breast!
Thy soothing power, thy gladdening ray
God gives, and none can take away.

A stormy world, a heart of sin
Make strife without and fear within;
But God can give the soul repose,
Though toss'd by storms and press'd by foes.

Perpetual summer, cloudless skies,
A gushing spring which never dies,
A table in the desert spread,
A pillow for the weary head,—

Such is the peace which God can give,
My sweetest portion while I live;
And when the last dark hour draws nigh,
My sweetest solace as I die.

TRUST IN GOD IN ANXIETY.

WHY should I, in vain repining,
Mourn the clouds that cross my way?
Since my Saviour's presence shining
Turns the darkness into day.

Earthly honour, earthly treasure,
All the warmest passions win,
And the silken wings of pleasure,
Only waft us on to sin.

But within the vale of sorrow,
All with tempests over-blown,
Purest light and joy we borrow
From the face of God alone.

Welcome, then, each darker token;
Mercy sent it from above:
So the heart, subdued, not broken,
Bends in fear, and melts with love.

SIR ARCHIBALD EDMONSTONE, BART.

SIR ARCHIBALD EDMONSTONE, Baronet, of Duntreath, Stirlingshire, is the representative of an ancient Scottish family. He was born in 1795, and succeeded to the Baronetcy in 1821. Sir Archibald is author of "A Journey to the Oasis of Upper Egypt," and other works, chiefly of a religious character. The following compositions are, under his revision, transcribed from a duodecimo volume from his pen, entitled "Meditations in Verse for the Sundays and Holy Days throughout the Year," London, 1858.

"FOLLOW THOU ME."

STRANGE that, through grace, in one we find
Such diverse characters combined ;
Son of thunder, voice of love,
Eagle strength in gentle dove.

And while he on his Saviour's breast
Found his place of surest rest,
Burst on his prophetic eye
Depths of wondrous mystery.

And so with us, when once we place
Our trust in Christ's sustaining grace,
The spirit, erst how fierce and wild,
Turns to Him as confiding child.

Prospective breaks a brighter day ;
And as scenes present pass away,
The soul, 'mid noise and strife set free,
Hears one voice only, "Follow me."

TRUST IN CHRIST.

THE Christian's voice is low and meek,
The Christian's strength is faint and weak ;
Yet that meek voice to heaven will rise,
That feeble strength may win the skies.

For voice and strength are not his own,
They issue from God's grace alone ;
That grace the faltering tongue sets free,
And breathes a living energy.

The foremost of the warrior band,
Who bore the cross o'er sea and land ;
The first in perils, toils, and woes,
'Midst stripes and deaths and fiercest foes ;—

He boasts but of infirmities,
In those his chiefest glory lies :
So doth our all on God depend,
Our Strength, our Guardian, and our Friend.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH was born at Norwich, on the 1st October, 1790. She was the only daughter of the Rev. Michael Browne, rector of St. Giles' parish in that city. At an early period, she accepted the hand of Captain George Phelan, of the 60th Rifles, but this union proved an unhappy one. Thrown upon her own resources, she contributed to the Dublin Tract Society, and otherwise sought a livelihood by lettered industry. She resided successively in Dublin, Clifton, Sandhurst, and London. In 1834, she became editor of *The Christian Ladies' Magazine*. Her husband, Captain Phelan, who had sought to deprive her of her literary earnings, died in 1837. After three years of widowhood, she married Mr. L. H. Tonna, but she continued to retain her two Christian names as her literary designation. She lived in entire happiness with her second husband, at Blackheath, Kent, till her death, which took place on the 15th July, 1846. Her works are very numerous.

THE ROSE OF SHARON.*

ROSE of Sharon, far excelling
Every flower of mortal birth,
From the glories of Thy dwelling,
Look upon us plants of earth.
Here Thou once didst suffer anguish,
Drought, and floods, and darken'd sky ;
Here beneath the tempest languish,
When the storm of wrath was high.

Rose of Sharon ! then debased,
None can now with Thee compare ;
In seraphic anthems praised,
Fairest plant of all the fair.

* This and the two following hymns are transcribed from "Posthumous and other Poems," by Charlotte Elizabeth. London, 1846.

Ever fragrant and unfading,
Thou dost in perfection grow,
Though destruction all-pervading
Devastate the world below.

Rose of Sharon! may we never
Blush the deep-red tint of shame,
If the world in scorn should sever
From the plants that bear Thy name;
Us, Thy feeble saplings, nourish
By Thy wisdom, power, and love;
May we blossom here, and flourish
In Thy paradise above.

EARTHLY TRIALS AND HEAVENLY GLORY.

TRIBULATION, pain, and woe
Are the Christian's lot below;
Glory, triumph, peace, and love
Are the Christian's crown above.

Shall we sport a little while
In the world's deceitful smile,—
Careless how we waste our breath,
Thoughtless of eternal death?

No; if Christian souls we be,
Saviour, we must live to Thee;
Trusting in Thy mighty name,
We can welcome grief and shame.

Jesus, Lord, to Thee we come;
Short, though rough, the journey home;
Let Thy grace but now be given,
Glory will be ours in heaven.

PARTING.

WHILE to several paths dividing,
We our pilgrimage pursue,
May Jehovah, safely guiding,
Keep His scattered flock in view.

May the bond of sweet communion
Every distant soul embrace,
Till, in everlasting union,
We attain our resting-place.

Oh, 'tis sweet, each other aiding,
In companionship to move;
One pure flame and heart pervading,
One our Lord, our faith, our love.
Sweet when each can bend, imploring,
Soothing, for his brother's pain;
And, the stumbling foot restoring,
Cheer him to the race again.

Here a passing breath may sever
Friends in dearest union tied;
But created power shall never
Tear us from our Shepherd's side.
Life, and death, and hell combining,
Present things, and things to come,
Cannot cloud the promise shining,
Cannot bar us from our home.

Now we part in tearful sadness,
Bearing forth the precious grain:
We shall yet, in mirth and gladness,
Bring our harvest sheaves again.
Thus, while fond affection weepeth,
Faith exalts her cheering voice;
He that soweth, he that reapeth
Will together soon rejoice.

THE TRUE PROTECTOR.*

Holy Saviour, mighty King,
O'er me spread Thy guardian wing:
When by trembling fears distress'd,
Let me flee to Thee and rest.

* From "The Minor Poems of Charlotte Elizabeth, written especially for juvenile readers." Dublin. 32mo, pp. 92.

Call me, keep me by Thy side,
Teach me there alone to hide:
Where for safety should I flee,
If my footsteps stray'd from Thee?

Warn me with Thy gentle voice;
Point my path, and guide my choice;
Let me, Lord, in Thee possess
Wisdom, peace, and righteousness.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT is grand-daughter of the celebrated preacher, the Rev. John Venn. Her brother, the Rev. Edward Bishop Elliott, incumbent of St. Mark's Chapel, Brighton, is the well-known author of "Horæ Apocalypticæ." Miss Elliott has published "Morning and Evening Hymns for a Week, by a Lady," 36 pp., "Hours of Sorrow Cheered and Comforted," and "Poems by C. E.," 1863, 12mo. She publishes annually a small volume, entitled "The Christian Remembrancer." She has contributed 117 hymns to various editions of "The Invalid's Hymn-Book," and edited the last edition of that compilation.

SUNDAY EVENING.

THE Sabbath day has reach'd its close!
Yet, Saviour, ere I seek repose,
Grant me the peace Thy love bestows;
Smile on my evening hour!

O heavenly Comforter, sweet Guest!
Hallow and calm my troubled breast;
Weary, I come to Thee for rest;
Smile on my evening hour!

If ever I have found it sweet
To worship at my Saviour's feet,
Now to my soul that bliss repeat;
Smile on my evening hour!

Let not the Gospel seed remain
Unfruitful, or be lost again!
Let heavenly dews descend like rain;
Smile on my evening hour!

Oh, ever present, ever nigh,
Jesus, on Thee I fix mine eye;
Thou hear'st the contrite spirit's sigh:
Smile on my evening hour!

My only Intercessor Thou,
Mingle Thy fragrant incense now
With every prayer and every vow;
Smile on my evening hour!

And oh! when life's short course shall end,
And death's dark shades around impend,
My God, my everlasting Friend,
Smile on my evening hour!

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

My God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet—
The hour of prayer?

Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

For then a Day-spring shines on me,
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow;
And richer dews descend from Thee,
Than earth can know.

Then is my strength by Thee renew'd;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find,
What strength for warfare, balm for grief!
What peace of mind!

Hush'd is each doubt, gone every fear,
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

PRAYER TO THE SAVIOUR.

O HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen!
The faint, the weak on Thee may lean;
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to Thee.

Blest with communion so Divine,
Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine,
When, as the branches to the vine,
My soul may cling to Thee?

Far from her home, fatigued, oppress'd,
Here she has found a place of rest;
An exile still, yet not unblest,
While she can cling to Thee.

Without a murmur I dismiss
My former dreams of earthly bliss:
My joy, my recompense be this,
Each hour to cling to Thee.

What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove;
With patient uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to Thee.

Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
A voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Whispers, "Still cling to me."

Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied
The souls that cling to Thee!

They fear not life's rough storms to brave,
Since Thou art near, and strong to save;
Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave,
Because they cling to Thee.

Blest is my lot, whate'er befall;
What can disturb me, who appal,
While as my strength, my rock, my all,
SAVIOUR, I cling to Thee?

JUST AS I AM.

JUST as I am,—without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am,—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am,—though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am,—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe;
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am,—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am,—of that free love
"The breadth, length, depth, and height" to prove,—
Here for a season, then above,—
O Lamb of God, I come!

"THY WILL BE DONE."

My God and Father! while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done."

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me "be still" and murmur not;
Or breathe the prayer, Divinely taught,
"Thy will be done."

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done."

Though Thou hast call'd me to resign
What most I prized, it ne'er was mine;
I have but yielded what was Thine;
"Thy will be done."

Should grief or sickness waste away
My life in premature decay;
My Father, still I strive to say,
"Thy will be done."

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its Guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest,
"Thy will be done."

Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done."

RALPH ERSKINE.

RALPH ERSKINE was born at Monilaws, Northumberland, on the 15th March, 1685. He studied at the University of Edinburgh, where he graduated in 1704. He was licensed to preach in 1709, and in 1711 was ordained to the ministry at Dunfermline. In 1733 he adhered to his brother Ebenezer, and two other ministers, when they constituted the Associate Presbytery. He formally seceded in 1737, and in the year following was deposed by the General Assembly. His death took place on the 6th November, 1752. Ralph Erskine composed a poetical Paraphrase of the Song of Solomon, the Book of Lamentations, and portions of the Book of Job. His "Gospel Sonnets" have been often reprinted. Many of them are variations of the hymns of Dr. Watts.

GLORY OF GOD IN CHRIST.*

ALL nature spreads, with open blaze,
Her Maker's name abroad;
And every work of His displays
The power and skill of God.

But in the grace that rescued man
His brightest glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn,
In precious bloody lines.

Here His whole name appears complete;
And who can guess or prove,
Which of the letters best are writ,
The wisdom, power, or love?

Justice and mercy, truth and grace,
In all their sweetest charms,
Here met, and joined their kind embrace
With everlasting arms.

* From a complete edition of Ralph Erskine's poetical works, 8vo. The preface is dated Glasgow, Sept. 24, 1778.

PROSPECT OF GLORY.

Oh, send me down a draught of love,
Or take me hence to drink above!
Here Marah's water fills my cup;
But there all griefs are swallow'd up.

Love here is scarce a faint desire;
But there the spark's a flaming fire;
Joys here are drops that passing flee,
But there an overflowing sea.

My faith, that sees so darkly here,
Will there resign to vision clear;
My hope, that's here a weary groan,
Will to fruition yield the throne.

Here fetters hamper freedom's wing,
But there the captive is a king;
And grace is like a buried seed,
But sinners there are saints indeed.

My portion here's a crumb at best,
But there the Lamb's eternal feast;
My praise is now a smother'd fire,
But then I'll sing and never tire.

Now dusky shadows cloud my day,
But then the shades will flee away;
My Lord will break the dimming glass,
And show His glory face to face.

My numerous foes now beat me down,
But then I'll wear the victor's crown;
Yet all the revenues I'll bring
To Zion's everlasting King.

* We have followed Sir Roundell Palmer in adapting as a separate hymn the last seven of twenty verses of one of Erskine's Gospel sonnets, entitled "The Deserted Believer longing for perfect Pardon from Sin."

JOHN FAWCETT.

JOHN FAWCETT was born at Lidget Green, near Bradford, Yorkshire, on the 18th January 1739. In his sixteenth year, he was awakened to serious convictions by listening to a discourse by Whitefield. In 1763, he entered the ministry of the Baptist Church, and after two years, obtained the charge of a congregation at Wainsgate. He removed to Hebden Bridge, in the same neighbourhood, in 1777. In 1782, his volume of "Hymns adapted to the circumstances of Public Worship and Private Devotion," was published at Leeds. A second edition was issued by Mr. Fawcett shortly before his death. He died on the 25th July, 1817. He composed several theological works. His memoirs have been published.

SUPPORT IN AFFLICTION.

AFFLICTED soul, to Jesus dear,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That as thy days thy strength shall be.

Let not thy heart despond and say,
"How shall I stand the trying day?"
He has engaged by firm decree
That as thy days thy strength shall be.

Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
Yet sure the conflict shan't be long:
Thy Lord shall make the tempter flee,
For as thy days thy strength shall be.

The Christian race with patience run,
Till grace complete the work begun;
Wrestle and strive for victory,
For as thy days thy strength shall be.

Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That as thy days thy strength shall be.

When called to bear the weighty cross,
Or sore afflictions, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty,
Still as thy days thy strength shall be.

When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue ;
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And as thy days thy strength shall be.

THE BIBLE.

How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given !
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

Its light, descending from above,
Our gloomy world to cheer,
Displays a Saviour's boundless love,
And brings His glories near.

It shows to man his wand'ring ways,
And where his feet have trod ;
And brings to view the matchless grace
Of a forgiving God.

When once it penetrates the mind,
It conquers ev'ry sin ;
Th' enlighten'd soul begins to find
The path of peace divine.

It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising tears.

This lamp thro' all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

DELIGHT IN GOD.

PARENT of good, Thy works of might
I trace with wonder and delight;
  Thy name is all divine;
There's nought in earth, or sea, or air,
Or heaven itself, that's good or fair,
  But what is wholly Thine.

Immensely high Thy glories rise,
They strike my soul with sweet surprise,
  And sacred pleasure yield;
An ocean wide, without a bound,
Where every noble wish is drown'd,
  And every want is fill'd.

The riches of Thy matchless grace,
Display'd in my Redeemer's face,
  Attract my wond'ring mind;
Here wisdom, love, and mercy meet,
In all their various rays complete,
  With truth and justice join'd.

To Thee my warm affections move
In sweet astonishment and love,
  While at Thy feet I fall;
I pant for nought beneath the skies,
To Thee my ardent wishes rise,
  O my eternal All.

Were I deprived of all below,—
Would'st Thou Thy gracious smile bestow,
  I should be richly blest;
Thy love is my unfailing store;
In darkness I Thy light implore,
  To set my heart at rest.

This all my gloomy path shall cheer,
And banish every painful fear
  That can my soul invade;
Should earth and hell against me join,
The beamings of Thy love divine
  Would give me sov'reign aid.

What shall I do to spread Thy praise,
My God, thro' my remaining days?
Or how Thy name adore?
To Thee I consecrate my breath;
Let me be Thine in life and death,
And Thine for evermore.

And thro' a blest eternity
I'll raise a humble song to Thee,
In yon divine abode;
Oh hasten on the happy day;
Ye tedious hours, fly swift away,
And bring me to my God.

My thoughts with vast delight shall rove
O'er all the wonders of Thy love,—
A most divine employ;
In Thee alone th' enlargèd mind
Shall constant entertainment find,
And everlasting joy.

A BIRTH-DAY HYMN.

I MY Ebenezer raise
To my kind Redeemer's praise;
With a grateful heart I own,
Hitherto Thy help I've known.

As my years successive roll,
Still Thy goodness to my soul,
As a stream, for ever flows,
And no intermission knows.

May my constant study be,
While I live, to live to Thee;
Let it be my steady aim
Still to glorify Thy name.

What may be my future lot,
Well I know concerns me not:
This should set my heart at rest,—
What Thy will ordains is best.

I my all to Thee resign ;
Father, let Thy will be mine ;
May but all Thy dealings prove
Fruits of Thy paternal love.

Danger ev'rywhere attends,
Yet my hope on Thee depends ;
When supported by Thy arm,
I can boldly face the storm.

Guard me, Saviour, by Thy power,
Guard me in the trying hour ;
Let Thy unremitted care
Save me from the lurking snare.

On Thy bounty I rely,
That shall all my wants supply ;
Why should doubts my faith assail?
Never will Thy promise fail.

Let my few remaining days
Be directed to Thy praise ;
So the last, the closing scene
Shall be tranquil and serene.

To Thy will I leave the rest :
Grant me but this one request,—
Both in life and death to prove
Tokens of Thy special love.

MRS. ANNE FLOWERDEW.

MRS. ANNE FLOWERDEW published by subscription, in 1803, a duodecimo volume, entitled "Poems on Moral and Religious Subjects." This work reached a second edition in 1804. In 1811, the volume was re-issued, with the addition of the "Harvest Hymn," which we have subjoined. Mrs. Flowerdew kept a boarding and educational establishment for young ladies, first at Islington, and afterwards at Bury St. Edmunds. In the preface to the first edition she writes, "The poems which are now presented to the public eye were written at different periods of life; some, indeed, at a very early age, and others under the severe pressure of misfortune, when my pen has frequently given that relief which could not be derived from other employments."

HARVEST HYMN.

FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love!
How rich Thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care.

When, in the bosom of the earth,
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was Thine;
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild, refreshing dew.

These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A yellow harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

Seed-time and harvest, Lord, alone
Thou dost on man bestow;
Let him not then forget to own
From whom his blessings flow!

Fountain of love! our praise is Thine;
To Thee our songs we'll raise,
And all created nature join
In sweet, harmonious praise.

CHARLES LAWRENCE FORD.

CHARLES LAWRENCE FORD is the son of a distinguished artist in Bath. He was educated at Bath, and is B.A. of the University of London. Six hymns, from his pen, are inserted in the "Lyra Anglicana," edited by the Rev. Robert H. Baynes. He has also contributed to Mr. Baynes' collection of "English Lyrics."

MARAH.*

Exodus xv. 23.

GOD sends us bitter, that the sweet,
By absence known, may sweeter prove;
As dark for light, as cold for heat
Brings greater love.

God sends us bitter, as to show
He can both sweet and bitter send;
That both the might and love we know
Of our great Friend.

He sends us bitter, lest too gay
We wreathe around our heads the rose,
And count our right what Heaven each day
As alms bestows.

God sends us bitter, lest we fail
That bitterest grief aright to prize,
Which did for all the world avail
In His own eyes.

God sends us bitter, all our sins
Embittering; yet so kindly sends,
The path that bitterness begins
In sweetness ends.

He sends us bitter, that heaven's sweet,
Earth's bitter o'er, may sweeter taste,—
As Canaan's ground to Israel's feet,
For that great waste.

* From "English Lyrics." London, 1865, 8vo.

Our passions murmur and rebel,
But faith cries out unto the Lord,
And prayer by patience worketh well
Its own reward :

For if our heart the lesson draws
Aright, by bitter chastening taught,
And keep His statutes and His laws,
Even as we ought,

He openeth our eyes to see
(Eyes that our pride of heart had sealed),
The sweetness of life's heavenly tree,
And grief is healed ;

And lo before us in the way
We view the fountains and the palms,
And drink, and pitch our tents, and stay
Singing sweet psalms.

STRENGTH IN WEAKNESS.*

FATHER, for Thy kindest word
Thankful songs to Thee I sing ;
Sick at heart with hope deferred,
All my cause to Thee I bring.
Sweet the sound I hear from Thee,—
Cast thy burden upon Me.

As a father, bending low,
Listens to a lisping child,
So to me Thy pity show,
By the world and sin beguiled ;
Holy is Thy law and just ;
Yet remember I am dust.

Spare me, Thou who lov'st to spare !
Gently on me lay Thy hand ;
Grasp the bruisèd reed with care ;
Let the smoking flax be fanned ;
Firm my faltering steps uphold ;
Tried, let me come forth like gold.

* From "Lyra Anglicana." London, 1865, 8vo.

O remember Him who died,
With His life my soul to save;
Let me clasp the Crucified,
Till I reach the awful grave;
Then, the light affliction o'er,
Heaven is mine for evermore.

CHRISTINA FORSYTH.

CHRISTINA FORSYTH was the sixth daughter of the late Thomas and Jane Hamilton Forsyth. She was born at Liverpool, in 1825. From her childhood, she was deeply impressed with religious truth, and devoted to her Saviour. Possessed of a delicate constitution, she was for several years confined to her bed-chamber. Latterly her illness was attended with much acute suffering, but she bore her affliction not only without a murmur but with unvarying cheerfulness. She seemed to think always of others, and never of herself, and by the singular sweetness of her disposition she won the love of all who knew her. Gifted with superior abilities, she composed a considerable number of sacred lyrics, which were collected into a volume, and published after her decease, under the title "Hymns by C. F.," London, 1861. With consent of the owner of the copyright, Mr. C. Caswell, of Birmingham, we have transferred one of the compositions to our pages.

Miss Forsyth died at Hastings, on the 18th March, 1859. Of her brothers, the late Rev. John Hamilton Forsyth is known by his sermons and interesting memoir. Her two surviving brothers hold posts of honour. The eldest, William Forsyth, Esq., Q.C., lately sat in Parliament as member for Cambridge; and the youngest, Douglas Forsyth, Esq., C.B., is a commissioner of the Punjab in India.

"HIMSELF HATH DONE IT."

"HIMSELF hath done it" all.—Oh how those words
Should hush to silence every murmuring thought!
"Himself hath done it,"—He who loves me best,
He who my soul with His own blood hath bought.

"Himself hath done it:" Can it then be aught
Than full of wisdom, full of tenderest love?
Not one unneeded sorrow will He send,
To teach this wandering heart no more to rove.

"Himself hath done it:" Yes, although severe
May seem the stroke, and bitter be the cup,
'Tis His own hand that holds it, and I know
He'll give me grace to drink it meekly up.

"Himself hath done it:" Oh, no arm but His
Could e'er sustain beneath earth's dreary lot;
But while I know He's doing all things well,
My heart His loving-kindness questions not.

"Himself hath done it:" He who's search'd me through
Sees how I cleave to earth's ensnaring ties!
And so He breaks each reed on which my soul
Too much for happiness and joy relies.

"Himself hath done it:" He would have me see
What broken cisterns human friends must prove;
That I may turn and quench my burning thirst
At His own fount of ever-living love.

"Himself hath done it:" then I fain would say,
"Thy will in all things evermore be done;"
E'en though that will remove whom best I love,
While Jesus lives I cannot be alone.

"Himself hath done it:" precious, precious words;
"Himself," my Father, Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Whose faithfulness no variation knows,—
Who, having loved me, loves me to the end.

And when, in His eternal presence blest,
I at His feet my crown immortal cast,
I'll gladly own with all His ransomed saints
"Himself hath done it"—all, from first to last.

THOMAS GIBBONS, D.D.

THOMAS GIBBONS was born in the neighbourhood of Swaffham Prior, Cambridgeshire, on the 31st May, 1720. In 1742, he became assistant minister at Silver Street, and in the following year was elected minister of the Independent congregation at Haberdashers' Hall, London. He composed a life of Dr. Watts, and other biographical and philosophical works, in acknowledgment of which the degree of D.D. was conferred on him by the University of Aberdeen. His hymns were published in 1784. Dr. Gibbons died on the 22nd February, 1785.

GOODNESS OF GOD.

THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess,
Thy goodness we adore;
A spring whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore.

Sun, moon, and stars Thy love attest,
In every cheerful ray;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love restores the day.

Thy bounty every season crowns
With all the bliss it yields;
With joyful clusters bend the vines,
With harvests wave the fields:

But chiefly Thy compassions, Lord,
Are in the Gospel seen;
There, like the sun, Thy mercy shines
Without a cloud between.

Thy Son, Thy noblest, richest gift,
Was from Thy bosom sent,
To bear from off our guilty world
Its load of punishment.

Pardon, acceptance, peace, and joy
Are publish'd in His name:
Ours is the life, the glory ours,
And His the death and shame.

Of sovereign grace how wide the reign ;
How strong the current rolls
That bears to heav'ns unbounded bliss
Our hell-deserving souls !

PLEADING WITH GOD IN AFFLICTION.

To Thee, my God, whose presence fills
The earth, and seas, and skies,
To Thee, whose name, whose heart is love,
With all my powers I rise.

Troubles in long succession roll,
Wave rushes upon wave ;
Pity, oh pity my distress !
Thy child, Thy suppliant save !

Oh bid the roaring tempest cease ;
Or give me strength to bear
Whate'er Thy holy will appoints,
And save me from despair.

To Thee, my God, alone I look,
On Thee alone confide ;
Thou never hast deceived the soul
That on Thy grace relied.

Though oft Thy ways are wrapt in clouds
Mysterious and unknown,
Truth, righteousness, and mercy stand,
The pillars of Thy throne.

MRS. GILBERT.

MRS. GILBERT, *nee* ANN TAYLOR, is connected with a gifted family. Her grandfather, Isaac Taylor, was a celebrated engraver. He educated his sons, Charles and Isaac, to his own profession. The former is to be remembered as the industrious editor of Calmet; the latter abandoned art, and, directing himself towards the ministry, accepted, in 1796, the charge of an Independent congregation at Colchester, afterwards at Ongar, in Essex. His wife, whose maiden name was Ann Martin, composed several works for the domestic circle, which enjoyed a wide popularity. Their children, Ann, Jane, Isaac, and Jeffreys were intended as engravers, and were early employed in acquiring a knowledge of the art. Isaac became a distinguished philosophical writer; he died in 1864. Jeffreys composed many small works of interest and humour; he died in 1853. The sisters obtained reputation for their poetical abilities. Jane is noticed subsequently in the present work. Ann, the subject of the present sketch, was born at Islington, in 1782. She married the Rev. Joseph Gilbert, successively pastor of Independent congregations at Hull and Nottingham. Mr. Gilbert died at Nottingham, in 1852. Mrs. Gilbert continues to reside at Nottingham. Conjointly with her sister, she published early in the century, "Original Poems," "Hymns for Infant Minds," and "Rhymes for the Nursery." She has contributed 18 hymns to Dr. Leifchild's collection. Her last published work is a memoir of her husband, which appeared in 1853. The following compositions have been contributed by Mrs. Gilbert to the present work.

THE CURSE AND THE BLESSING.

(*Contributed.*)

SCATTER'D to every wind they roam,
The seed of Abraham, Thy friend!
Call, gracious God, Thy wanderers home,
Thine outcasts to their Zion send!
How long, O Lord? How long, till they
With Gentiles share the gospel day?

True,—as the fathers, so the sons,—
Stiff-neckèd and rebellious found;
Yet are they not Thy chosen ones,
Once heirs of Palestina's ground,—
Possessors there, by gift Divine,
Of temple, promise, rite, and sign?

And is there in those hearts a stone
Too hard, almighty Love, for Thee?
Can they be harder than our own,
Ere steep'd in mercy's crimson sea?
Oh, if from them we differ now,
Who made us differ? Who but Thou?

Lord, is not mercy Thy delight?
Dost Thou the sinner's death enjoy?
Are not souls precious in Thy sight?
Thy strange work, surely, to destroy!
We plead that mercy's boundless scope,
On which Thou causest *us* to hope.

Have not the ages rolled away
O'er which the curse of heaven must brood?
Now shed abroad the melting ray,
And be the stubborn heart subdued.
Haste, Lord! the promised grace fulfil,
And be *the God of Israel* still!

A RANSOMED CHURCH.

(*Contributed.*)

We, sitting round the Saviour's board,
With bread from heaven supplied,
The rich provision would not hoard,
But with the world divide.

The world of many-coloured tribes,
The *living* world, can be
The only line that circumscribes
The Christian's sympathy.

But while in many a leafy glen,
On many a golden strand,
Or 'mid the haunts of polish'd men,
The needy millions stand,

Behold,—a wanderer on its face,
A heir to all its pains,
Forlorn, heart-broken,—*Israel's race*
Heaven's blighting curse sustains.

O Thou, who didst the woe predict,
Th' opprobrium, scorn, and grief,
Who dost not willingly afflict,
Come Thou to their relief;

Thy ransom'd Church sends up its cry,
Nor rest would take or give,
Till Love shall pass in mercy by,
And say to Israel, *Live!*

MRS. GODWIN.

MRS. GODWIN, *nee* ELIZABETH AYTON ETHERIDGE, is the daughter of the late Mr. W. E. Etheridge, Thorpe Hamlet, Norfolk. In 1849, she was married to Mr. Christopher Godwin. She has written many interesting sacred lyrics, some of which have appeared in different periodicals. Mr. and Mrs. Godwin reside at Clifton, Gloucestershire. The following lyrics have been contributed by Mrs. Godwin at our request.

THE CROSS.

(*Contributed.*)

"LORD, I would follow Thee; but must I take
The weary cross, and bear it for Thy sake?
Is there no other path, no smoother way?
Pity my weakness, Jesus! Master, say!

I have bright hopes; must they be laid aside—
My soul's ambition, and my restless pride?
But I have dearer joys; and must they fly,
Like a pale meteor in the evening sky?

Nay, spare them to me: sure 'tis death to part
With the deep love, the treasure of my heart;
Life would be dark: oh, *any* cross but this,
And I will follow Thee to heaven and bliss."

'Twas thus I murmur'd, thus I held my will:
I could not give, and cheerfully be still;
Binding my treasures close, I sought the way,
The narrow path to heaven and endless day.

But soon I found that I was left alone
To win my way to an immortal crown:
My hopes were darken'd; those I cast aside,
And parted quickly with my spirit's pride.

But still I bound my love around my breast,
I cared not for the storm that took the rest;
This was *my own*, *my idol*; could I spare
The single flower that made my life so fair?

It faded, like the tints of evening's sky,
And left me all alone to weep and die.
But then a voice rose sweetly—"I am here;
Take up thy cross, and dry the murmuring tear."

I clasp'd it to me! 'twas no cross I found,
No burden held me, and no fetters bound:
Gladly I follow'd in His steps, who trod
The path of sorrows to His Father God.

"SAVE, LORD, OR I PERISH."

(*Contributed.*)

My Saviour, 'mid life's varied scene,
Be Thou my stay;
Guide me, through each perplexing path,
To perfect day.
In weakness and in sin I stand,
Still faith can clasp Thy mighty hand,
And follow at Thy dear command.

My Saviour, I have nought to bring
Worthy of Thee;
A broken heart Thou wilt not spurn:
Accept of me.
I need Thy righteousness divine,
I plead Thy promises as mine,
I perish, if I am not Thine.

My Saviour, wilt Thou turn away
From such a cry?
My refuge, and wilt Thou forget,
And must I die?
Faith trembles; but her glance of light
Has pierced through regions dark as night,
And enter'd into realms of light.

My Saviour, 'mid heaven's glorious throng
I see Thee there,
Pleading with all Thy matchless love,
And tender care,
Not for the angel-forms around,
But for lost souls in fetters bound,
That they may hear salvation's sound.

My Saviour, thus I find my rest
Alone with Thee;
Beneath Thy wing I have no fear
Of what may be.
Strengthen'd with Thy all-glorious might,
I shall be conqueror in the fight,
Then give to Thee my crown of light.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

BENJAMIN GOUGH was born at Southborough, Kent, in 1805. For many years engaged in mercantile pursuits in London, he has latterly retired, and now resides on his estate of Mountfield, near Faversham. Mr. Gough published, in 1832, "An Indian Tale, and other Poems." In 1865, he issued his "Lyra Sabbatica," a volume of hymns and poems. He occasionally contributes to the evangelical periodicals, and is a local preacher among the Wesleyans.

TO AN AFFLICTED CHILD.

GENTLEST lamb of Jesu's fold,
Called to suffer from thy birth,
Take of heaven a firmer hold,
Since thou art not made for earth;
Only lie at Jesu's feet,
Then affliction will be sweet.

Clasp thy tiny hands in prayer;
Tell the Saviour all thy heart;
Trust Him with thy every care,
Every grief to Him impart;
Bow to Him the suppliant knee,
Once He was a child like thee.

Take thy refuge in His arms,
  Nestle in His loving breast,
Fly to Him in all alarms,
  Fly for safety, peace, and rest :
Weep not, darling, at His will ;
Love Him, trust Him, praise Him still.

Meekly learn thy cross to bear,
  Never murmur or complain ;
Cheerful songs and holy prayer
  Ease and sanctify thy pain.
Sing of Jesus and His love :
So the angels sing above.

Gentlest lamb of Jesu's fold,
  Called to suffer from thy birth,
Take of heaven a firmer hold,
  Since thou art not made for earth ;
Only lie at Jesu's feet,
Then affliction will be sweet.

FOR SATURDAY NIGHT.

CHAFED and worn with worldly care,
Sweetly, Lord, my heart prepare ;
Bid this inward tempest cease,
Jesus, come and whisper peace.
Hush the whirlwind of my will ;
With Thyself my spirit fill ;
End in calm this busy week,
Let the Sabbath gently break.

Sever, Lord, these earthly ties,
Fain my soul to Thee would rise ;
Disentangle me from time,
Lift me to a purer clime.
Let me cast away my load,
Let me now draw nigh to God.
Gently, loving Jesus, speak,
End in calm this busy week.

Draw the curtain of repose,
While my wearied eyelids close ;
Seal my spirit while I rest,
Give me dreamings pure and blest.
Raise me with a cheerful heart ;
Holy Ghost, Thyself impart ;
Then the Sabbath-day will be
Heaven brought down to earth and me.

FOR THE CONVERSION OF THE WORLD.

UPLIFT the blood-red banner,
Unsheath the Spirit's sword ;
Put on the Christian's armour—
The armour of the Lord :
The helmet of salvation,
And faith's victorious shield ;
Go forth with acclamation,
The world your battle-field.

Every battle of the warrior,
Who fights by land or flood,
Is with confused noise,
And garments rolled in blood ;
But this shall be with burning,
From heaven its light shall shine,
God's Spirit overturning :
The fire of love Divine.

Uplift the blood-red banner,
And shout with trumpet's sound
Deliverance to the captive,
And freedom to the bound ;
Earth's jubilee of glory,
The year of full release :
O tell the wondrous story,
Go forth and publish peace.

Go forth, confessors, martyrs,
With zeal and love unpriced,
And preach the blood of sprinkling,
And live or die for Christ.

For Christ claim every nation,
Your banner wide unfurl'd;
Go forth, and preach salvation—
Salvation for the world.

JAMES GRANT.

JAMES GRANT is understood to have been a native of Edinburgh. He became an ironmonger in that city. Though of most unobtrusive disposition, he was frequently elected a member of the Town Council. In 1746—47, he held the municipal office of City Treasurer; he was afterwards elected one of the magistrates, and Dean of Guild. Of the religious and benevolent institutions in the city he was a zealous promoter. In the prosperity of the Orphan Hospital he was especially concerned. For the benefit of this institution he was led to overcome his natural diffidence by publishing a small volume of hymns, which he had composed for his private use. The little volume appeared in 1784; it was reprinted in 1820. It has been included by Mr. Sedgwick in his "Library of Spiritual Songs." Mr. Grant died on the 1st January, 1785.

GOD'S UNCHANGEABLE LOVE.

O ZION, afflicted with wave upon wave,—
By no man comforted, whom no man can save;
By darkness surrounded, by terrors undone;
In toiling and rowing thy strength almost gone.

Thy en'mies are many, thy fears overwhelm,
But thy blessed Pilot, He sits at the helm;
His wisdom conducts thee, His pow'r thee defends,
In safety and quiet Thy warfare He ends.

"O fearful! O faithless," in mercy He cries,
"My kindness thou doubts of, my promise denies;
Yet I am still with Thee, my promise shall stand,
Thro' tossing and tempest I'll bring thee to land.

Forget thee I will not, I cannot; thy name
Engraved on my heart it does ever remain,
On the palms of my hands, while looking, I see
The wounds I received in dying for thee.

I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy groans,
For thou art most near me, my flesh and my bones;
In all thy distresses, thy Head knows the pain;
Yet all are most needful, not one is in vain.

Then trust me, and fear not; thy life is secure;
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power;
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
To make thee at length in my likeness to shine.

The foolish, the fearful, the weak are my care!
The hopeless, the helpless I hear their sad prayer;
From all their afflictions my glory shall spring;
And the deeper their sorrows, the louder they'll sing."

SUFFICIENCY IN CHRIST.

INFINITE wisdom, power, and grace
In our Redeemer shine;
O let me, by a lively faith,
Make these perfections mine.

In this dark world of sin and grief,
My steps I can't direct;
Nor can I from surrounding foes
My feeble heart protect.

By force, or fraud, they enter here,
And lead my thoughts astray;
Poor captive! I forsake my God,
And wander from His way.

This poor diseasèd, treacherous heart,
Thus wandering from the road,
All nature's skill can never heal,
Nor turn my face to God.

But since in Thine eternal word,
Wisdom and power and grace
In wondrous love are there bestowed
On mankind's helpless race,—

Since wretched, sinful men as I
The promise have believed,
And hence in every time of need
A fit supply received,—

I, too, will on Thy record rest,
On faithfulness divine;
For wisdom, power, and grace I'll trust:
The promise makes them mine.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

SIR ROBERT GRANT, second son of Charles Grant, an eminent philanthropist and statesman, was born in 1785. He entered Magdalen College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1806. Selecting the legal profession, he was called to the bar, at Lincoln's Inn, in January, 1807. In 1826, he became representative in Parliament of the Inverness burghs; he subsequently sat for other places. He was sworn a Privy Councillor in 1831, and was appointed Governor of Bombay in 1834. While in the discharge of his high duties, he died at Dapoorie, on the 9th July, 1838, in his fifty-third year. He published two works on the government of India. Several hymns from his pen, mutilated by the editors, were in circulation during his lifetime. In 1839, his elder brother, Lord Glenelg, published the whole of his sacred lyrics, twelve in number, from the original MSS. From the second edition of this publication the following hymns have been transcribed.

WHOM HAVE I IN HEAVEN BUT THEE?

LORD of earth! Thy forming hand
Well this beauteous frame hath plann'd—
Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in his power;
All that strikes the gaze unsought,
All that charms the lonely thought;
Friendship—gem transcending price,
Love—a flower from Paradise,
Yet, amidst this scene so fair,
Should I cease Thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I on earth but Thee?

Lord of heaven! beyond our sight
Rolls a world of purer light;
There, in love's unclouded reign,
Parted hands shall clasp again;

Martyrs there, and prophets high,
Blaze—a glorious company;
While immortal music rings
From unnumber'd seraph strings.
Oh, that world is passing fair;
Yet, if Thou wert absent there,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I in heaven but Thee?

Lord of earth and heaven! my breast
Seeks in Thee its only rest:
I was lost; Thy accents mild
Homeward lured Thy wandering child:
I was blind; Thy healing ray
Charm'd the long eclipse away.
Source of every joy I know,
Solace of my every woe,
O if once Thy smile divine
Ceased upon my soul to shine,
What were earth or heaven to me?
Whom have I in each but Thee?

LITANY.

SAVIOUR! when, in dust, to Thee
Low we bow th' adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes:
Oh, by all Thy pains and woe,
Suffer'd once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany.

By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power;
Turn, O turn a favouring eye,
Hear our solemn Litany.

By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flow'd
Over Salem's lov'd abode;
By the anguish'd sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold,
From Thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn Litany.

By Thine hour of dire despair,
By Thine agony of pray'r,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,
By the gloom that veil'd the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn Litany.

By the deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral stone,
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God:
O from earth to heav'n restor'd,
Mighty re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn Litany!

COMFORT UNDER AFFLICTION.

When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who not in vain,
Experienc'd every human pain:
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way;
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do:
Still He who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceiv'd by those I prized too well,
He shall His pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe;
At once betray'd, denied, or fled,
By those who shared His daily bread.

If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies;
Still He who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me—for a little while,
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And O when I have safely past
Through every conflict—but the last,
Still, still, unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed—for Thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

GLORY AND GOODNESS OF GOD.

O WORSHIP the King, all glorious above!
O gratefully sing His power and His love!
Our Shield and Defender—the Ancient of days,
Pavilion'd in splendour, and girded with praise.

O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

This earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty! Thy power hath founded of old;
Hath stablish'd it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

O measureless Might! ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, tho' feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

BENEFIT OF AFFLICTION.

O Saviour, whose mercy, severe in its kindness,
Has chasten'd my wand'rings, and guided my way;
Ador'd be the pow'r which illumin'd my blindness,
And wean'd me from phantoms that smil'd to betray.

Enchanted with all that was dazzling and fair,
I follow'd the rainbow, I caught at the toy;
And still, in displeasure, Thy goodness was there,
Disappointing the hope, and defeating the joy.

The blossom blush'd bright, but a worm was below;
The moonlight shone fair, there was blight in the beam;
Sweet whispered the breeze, but it whispered of woe,
And bitterness flow'd in the soft-flowing stream.

So, cur'd of my folly, yet cur'd but in part,
I turned to the refuge Thy pity display'd;
And still did this eager and credulous heart,
Weave visions of promise that bloom'd but to fade.

I thought that the course of the pilgrim to heaven
Would be bright as the summer, and glad as the morn;
Thou show'dst me the path, it was dark and uneven;
All rugged with rock, and all tangled with thorn.

I dream'd of celestial rewards and renown;
I grasp'd at the triumph which blesses the brave;
I asked for the palm-branch, the robe, and the crown
I ask'd, and Thou show'dst me a cross and a grave.

Subdu'd and instructed, at length to Thy will,
My hopes and my longings I fain would resign;
Oh give me the heart that can wait and be still,
Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but Thine!

There are mansions exempted from sin and from woe,
But they stand in a region by mortals untrod;
There are rivers of joy, but they roll not below;
There is rest—but it dwells in the presence of God.

MRS. JAMES GRAY.

MARY ANN BROWNE was born at Maidenhead Thicket, Berks, on the 24th September, 1812. Devoted to versifying from childhood, she appeared as an authoress in her fifteenth year, by the publication of "Mont Blanc, and other Poems," dedicated, by permission, to the Princess Augusta. When a year older, she produced another poetical volume, entitled "Ada." Her subsequent poetical works were, "Repentance, and other Poems," "The Coronal," "The Birth-day Gift," "Ignatia," "Sacred Poetry," and "Sketches from the Antique, and other Poems." In 1842, she married Mr. James Gray, a nephew of the Ettrick Shepherd. On the first of January, 1845, she gave birth to her only child. She died on the 28th of the same month. Mrs. Gray was a person of eminent piety and amiable manners. She contributed to *The Dublin University Magazine*, and occasionally furnished verses to *Chambers' Journal*, and *The Literary Gazette*.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

IT is a short and simple prayer,
But 'tis the Christian's stay,
Through every varied scene of care,
Until his dying day.
As through the wilderness of life
Calmly he wanders on,
His prayer in every time of strife
Is still, "Thy will be done."

When in his happy infant years
He treads 'midst thornless flowers;
When pass away his smiles and tears,
Like April suns and showers:
Then, kneeling by his parents' hearth,
Play-tired at set of sun;
What is the prayer his heart pours forth?
"Father, Thy will be done."

When the bright summer sky of time
Cloudless is o'er him spread;
When love's bright wreath is in its prime,
With not one blossom dead:
Whilst o'er his hopes and prospects fair
No mist of woe hath gone;
Still he repeats his first-taught prayer—
"Father, Thy will be done."

But when his sun no longer beams,
And love's sweet flowers decay;
When all hope's rainbow-coloured dreams
Are sadly swept away;
As flowers bent beneath the storm
Still fragrantly breathe on;
So when dark clouds life's heaven deform,
He prays, "Thy will be done!"

And when the winter of his age
Sheds o'er his locks its snows;
When he can feel his pilgrimage
Fast drawing to a close:
Then, as he finds his strength decline,
This is his prayer alone:
"To Thee my spirit I resign,—
Father, Thy will be done!"

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

SINNER, whither wilt thou go,
Burden'd with thy hopeless woe?
Know'st thou *who* can give relief?
Who alone can heal thy grief?

To the eternal Sacrifice
Lift thine heart, and lift thine eyes ;
Here is all the remedy—
Jesus lived and died for *thee*.

Though temptations round thy path
Lift their serpent-heads in wrath,—
Though the heavy tear-drops start,
Whilst the cloud is on thine heart,—
Though thy hope sends not a glance
From His hidden countenance,—
Jesus can thy trials see,
He was tempted once like thee.

Though thy faith is weak and dim,
For salvation trust in Him ;
All He promised in His word
Only is a while deferr'd ;
When He vowed thy prayer to grant,
He foresaw thy every want ;
In thy Saviour's treasury
All is garnered up for thee.

Strive, nor faint, though o'er thy soul
Sorrow's heavy billows roll ;
Though thy heart scarce form a prayer,
'Gainst the evil swelling there :
Keep thine eyes through good and ill
On that blessèd Saviour still ;
Fails thy prayer ? Here look and see !
Jesus prayeth now for thee.

Fear not that thy faith shall fail,
That the evil shall prevail ;
For thy spirit's lowly lot
Mourn indeed, but murmur not.
Trust, for in His great design,
Glory, peace, and joy are thine :
Doubt and terror yet shall flee,—
Jesus finish'd *all* for thee.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

JOSEPH GRIGG was bred to mechanical pursuits. He afterwards became a preacher of the Presbyterian Church. He assisted in the Presbyterian church, Silver Street, London, from 1743 till the death of his constituent in 1747. About this period he married the widow of Colonel Drew, a gentlewoman of considerable fortune, and established his residence at St. Albans. He ministered shortly before his death in the old Presbyterian church, Walthamstow. He died on the 29th October, 1768. His "Hymns on Divine Subjects and Serious Poems," collected from different sources, and accompanied by a brief memoir, have been published by Mr. Sedgwick; London, 1861, 12mo.

"BEHOLD! I STAND."

BEHOLD! a Stranger's at the door!
He gently knocks, has knock'd before;
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will; the very friend you need.
The MAN of Nazareth, 'tis He!
With garments dyed at Calvary.

Oh lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and laden hands:
Oh matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

Rise! touch'd with gratitude divine,
Turn out His enemy and thine,—
That hateful, hell-born monster sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

If thou art poor (and poor thou art),
Lo! He has riches to impart;
Not wealth, in which mean av'rice rolls;
O better far, the wealth of souls!

Thou'rt blind, he'll take the scales away,
And let in everlasting day:
Naked thou art, but He shall dress
Thy blushing soul in righteousness.

Art thou a weeper? Grief shall fly,
For who can weep with Jesus by?
No terror shall thy hopes annoy,
No tear—except the tear of joy.

Admit Him; for the human breast
Ne'er entertain'd so kind a guest.
Admit Him; for you can't expel;
Where'er He comes, He comes to dwell.

Admit Him; ere His anger burn,
His feet depart, ne'er to return;
Admit Him; or the hour's at hand,
When at His door denied you'll stand.

Yet know (nor of the terms complain),
If Jesus comes, He comes to reign;
To reign, and with nó partial sway;
Thoughts must be slain that disobey.

Sov'reign of souls! Thou Prince of peace!
Oh may Thy gentle reign increase!
Throw wide the door, each willing mind,
And be His empire all mankind.

"ASHAMED OF ME."

Jesus! and shall it ever be!
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Scorn'd be the thought by rich and poor;
O may I scorn it more and more!

Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star.
Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight blush to think of noon.

'Tis evening with my soul till He,
That Morning Star, bids darkness flee;
He sheds the beam of noon Divine
O'er all this midnight soul of mine.

Ashamed of Jesus ! shall yon field
Blush when it thinks who bids it yield ?
Yet blush I must, while I adore,
I blush to think I yield no more.

Ashamed of Jesus ! of that Friend
On whom for heaven my hopes depend !
It must not be ! be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

Ashamed of Jesus ! yes, I may,
When I've no crimes to wash away ;
No tear to wipe, no joy to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

Till then (nor is the boasting vain),
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain :
And oh, may this my portion be,
That Saviour not ashamed of me !

THOMAS GRINFIELD.

THE REV. THOMAS GRINFIELD was born at Bath, on the 27th September, 1788. He received his elementary education at Paul's Cray, Kent, and in 1807, entered Trinity College, Cambridge. He was ordained in 1813, and two years after took his degree of M.A. In 1827, he became Rector of Shirland, Derbyshire. Mr. Grinfield has published "Epistles and Miscellaneous Poems," 1815; "Attributes of Deity, etc.," 1822; "Omnipresence, and Sacred Poems," 1824; "Visions of Patmos," 1827; "Century of Sacred Songs," 1828; "Devotional Exercises," 1839, and several other works of a biographical and theological character. For many years, he has resided at Clifton, Gloucestershire.

SIMPLICITY.

GRANT me, Lord, to walk with Thee,
In a meek simplicity ;
Let not vain desires intrude,
Vain perplexities delude :
Childlike, Zionward I'd go,
Leaning on Thine arm below ;
In humility and love,
Following Thee to rest above.

Oh, let nothing lure my heart
That would cause my Saviour smart ;
Let me nothing slight or shun
That would please Him, borne or done :
What my Friend of friends would grieve,
Let me with love's instinct leave ;
What His smile would honour, still
Do it with a cheerful will.

In my lot of joy or care,
Thus may nought my heart ensnare ;
But Thy Spirit, ever near,
Draw me, guard me, guide, and cheer.
Most at last when most I need,
Be, my Saviour, mine indeed ;
Till I rest, all trials o'er,
In Thy presence evermore.

THE HEART, THE SEAT OF PEACE OR PAIN.

All may be outwardly
Desert and gloom ;
While, in the secret soul,
Summer may bloom.
Health may depart ;
Yet, from above,
Jesus may give the heart
Peace, hope, and love.
All may be desolate
Round us the while,
Yet a sweet paradise
Inwardly smile.

All may be sunshiny,
Summer-like scene,
Yet may the heart-ache lie
Heavy within :
Wealth may increase,
Friends may be nigh ;
Friends cannot give us peace,
Wealth cannot buy.

All may around us be
  Sunshine and smile;
Yet the poor heart may bleed
  Inly the while.

'Tis not in circumstance
  Peace to bestow;
Nor, where that heaven resides,
  Turn it to woe.
Lord, if Thou bless,
  Where is distress?
Where, if Thou wound the heart,
  Balm for the smart?
'Tis not in earthly things
  Peace to bestow;
Nor, where that heaven resides,
  Turn it to woe.

Let me then faithfully
  Seek, in the Lord,
Peace which none else can mar,
  None else afford.
Never, when blest,
  Save in Him rest;
Never in woe despair,
  Jesus is there.
Thus let me constantly
  Find in the Lord,
Peace which none else can mar,
  None else afford.

"WE WALK BY FAITH, NOT BY SIGHT."

Oh, could we pilgrims raise our eyes,
  Bedimm'd with many a tear,
Above the glooms that round us rise
  From sin, and grief, and fear;
Could we the sounds of strife, the sighs
  Of sorrow, cease to hear;
What glories would our view surprise,
  What harmonies our ear!

But oh, the prospect!—'tis too bright;
And if, when faith is strong,
A glimpse of glory glads our sight,
'Tis faded, lost, ere long:
Yet dying saints, with rapt delight,
Have seem'd to catch the song,
Far echo'd from those harpers white,
Heaven's holy, happy throng.

Though once the favour'd three might share
Their Lord's transfigur'd blaze,
And drink celestial accents there,—
How brief that sweet amaze!
But well the shades of grace we bear,
Ere glory suit our gaze;
And well our voice, with sighs of prayer,
Attune to songs of praise.

JOHN HAMPDEN GURNEY.

JOHN HAMPDEN GURNEY was son of Mr. Baron Gurney; he was born in the year 1803. He was for many years curate at Lutterworth, where he enjoyed the friendship of Dr. Arnold. He became Rector of St. Mary's Church, Marylebone, and was made an Honorary Canon of St. Paul's. He published "Sermons on Old Testament Histories," "Sermons on Texts from the Epistles and Gospels," and numerous miscellaneous discourses. His death took place on the 8th March, 1862, in his fifty-ninth year. The three following hymns have been selected from Mr. Gurney's contributions to "Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship," a collection published by him "for the use of the churches in Marylebone;" London, 1851; 16mo.

GOD'S GOODNESS.

YES, God is good; in earth and sky,
From ocean depths and spreading wood,
Ten thousand voices seem to cry,
"God made us all, and God is good."

The sun that keeps his trackless way,
And downward pours his golden flood;
Night's sparkling hosts,—all seem to say
In accents clear, that "God is good."

The merry birds prolong the strain,
Their song with every spring renew'd;
And balmy air, and falling rain,
Each softly whisper "God is good."

I hear it in the rushing breeze;
The hills that have for ages stood,
The echoing sky, and roaring seas,
All swell the chorus, "God is good."

Yes; "God is good," all nature says,
By God's own hand with speech endued;
And man, in louder notes of praise,
Should sing for joy that "God is good."

For all Thy gifts we bless Thee, Lord;
But chiefly for our heavenly food;
Thy pardoning grace, Thy quickening word,
These prompt our song that "God is good."

"THY WILL BE DONE."

LORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

Help us through good report and ill
Our daily cross to bear,
Like Thee to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell
As free and true as Thine.

If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn should meekly cry,
"Father! Thy will be done."

Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
Oh may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven.

RESURRECTION AND ETERNAL LIFE.

"EARTH to earth, and dust to dust:"
Lord, we own the sentence just;
Head, and tongue, and hand, and heart,
All in guilt have borne their part.
Righteous is the common doom;
All must moulder in the tomb.

Like the seed in spring-time sown,
Like the leaves in autumn strown,
Low these goodly frames must lie,
All our pomp and glory die;
Soon the spoiler seeks his prey,
Soon he bears us all away.

Yet the seed, upraised again,
Clothes with green the smiling plain;
Onward as the seasons move,
Leaves and blossoms deck the grove;
And shall we forgotten lie,
Lost for ever when we die?

Lord, from nature's gloomy night
Turn we to the Gospel's light.
Thou didst triumph o'er the grave,
Thou wilt all Thy people save;
Ransom'd by Thy blood, the just
Rise immortal from the dust.

WILLIAM HAMMOND.

WILLIAM HAMMOND composed an autobiography in Greek, which was never published and is lost. He studied at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of A.B. He preached in connection with the Calvinistic Methodists, but after a period joined the Moravians. In 1745, he published "Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs;" London, 12mo. Another work from his pen is entitled "The Marrow of the Gospel." He died in 1783, and was interred in the Moravian burying-ground, Chelsea.

GOD'S UNCHANGEABLE LOVE.

If Jesus is yours
  You have a true Friend
Whose goodness endures
  The same to the end:
Your tempers may vary,
  Your comforts decline;
You cannot miscarry,
  Your aid is Divine.

Be perfect in love,
  And cast off all fear;
Your hearts are above,
  Your treasures are there:
When fiery temptations
  Encompass you round,
The sweet consolations
  Of Jesus abound.

Can women forget
  Their sucklings at home,
And cruelly treat
  The fruit of their womb?
Yet God hath engraven
  Thy name on His hands;
Thy building in heaven
  Eternally stands.

When men can reveal
  The height of the skies,
And certainly tell
  Where earth's centre lies,

Then Israel's defection
And treacherous ways,
Shall cause their rejection
From glory and grace.

The hills may depart,
The mountains remove;
God's infinite heart
Is nothing but love.
The waters of Noah
Shall sooner return,
Than God will forego a
True oath He hath sworn.

A moment I hid
The light of my face,
Yet firmly decreed
To save thee by grace;
And though I reproved thee,
And still should reprove,
For ever I loved thee
And ever will love.

Then who shall advance
The song of the Lamb?
Can angels enhance
The worth of His name?
Let every believer
Incessantly praise
The bountiful Giver
Of glory and grace.

HYMN TO CHRIST.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Tune every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For all whose sins He bore.

If you have felt His grace,
You'll not refuse to sing,
But summon all your powers to praise
Your Saviour and your King.

Look back, and see the state
Wherein your nature lay;
Then wonder at His love so great,
Who did your ransom pay.

His faithfulness proclaim,
While life and health are given;
Join hands and hearts to praise His name,
Till we all meet in heaven.

May Jesu's word take place,
And wisdom in us dwell,
That we His miracles of grace
In psalms and hymns may tell.

Tell in seraphic strains,
What Christ hath done for you;
How He has taken off your chains,
And form'd your hearts anew.

Be careful to approve
Yourselves His children dear;
Admonish and provoke to love,
To righteousness, and fear.

Leave carnal joys below,
To men of meaner taste;
Think, speak, and sing of nothing now
But Christ, the First and Last.

Are you in deep distress?
Then sing to ease the smart:
Are you rejoiced? let psalms express
The gladness of your heart.

When Paul and Silas sung,
The earth began to quake;
The prison doors were open flung;
Her firm foundations shake.

The pris'ners' bands were loosed;
Who can the Lord control?
May equal power be now diffused,
And free each captive soul.

Sing till you feel your hearts
Ascending with your tongues;
Sing till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires your songs.

Sing till you hear Christ say
"Your sins are all forgiven;"
Go on, rejoicing all the way,
And sing your souls to heaven.

HYMN FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP.

LORD, we come before Thee now;
At Thy feet we humbly bow.
Oh, do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
In Thy temple, lo, we wait,
Knocking at Thy mercy's gate;
Now let all Thy chosen race
See with joy Thy blessèd face.

Oh, that we might lift our eyes!
Oh, that our poor hearts would rise
To the throne of grace above,
And enjoy the sweets of love!
Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend:
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

Saviour, wilt Thou not appear?
Thou hast often met us here;
Blessèd Master, don't dismiss
Us without a kiss of peace;
Take away the veil of sin;
Shed Thy glory, Lord, within:
Give us double for our shame;
Let our portion be the Lamb.

In Thine own appointed way
Now we seek Thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go
Till a blessing Thou bestow.
Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

Open, Lord, the Fountain wide,
Bury us in Thy dear side;
Thy rich mercy has no bounds,
Hide us, Saviour, in Thy wounds;
Love us, wash us in Thy blood,
Make us kings and priests to God;
May new names to us be given,—
Sons of God, and heirs of heaven.

Comfort those who weep and mourn
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down, lift up,
Strong in faith, in love, and hope;
Grant that those who seek may find
Thee a God sincere and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

Son of man, in this Thy day,
Thine abundant grace display;
Preach the acceptable year,
Bring the gospel tidings near;

Sin and Satan, Lord, dethrone,
Rule and reign in us alone;
Save us all from sin and wrath;
Make us heirs of God through faith.

Stablish, Lord, our hearts with grace,
Give us an abiding peace;
Then, though floods around us flow,
Though winds from all quarters blow,
Built upon Thyself, the Rock,
We endure the mighty shock;
We are over and above
Conquerors through Thy matchless love.

GEORGE WASHINGTON HANGFORD.

GEORGE WASHINGTON HANGFORD held an appointment in India, where he died a few years ago. Of his personal history, we have been unable to ascertain any further particulars. He composed the popular hymn "Speak gently," which originally appeared in *Sharpe's London Magazine*, vol. v., p. 256. 1847--8. It was set to music by Miss Lindsay, and is published, with the music, by Messrs. Cocks & Co., New Burlington Street, London.

SPEAK GENTLY.

SPEAK gently! it is better far
To rule by love than fear:
Speak gently! let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

Speak gently! Love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind;
And gently Friendship's accents flow;
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child;
Its love be sure to gain.
Teach it in accents soft and mild;
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young; for they
Will have enough to bear:
Pass through this world as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one;
Grieve not the care-worn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run;
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor;
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring; know
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh! win them back again.

Speak gently: He who gave His life
To bend man's stubborn will,
When elements were fierce in strife,
Said to them, "Peace, be still!"

Speak gently: 'tis a little thing
Dropp'd in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT.

THE REV. WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT, canon residentiary of York Cathedral, is younger son of the Rt. Rev. Edward Vernon Harcourt, Archbishop of York, and Anne, third daughter of the first Marquess of Stafford. He was born in 1789, at Sudbury Hall, Derbyshire. He graduated both at Oxford and Cambridge, and is a Fellow of the Royal Society. In 1840, he printed a thin duodecimo volume of "Psalms and Hymns," but the compositions in this work have been included in the "Symmetrical Psalmody," which appeared from his pen in 1855. Canon Harcourt was one of the originators of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. In 1861, he succeeded, on the death of his elder brother, to the property of Nuneham Park, Oxfordshire. The following hymns have been transcribed from the "Symmetrical Psalmody," with Mr. Harcourt's kind permission.

THE MILLENNIUM.

A SEEDLING of Jesse shall flower,
A Ruler descend from his line,
Instinct with the Spirit of power,
The Spirit of wisdom Divine.

A Judge to reprove for the meek,
The mantle of justice to wear,
To render their rights to the weak,
The wrongs of the poor to repair.

Then none shall dévour or hurt,
When God has His dwelling with men;
The babe with the scorpion shall sport,
And play on the cockatrice' den.

Then children the tiger shall lead;
The wolves shall lie down with the flocks;
The kid with the leopard shall feed,
The lion eat straw with the ox.

The word that goes forth from His mouth
A light to the nations shall be,
To spread from the north to the south,
And flow like the tides of the sea.

DELIVERANCE.

For succour to my God I cried,
While many mocked my prayer,
When compassed round on every side
With troubles hard to bear.

He heard me from His holy hill,
What time the waves ran high;
His mercy bade the sea be still,
And calmed the stormy sky.

Recovered from my mortal pain,
I laid me down and slept,
To tread Thy courts, my God, again,
By Thee in safety kept,

Thy power to redeem Thine own,
In all my grief I knew;
Salvation comes from God alone;
To Him the praise is due.

THE WORKS OF GOD.

Thank the Lord who made the earth,
Gave the seas and heavens birth;
God the Lord, whose Word of might
Out of darkness called the light.
Full of mercy evermore,
Him, the Lord of lords, adore!

Thank the Lord, who set the sun
Day by day his course to run;
Lit the moon, serenely bright;
Spread the stars around the night.
Full of mercy evermore,
Him, the Lord of lords, adore!

Thank the Lord, who heeds our call,
Hears all flesh, and feeds them all;
Thank the Lord whose love has given
Man the bread of life from heaven.
Full of mercy evermore,
Him, the Lord of lords, adore!

JOSEPH HART.

JOSEPH HART was born in London, in 1712. His parents were God-fearing persons, and were earnestly concerned for his proper upbringing. He did not repay their anxiety, for his conduct was dissolute and licentious. With occasional intervals of reflection, he plunged recklessly into vicious indulgences. He became a teacher of languages, but employed much of his time in writing licentious verses. About his forty-third year, he became seriously impressed, but at once plunged into the errors of Antinomianism. The truth dawned upon him after hearing a discourse by Whitefield. In 1759, he began to preach, and to compose hymns. Settled, in 1760, as minister of the Independent Chapel, Jewin Street, he became most acceptable as a preacher. His ministrations were much blessed. He died on the 24th May, 1768, in his fifty-sixth year. The first edition of Mr. Hart's hymn-book appeared in 1759. It contained a narrative of his former sinful life, and set forth the blessedness of that change which, under grace, he had undergone. In subsequent editions, other hymns from his pen were added. His hymns continue to find admirers.

TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

DESCEND from heaven, celestial Dove;
With flames of pure seraphic love
Our ravish'd breasts inspire.
Fountain of joy, blest Paraclete,
Warm our cold hearts with heavenly heat,
And set our souls on fire.

Breathe on these bones so dry and dead;
Thy sweetest, softest influence shed
In all our hearts abroad.
Point out the place where grace abounds;
Direct us to the bleeding wounds
Of our incarnate God.

Conduct, blest Guide, Thy sinner-train
To Calv'ry, where the Lamb was slain,
And with us there abide.
Let us our loved Redeemer meet,
Weep o'er His piercèd hands and feet,
And view His wounded side.

From which pure Fountain if Thou draw
Water to quench the fiery law,
And blood to purge our sin,
We'll tell the Father in that day
(And Thou shalt witness what we say),
"We're clean, just God, we're clean."

Teach us for what to pray, and how;
And since, kind God, 'tis only Thou
The throne of grace can move,
Pray Thou for us, that we, through faith,
May feel th' effects of Jesu's death,
Through faith that works by love.

Thou, with the Father and the Son,
Art that mysterious Three in One,
God blest for evermore;
Whom, though we cannot comprehend,
Feeling Thou art the sinner's Friend,
We love Thee and adore.

REDEEMING LOVE.

How wondrous are the works of God,
Display'd through all the world abroad,
Immensely great, immensely small:
Yet one strange work exceeds them all.

He form'd the sun, fair fount of light,
The moon and stars, to rule the night;
But night, and stars, and moon, and sun
Are little works compared with one.

He roll'd the seas, and spread the skies,—
Made valleys sink, and mountains rise,—
The meadows clothed with native green,—
And bade the rivers glide between.

But what are seas, or skies, or hills,
Or verdant vales, or gliding rills,
To wonders man was born to prove?
The wonders of redeeming love!

'Tis far beyond what words express,
What saints can feel, or angels guess.
Angels, that hymn the great *I Am*,
Fall down and veil before the Lamb.

The highest heavens are short of this;
'Tis deeper than the vast abyss;
'Tis more than thought can e'er conceive,
Or hope expect, or faith believe.

Almighty God sigh'd human breath;
The Lord of life experienced death;
How it was done we can't discuss,
But this we know, 'twas done for us.

Blest with this faith, then let us raise
Our hearts in love, our voice in praise;
All things to us must work for good,
For whom the Lord hath shed His blood.

Trials may press of every sort;
They may be sore—they must be short;
We now *believe*, but soon shall *view*
The greatest glories God can show.

TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Come, Holy Spirit, come;
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.

Cheer our desponding hearts,
Thou heavenly Paraclete;
Give us to lie with humble hope
At our Redeemer's feet.

Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

Show us that loving Man
That rules the courts of bliss:
The Lord of hosts, the mighty God,
The eternal Prince of peace.

'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.

If thou, celestial Dove,
Thine influence withdraw,
What easy victims soon we fall
To conscience, wrath, and law!

No longer burns our love;
Our faith and patience fail;
Our sin revives, and death and hell
Our feeble souls assail.

Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know and praise and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

SINNERS INVITED TO CHRIST.

Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, joined with power:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

Come, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,—
Without money
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.
This He gives you—
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and broken by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

View Him grov'ling in the garden,
Lo, your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold Him;
Hear Him cry before He dies—
"It is finish'd!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

Lo, the incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood;
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude.
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with His Name.
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

LADY FLORA HASTINGS was the eldest daughter of Earl Moira, afterwards Marquis of Hastings. Her mother was Countess of Loudoun in her own right; she married Earl Moira in 1804. Lady Flora was born at Edinburgh, on the 11th February, 1806. On attaining womanhood, she was appointed lady of the bedchamber to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent. She died, unmarried, on the 5th July, 1839. A posthumous volume of poems, from her pen, was published in 1841, edited by her sister, the Marchioness of Bute. Edinburgh. 8vo.

THANK-OFFERING.

In every place, in every hour,
Whate'er my wayward lot may be;
In joy or grief, in sun or shower,
Father and Lord, I turn to Thee.

Thee, when the incense-breathing flowers
Pour forth the worship of the spring,
With the glad tenants of the bowers
My trembling accents strive to sing.

Thee, when upon the frozen strand
Winter, begirt with storms, descends;
Thee, Lord, I hail, whose gracious hand
O'er all a guardian care extends.

Thee, when the golden harvests yield
Their treasures to increase our store;
Thee, when through ether's gloomy field
The lightnings flash, the thunders roar.

Thee, when athwart the azure sky
Thy starry hosts their mazes lead,
And when Thou sheddest from on high
Thy dewdrops on the flowery mead.

Thee, when my cup of bliss o'erflows;
Thee, when my heart's best joys are fled;
Thee, when my breast exulting glows;
Thee, while I bend beside the dead.

Alike in joy and in distress,
O let me trace Thy hand Divine;
Righteous in chast'ning, prompt to bless,
Still, Father, may Thy will be mine.

FAITH AND HOPE.

O THOU, who for our fallen race,
Didst lay Thy crown of glory by;
And quit Thy heavenly dwelling-place,
To clothe Thee in mortality.

By whom our vesture of decay,
Its frailty and its pains, were worn;
Who, sinless, of our sinful clay
The burden and the griefs hast borne.

Who, stainless, bore our guilty doom;
Upon the Cross to save us bled;
And who, triumphant from the tomb,
Captivity hast captive led;

O teach Thy ransom'd ones to know
Thy love who diedst to set them free;
And bid their torpid spirits glow
With love which centres all in Thee.

And come, triumphant Victim, come,
In the brightness of Thy holy love:
And make this earth, our purchased home,
The image of Thy courts above.

Dimly, O Lord, our feeble eyes
The dawning rays of glory see;
But brightly shall the morning rise,
Which bids creation bend to Thee.

Rise, Sun of righteousness, and shed
Thy beams of searching light abroad,
That earth may know (her darkness fled)
Her King in Thee, Incarnate God!

And oh, while yet Thy mercy speaks,
So may the words of love prevail,
That when the morn of judgment breaks,
Many may Thine appearing hail!

WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL.

THE REV. WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL was born in 1792. He was educated at St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford, where he graduated M.A. in 1819. He took orders in 1816. In 1829, he became Rector of Astley, Worcestershire, and, in 1845, was appointed Rector of St. Nicholas, Worcester, and Honorary Canon of Worcester Cathedral. In 1860, he accepted the Rectory of Shareshill, near Wolverhampton. Mr. Havergal is the author of two volumes on Scripture history, and of occasional sermons. As a composer of sacred music, he occupies a distinguished place. He has on three occasions gained the Gresham prize for his Church services. His musical works consist of "A History of the Old Hundred Psalm Tune," "Old Church Psalmody," and "One Hundred Psalm and Hymn Tunes." The proceeds of his musical works he has generously contributed to public institutions. The following compositions have been contributed by Mr. Havergal to the present work.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

(*Contributed.*)

SHOUT, O Earth! from silence waking,
Tune with joy thy varied tongue:
Shout! as when, from chaos breaking,
Sweetly flow'd thy natal song.
Shout! for thy Creator's love
Sends redemption from above.

Downwards, from His star-paved dwelling,
Comes the incarnate Son of God:
Countless voices thrilling, swelling,
Tell the triumphs of His blood.
Shout! He comes thy tribes to bless,
With His spotless righteousness.

See His glowing hand uplifted!
Clustering bounties drop around:
Rebels e'en are richly gifted;
Pardon, peace, and joy abound.
Shout, O earth! and let thy song
Ring the vaulted heavens along!

Call Him blessèd! on thy mountains,
In thy wilds and citied plains:
Call Him blessèd! where thy fountains
Speak in softly murmuring strains.
Let thy captives, let thy kings,
Join the lyre of thousand strings.

Blessèd Lord, and Lord of blessings!
Pour Thy quickening gifts abroad;
Raptured tongues, Thy love confessing,
Shall extol the living God.
Blessèd, blessèd, blessèd Lord!
Heaven shall chant no other word!

"GATHER THE LAMBS."

Isaiah xl. 11.

(*Contributed.*)

To praise our Shepherd's care,
His wisdom, love and might,
Your loudest, loftiest songs prepare,
And bid the world unite!

Supremely good and great,
He tends his blood-bought fold;
He stoops, though throned in highest state,
The feeblest to uphold.

He hears their softest plaint ;
He sees them when they roam ;
And if His meanest lamb should faint,
His bosom bears it home.

Kind Shepherd of the sheep,
A weakly flock are we,
And snares and foes are nigh ; but keep
The lambs who look to Thee.

And if through death's dark vale
Our feet should early tread,
Oh may we reach Thy fold, and hail
The love which us has led.

SALVATION.

(*Contributed.*)

HALLELUJAH ! Lord, our voices
Rise in choral strains to Thee.
Son of man, Thy Church rejoices
In her weekly jubilee !

Hallelujah ! mercy beaming
Lights the path that leads to God ;
Herald-lips, Divinely teeming,
Publish blessings bought with blood.

Hallelujah ! praise ascending,
Shall our faith-wing'd breathings stay ?
Lord, before Thine altar bending,
Let the heathen hail Thy day.

Hallelujah ! Saviour, hear us ;
Downward send Thy quickening Dove ;
May His silver pinions bear us
To the realms of rest and love !

HYMN OF PRAISE.

(*Contributed.*)

HOSANNA ! raise the pealing hymn
To David's Son and Lord ;
With cherubim and seraphim
Exalt th' incarnate Word.

Hosanna ! Lord, our feeble tongue
No lofty strains can raise :
But Thou wilt not despise the young,
Who meekly chant Thy praise.

Hosanna ! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,
How vast Thy gifts—how free !
Thy blood our life—Thy word our feast—
Thy name our only plea.

Hosanna ! Master, lo ! we bring
Our offerings to Thy throne ;
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
But hearts, to be Thine own.

Hosanna ! once Thy gracious ear
Approved a lisping throng :
Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our poor but grateful song.

O Saviour, if, redeem'd by Thee,
Thy temple we behold,—
Hosannas, through eternity,
We'll sing to harps of gold !

CHRISTIAN PERSEVERANCE.

(*Contributed.*)

WIDELY, 'midst the slumb'ring nations,
Darkness holds his despot-sway ;
Cruel in his habitations,
Ruthless o'er his prostrate prey.
Star of Bethlehem,
Rise and beam in conquering day !

Light of life, our sole Defender,
Rise with healing on Thy wing:
Rise in all Thy soothing splendour,
Rise, and earth with joy shall sing.
Israel's glory,
Gentiles call Thee, "Lord and King!"

Christians, haste! the morn is breaking;
Darkness wheels his downward flight;
But, your polished armour taking,
Stand! nor quit the waning fight.
Great Redeemer,
Guard us with Thy shield of light!

Onward, Christians, onward pressing,
Triumph in the Crucified!
Endless honour, rest, and blessing,
Wait you at His radiant side.
Cease not, cease not,
Till you see Him glorified!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, youngest daughter of the preceding hymn-writer, is a native of Astley, Worcestershire. Under the signature of F. R. H., she has contributed sacred poems and hymns to *Good Words* and other serials.

"BE NOT WEARY."

(*Contributed.*)

YES! He knows the way is dreary,
Knows the weakness of our frame,
Knows that hands and heart are weary,
He, "in all points," felt the same.
He is near to help and bless;
"Be not weary"—onward press.

Look to Him who once was willing
All His glory to resign,
That, for thee the law fulfilling,
All His merit might be thine.
Strive to follow day by day
Where His footsteps mark the way.

Look to Him, the Lord of glory,
Tasting death to win thy life;
Gazing on that "wondrous story,"
Canst thou falter in the strife?
Is it not new life to know
That the Lord hath loved thee so?

Look to Him who ever liveth,
Interceding for His own;
Seek, yea, claim the grace He giveth
Freely from His priestly throne.
Will He not thy strength renew
With His Spirit's quickening dew?

Look to Him, and faith shall brighten,
Hope shall soar, and love shall burn;
Peace once more thy heart shall lighten:
Rise! He calleth thee; return!
Be not weary on thy way:
Jesus is thy strength and stay.

"THE THINGS WHICH ARE BEHIND.

(*Contributed.*)

Leave behind earth's empty pleasure,
Fleeting hope, and changeful love;
Leave its soon corroding treasure:
There are better things above.

Leave, oh, leave thy fond aspirings,
Bid thy restless earth be still;
Cease, oh, cease thy vain desirings,
Only seek thy Father's will.

Leave behind thy faithless sorrow,
And thine every anxious care;
He who only knows the morrow,
Can for thee its burden bear.

Leave behind the doubting spirit,
And thy crushing load of sin;
By thy mighty Saviour's merit,
Life eternal thou shalt win.

Realms of glory lie before thee,
Cloud and shadow-land behind;
Hasten! light is breaking o'er thee;
Enter! welcome thou shalt find!

Leave the darkness gathering o'er thee;
Leave the shadow-land behind.
Realms of glory lie before thee;
Enter in, and welcome find.

THOMAS HAWEIS, M.D., LL.B.

THOMAS HAWEIS was born at Truro, Cornwall, in 1732. He studied at Christ's College, Cambridge, where, in 1772, he took his degree of LL.B. He became curate at Oxford. There he attracted many hearers by his fervid eloquence, but he was removed from office by the bishop, Dr. Hume, on account of his Calvinistic views. In 1764, he became Rector of All Saints, Aldwinkle, Northamptonshire, an incumbency which he held for fifty-six years. He was an intimate friend of Lady Huntingdon, and one of her ladyship's chaplains. Dr. Haweis died on the 11th February, 1820, in his eighty-eighth year. He is the author of "The Evangelical Expositor," and a number of other works on evangelical religion. The following hymns are transcribed from his volume, entitled "Carmina Christo; or, Hymns to the Saviour." 1808.

EASTER-DAY.

THE happy morn is come;
The Saviour leaves the grave;
His glorious work is done,
Almighty now to save.
Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

Who to our charge shall lay
  Iniquity and guilt?
All sin is done away,
  Since His rich blood was spilt.
Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

Now the ungodly dares
  The holy God draw near;
Justice itself declares
  No cause remains for fear.
Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

Christ hath the ransom paid;
  The glorious work is done;
On Him our help is laid;
  The victory is won.
Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

Hail the triumphant Lord!
  The resurrection Thou!
We bless Thy sacred word;
  Before Thy throne we bow.
Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

THE ASCENSION.

THE Saviour to glory is gone;
  His sufferings and sorrows are past;
His work is completed and done,
  And shall to eternity last.
For ever He lives to bestow
  The blessings He purchased so dear;
Our bosoms with gratitude glow,
  Whilst to Him, by faith, we draw near.

Expecting from Him to receive
All fulness of glory and grace,
Rejoicing in hope, we believe,
His promises thankful embrace.
Our King shall protect us from harms,
Our Advocate make our plea good;
Our Shepherd will bear in His arms
The sheep which He bought with His blood.

Our Prophet will point out the way
Which leads to the mansions above;
Our Priest all our ransom shall pay,
Our Friend of unchangeable love.
But whilst to the Lamb on His throne
Our hearts and our voices we raise,
His glory exalted we own
Above all our blessing and praise.

THE DAY OF PENTECOST.

ENTHRONED on high, almighty Lord,
Thy Holy Ghost send down;
Fulfil in us Thy faithful word,
And all Thy mercies crown.

Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour, what we more desire—
Thy Spirit in our heart.

Spirit of life and light and love,
Thy heavenly influence give;
Quicken our souls, born from above,
In Christ, that we may live.

To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of His grace;
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of His face.

His love within us shed abroad,
Life's ever-springing well,
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell.

"REMEMBER ME, O MY GOD, FOR GOOD."

Nehemiah xiii. 31.

O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me!

When groaning on my burden'd heart,
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart:
In love remember me!

Temptations sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee;
Oh give me strength, Lord, as my day:
For good remember me!

Distress'd with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see:
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Hear, and remember me.

If on my face, for Thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be;
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me.

The hour is near; consign'd to death,
I own the just decree.
"Saviour!" with my last parting breath
I'll cry, "Remember me!"

ROBERT HAWKER, D.D.

ROBERT HAWKER was born at Exeter, on the 13th April, 1753. He became a student of medicine, and received the appointment of assistant-surgeon in the Royal Marines. Resolving to dedicate himself to the clerical profession, he abandoned his commission in the army, and entered Magdalen Hall, Oxford, in 1778. In the same year, he obtained deacon's orders from the Bishop of Exeter. In 1784, he was chosen vicar of Charles, Plymouth, having acceptably discharged the duties of the curacy for six years preceding. From the University of Edinburgh he received his degree of D.D. in 1792. His death took place on the 6th April, 1827, in his seventy-fourth year. Of Dr. Hawker's numerous writings, his Scriptural Commentary is best known. His works have been collected in two volumes, 8vo, accompanied by a memoir; London, 1831.

ABBA HYMN.

"ABBA, Father," Lord, we call Thee,
Hallow'd name! from day to day;
'Tis Thy children's right to know Thee;
None but children "Abba" say:
This high privilege we inherit,
First Thy gift, and then Christ's blood;
God the Spirit with our spirit
Witnesseth we're sons of God.

CHORUS.

"Abba, Father!" Lord, we call Thee.
Abba sounds through all our host.
All in heaven and earth adore Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

Abba's love first gave us being,
When, in Christ, in that vast plan,
Abba chose the Church in Jesus,
Long before the world began.
Oh, what love the Father bore us!
Oh, how precious in His sight!
When He gave His Church to Jesus,
Jesus, His whole soul's delight!

Though our Adam-fall in nature
Seem'd to make e'en grace at stand
How to put us with the children,
How to give the goodly land:

But the plan Himself had formed,
Ere like sheep we went astray,
"They" said God, "shall call me Father,
Nor from me shall turn away."

And the richest stores of pardon
God sets forth in Christ His Son,
With the Spirit's grace to guide us—
Safe to bring His children home.
"Abba, Father!" makes all certain,
E'en by word and oath and blood:
Abba saith, "They are my people,"
And they say, "The Lord our God."

Hence, through all our changing seasons,
Trouble, sickness, sorrow, woe,
Nothing changeth God's affection,
Abba's love shall bring us through.
Soon shall all Thy blood-bought children
Round the throne their anthems raise,
And, in songs of rich salvation,
Shout to Abba endless praise.

AMEN HYMN.

We bless Thee, O Thou great Amen,
Jehovah's pledge to sinful men,
Confirming all His word;
No promises are doubtful then,
For all are yea and all Amen,
In Jesus Christ our Lord.
Secured in this, the Church on high
And all below unceasing cry,
Amen, Amen, Amen!
To Thee, O Lord, all praise is given,
The loud response of earth and heaven,—
All hail, Thou great Amen!

Sweet ordinance of God to bless
By Him, the Lord our Righteousness,
By Him I say again;

This mighty Him makes all things sure,
Through life, in death, and evermore,
In Him, the great Amen!
Secured in this, the Church, etc.

O faithful Witness of our God,
Who came by water and by blood,
Proving the Holy One!
Thy record must for ever stand
Of life eternal from God's hand,
And all in Thee, His Son.
Secured in this, the Church, etc.

Sweetly Thy verilies we hear,
For God's Amen dispels all fear,
Thy faithfulness it proves;
And while such grace for God is shown,
To God's Amen we add our own,
Our *So be it* He loves.
Secured in this, the Church, etc.

Ye saints of God, in age or youth,
Who swear by Him, the God of truth,
By Him I say again;—
Make Him whom God hath made to you,
Your Alpha and Omega too;
God's Christ is your Amen.
Secured in this, the Church, etc.

Nor less above, ye heavenly host,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Give praise through Him, with men;
For of Him, through Him, by Him sure,
The Church shall glory evermore,
In Him, the great Amen.
Secured in this, the Church on high,
And all below unceasing cry,
Amen! Amen! Amen!
To Thee, O Lord, all praise is given,
The loud response of earth and heaven,—
All hail, Thou great Amen!

REGINALD HEBER, D.D.

REGINALD HEBER was born on the 21st April, 1783, at Malpas, Cheshire. In his seventeenth year, he entered Brasenose College, Oxford. In 1802, he obtained the University prize for Latin hexameters, and in the following year gained the gold medal for his poem of "Palestine." He graduated A.M. in 1808. He was elected to a Fellowship at All Souls' College, and soon after obtained the living of Hodnet. In 1822, he was elected preacher to the benchers of Lincoln's Inn, with an addition of £600 to his yearly income. In 1823, he accepted the Bishopric of Calcutta. To the duties of his high office in India, he applied himself with apostolic ardour. His valuable life was cut short while in course of an episcopal visitation. He died, suddenly, of apoplexy, while taking a bath, at Trichinopoly, on the 3rd April, 1826, in his forty-third year. Bishop Heber was a contributor to *The Quarterly Review*; he wrote a memoir of Jeremy Taylor, and published some other prose writings. In 1827, his hymns were published in an octavo volume, along with sacred lyrics by Mr. Milman and others. We have made use of this edition.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Java's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With Wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole.
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings Divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HYMN.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage!

O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,—
Whose years, with changeless virtue crown'd,
Were all alike Divine,—

Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

"HELP, LORD, OR WE PERISH."

When through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker: "Help, Lord, or we perish."

O Jesus! once toss'd on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his danger, "Help, Lord, or we perish."

And oh, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When hell in our heart his wild warfare is waging,
Arise in Thy strength, Thy redeemèd to cherish;
Rebuke the destroyer: "Help, Lord, or we perish."

AT A FUNERAL.

THOU art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
Thy Saviour has pass'd through its portal before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may die, for the Sinless has died.

Thou art gone to the grave, and, its mansion forsaking,
Perhaps thy weak spirit in fear linger'd long;
But the mild rays of Paradise beam'd on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and guide;
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee,
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.

THE BELIEVER'S PRAYER.

LORD, whose love, in power excelling,
Wash'd the leper's stain away:
Jesus, from Thy heavenly dwelling,
Hear us, help us, when we pray.

From the filth of vice and folly,
From infuriate passion's rage,
Evil thoughts, and hopes unholy,
Heedless youth, and selfish age;

From the lusts whose deep pollutions
Adam's ancient taint disclose;
From the tempter's dark intrusions,
Restless doubt, and blind repose;

From the miser's cursèd treasure;
From the drunkard's jest obscene;
From the world—its pomp and pleasure,—
Jesus, Master, make us clean!

PRAYER FOR DIVINE MERCY.

OH blest were the accents of early creation,
When the Word of Jehovah came down from above ;
In the clods of the earth to infuse animation,
And wake their cold atoms to life and to love !

And mighty the tones which the firmament rended,
When, on wheels of the thunder, and wings of the wind,
By lightning, and hail, and thick darkness attended,
He utter'd on Sinai His laws to mankind.

And sweet was the voice of the First-born of heaven
(Though poor His apparel, though earthly His form),
Who said to the mourner, "Thy sins are forgiven !"
"Be whole" to the sick, and "Be still" to the storm.

O Judge of the world ! when, arrayed in Thy glory,
Thy summons again shall be heard from on high ;
While nature stands trembling and naked before Thee,
And waits on Thy sentence to live or to die ;

When the heav'n shall fly fast from the sound of Thy thunder,
And the sun in Thy lightnings grow languid and pale,
And the sea yield her dead, and the tomb cleave asunder,—
In the hour of Thy terrors, let mercy prevail !

THE SECOND ADVENT.

THE Lord will come ! the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixèd seat forsake,
And, withering, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

The Lord will come ! but not the same
As once in lowly form He came,
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruis'd, the suffering, and the dead.

The Lord will come ! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm ;
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human-kind !

Can this be He, who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppress'd, and mock'd by pride?
O God! is this the Crucified?

Go, tyrants! to the rocks complain!
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain!
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy—the Lord is come!

THE HOLY TRINITY.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in three Persons, blessèd Trinity.

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see;
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty;
God in three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

OTTIWELL HEGINBOTHAM.

OTTIWELL HEGINBOTHAM is the author of a volume of "Hymns Privately Printed," London, 1799. His personal history is unknown.

THE YOUNG PERSON'S PRAYER.

HARK! 'tis your heavenly Father's call,
How soft the charming accents fall:
"Ask and receive, my son," He cries,
With loving heart and melting eyes.

Lord, I accept Thine offer'd grace,
I come to seek my Father's face,
Nor will He turn His ear away
Who taught my heart and lips to pray.

One thing I ask, and wilt Thou hear,
And grant my soul a gift so dear?
Wisdom, descending from above,
The sweetest token of Thy love.

Wisdom betimes to know the Lord,
To fear His name and keep His word;
To lead my feet in paths of truth,
And guide and guard my wandering youth.

Then shouldst Thou grant a length of days,
My life shall still proclaim Thy praise;
Or early death my soul convey
To realms of EVERLASTING day.

PRAISE TO GOD IN LIFE AND DEATH.

MY soul shall praise Thee, O my God,
Through all my mortal days,
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, Thy boundless praise.

In each bright hour of peace and hope,
Be this my sweet employ!
Devotion heightens all my bliss,
And sanctifies my joy.

When gloomy care or keen distress
Invades my throbbing breast,
My tongue shall learn to speak Thy praise,
And soothe my pains to rest.

Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honours of my God;
My life, with all my active powers,
Shall spread Thy praise abroad.

And though these lips shall cease to move,
Though death shall close these eyes,
Yet shall my soul to nobler heights
Of joy and transport rise.

Then shall my powers in endless strains
Their grateful tribute pay:
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

THE GOD OF SEASONS.

GREAT God, let all our tuneful powers
Awake and sing Thy mighty name;
Thy hand rolls on our circling hours,
The hand from which our being came.

Seasons and moons, revolving round,
In beauteous order speak Thy praise;
And years, with smiling mercy crown'd,
To Thee successive honours raise.

Each changing season on our souls
Its sweetest, kindest influence sheds;
And every period, as it rolls,
Showers countless blessings on our heads.

Our lives, our health, our friends, we owe
All to Thy vast unbounded love ;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.

MRS. HEMANS.

FELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE was born at Liverpool, on the 25th September, 1794. Her father was a Liverpool merchant. When his daughter was very young, he removed his family to Denbighshire, North Wales. The romantic nature of her early home, an old mansion by the sea-shore, near a chain of rocky hills, exercised a powerful influence on her fancy. In her ninth year, she composed verses, which were included in a volume of poems, which, at the age of fourteen, she gave to the world. In 1812, she published a second volume, entitled "Domestic Affections," and in the same year, married Captain Hemans. After some years, her husband removed to Italy, leaving her to undertake the upbringing of their five sons. She continued to devote herself to poetical composition, and her numerous lyrics are to be remarked for their genuine pathos and gracefulness, alike of expression and thought. After residing in different parts of Britain, she took up her abode in Dublin, where she died on the 16th May, 1835. Her works were collected by her sister, and published, with a memoir, in seven volumes, 8vo; Edinburgh, 1839.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away ;
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently ;
Father, by the breeze of eve
Called Thy harvest-work to leave :
Pray, ere yet the dark hours be ;
Lift the heart and bend the knee !

Traveller in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band ;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone ;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell ;
Sailor, on the darkening sea :
Lift the heart and bend the knee !

Warrior, that from battle won
Breathest now at set of sun ;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain
Weeping on his burial plain ;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see :
Lift the heart and bend the knee !

THE FOUNTAIN OF MARAH.

WHERE is the tree the prophet threw
Into the bitter wave ?
Left it no scion where it grew,
The thirsting soul to save ?

Hath nature lost the hidden power
Its precious foliage shed ?
Is there no distant eastern bower,
With such sweet leaves o'erspread ?

Nay, wherefore ask ? since gifts are ours,
Which yet may well imbue
Earth's many troubled founts with showers
Of heaven's own balmy dew.

Oh, mingled with the cup of grief
Let faith's deep spirit be ;
And every prayer shall win a leaf
From that bless'd healing tree !

THE BETTER LAND.

"I HEAR thee speak of the better land ;
Thou call'st its children a happy band.
Mother, oh where is that radiant shore ?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more ?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle boughs ?"
"Not there, not there, my child."

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
"Not there, not there, my child."

"Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"
"Not there, not there, my child.

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy;
Ear hath not heard its sweet songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair;
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom;
Far beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,—
It is there, it is there, my child."

GEORGE HERBERT.

GEORGE HERBERT was born at Montgomery Castle, Wales, on the 3rd April, 1593. He belonged to the old family of the Herberts, Earls of Pembroke, and his eldest brother, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, is well known as a philosophical writer, and as the author of an interesting autobiography. The subject of this notice was educated at Westminster School; he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, about the year 1608. He was elected Fellow in 1615; he afterwards was advanced to the post of public orator. He sought preferment at court, but ultimately took orders. In 1626, he became Prebendary of Leighton Bromswold; in 1630, he was appointed Rector of Bemerton, near Salisbury. He died in 1632, in his thirty-ninth year. His "Temple, or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations," was published a year after his death. The work at once became popular, and the celebrity of the author as a Christian poet remains undiminished. When he entered the Church, Herbert resolved to consecrate all his powers to the service of God. His compositions breath the spirit of a devoted fervour. The following are transcribed from the edition of 1674.

GRACE.

My stock lies dead, and no increase
Doth my dull husbandry improve;
O let Thy graces without cease
Drop from above!

If still the sun should hide his face,
  Thy house would but a dungeon prove,
Thy works night's captives. O let grace
    Drop from above!

The dew doth every morning fall;
  And shall the dew outstrip Thy Dove?
The dew, for which grass cannot call,
    Drop from above!

Death is still working like a mole,
  And digs my grave at each remove;
Let grace work too, and on my soul
    Drop from above!

Sin is still hammering my heart
  Unto a hardness void of love;
Let suppling grace, to cross his art,
    Drop from above!

O come! for Thou dost know the way:
  Or if to me Thou wilt not move,
Remove me where I need not say,
    "*Drop from above!*"

SUNDAY.

O DAY most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
The endorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with His blood;
The couch of time; care's balm and bay;
The week were dark, but for thy light;
  Thy torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou
Make up one man; whose face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow;
The worky-days are the back-part:
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
  Till thy release appear.

Man had straight forward gone
To endless death ; but thou dost pull
And turn us round to look on One
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still ;
Since there is no place so alone
The which He doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are,
On which heaven's palace archèd lies ;
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders
In God's rich garden : that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal, glorious King.
On Sundays heaven's gate stands ope ;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
And did inclose this light for His,
That, as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miss.
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the same shake, which at His passion
Did th' earth and all things with it move.
As Samson bore the doors away,
Christ's hands, though nail'd, wrought our salvation,
And did unhinge that day.

The brightness of that day
We sullied by our foul offence;
Wherefore that robe we cast away,
Having a new at His expense,
Whose drops of blood paid the full price
That was required to make us gay,
And fit for Paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth,
And where the week-days trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth;
O let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being toss'd from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heaven.

THE ELIXIR.

TEACH me, my God, my King,
In all things Thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.

Not rudely, as a beast,
To run into an action;
But still to make Thee prepossest,
And give it His perfection.

A man that looks on glass
On it may stay his eye;
Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heav'n spy.

All may of Thee partake;
Nothing can be so mean,
Which, with this tincture, for Thy sake,
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery Divine;
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold ;
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

SIGHS AND GROANS.

O DO not use me
After my sins ! look not on my desert,
But on Thy glory ; then Thou wilt reform,
And not refuse me, for Thou only art
The mighty God, but I a silly worm ;
O do not bruise me !

O do not urge me !
For what account can Thy ill steward make ?
I have abused Thy stock, destroy'd Thy woods,
Sack'd all Thy magazines. My head did ache,
Till it found out how to consume Thy goods.
O do not scourge me !

O do not blind me !
I have deserved that an Egyptian night
Should thicken all my powers, because my lust
Hath still sew'd fig-leaves to exclude Thy light ;
But I am frailty and already dust ;
O do not grind me !

O do not fill me
With the turn'd vial of Thy bitter wrath ;
For Thou hast other vessels full of blood,
A part whereof my Saviour emptied hath,
Even unto death ; since He died for my good,
O do not kill me !

But O reprieve me !
For Thou hast life and death at Thy command ;
Thou art both Judge and Saviour, feast and rod,
Cordial and corrosive. Put not Thy hand
Into the bitter box ; but, O my God,
My God, relieve me !

ROBERT HERRICK.

ROBERT HERRICK was descended from an old family in Leicestershire. His father, Nicholas Herrick, was a goldsmith in Cheapside, London. He was born in London, in 1591, and was educated at Westminster School. He entered St. John's College, Cambridge, about 1615. Taking orders, he was preferred to the vicarage of Dean Prior, Devonshire. He was deprived of his living under the Protectorate, when he returned to London. At the Restoration, in 1660, he re-obtained his charge. He died in 1674. Herrick published his "Noble Numbers," in 1647. His "Hesperides" appeared in the following year. An edition of his works, with a memoir, was published in London, in 1859.

LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drown'd in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the artless doctor sees
No one hope but of his fees,
And his skill runs on the lees,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When his potion and his pill
Is or none or little skill,
Meet for nothing but to kill,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the passing-bell doth toll,
And the furies, in a shoal,
Come to fright my parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the priest his last hath pray'd,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decay'd,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When, God knows, I'm toss'd about,
Either with despair or doubt,
Yet before the glass be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the tempter me pursueth
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright my ears and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the judgment is reveal'd
And that open'd which was seal'd,
When to Thee I have appeal'd,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

MRS. HERVEY.

ELEANORA LOUISA MONTAGU was born in Liverpool, in 1811. She began at an early period to contribute to periodicals. In 1839, she published "The Landgrave; a dramatic poem." She married, in 1843, Thomas Kebble Hervey, editor of *The Athenæum*, who died in 1859. Mrs. Hervey is the writer of several interesting works, both in prose and verse.

THE DAUGHTER OF GILEAD.

(*Contributed.*)

"And she said unto her father, Let this thing be done for me: let me alone two months, that I may go up and down upon the mountains."—*Jud.* xi. 37.

THERE'S a wail upon the mountains; it resounds o'er Gilead's heights;
'Tis the cry of Jephthah's daughter, for her girlhood's lost delights.
Ere the summer moon declineth, she, too, shall pass away,
Untimely cropp'd in beauty, as a budding thorn of May.

"Alas! thy vow, my father! 'Twas a bitter vow for thee.
And what cared I for Ammon, while the earth was green to me?
Shall my days of youth be gather'd ere the fervid noon be past,
As the grass beneath the sickle, as the leaf before the blast?"

There, in silence, on the mighty hills, the stars are seen to glow,
Where she bows her head o'er Gilead in the meekness of her woe.
Across her breast her arms she folds; and, kneeling on the sod,
With steadfast gaze, looks upward, as the mountains look, to God.

"O Thou that dwellest above the cloud, and ridest on the beam,
Lay Thy commandment on me, as the glory of a dream!
Could I hear the voice that Moses heard, whate'er my doom might be,
The ground whereon I tread should be as Horeb unto me!"

There are steps along the mountain-side, where beautiful and slow,
Descends the child of Jephthah, with a halo round her brow.
The voice hath call'd her heavenward; there is peace within her breast;
And not a shadow darkens more the mountain's glorious crest.

ROWLAND HILL.

ROWLAND HILL, the celebrated preacher and wit, was sixth son of Sir Rowland Hill, Bart. He was born on his father's estate of Hawkstone, Shropshire, on the 23rd August, 1744. He studied at Eton, afterwards at the University of Cambridge, where he graduated. Contrary to the wishes of his family, he entered the Church, receiving orders in 1774. He subsequently adhered to the Calvinistic Methodists. In 1782, Surrey Chapel, Blackfriars Road, London, was erected for his use. There he afterwards preached during six months each year, employing the other half-year chiefly in itinerating. He died on the 11th April, 1833. He published in 1790 a thin 16mo, entitled "Divine Hymns, attempted in Easy Language, for the Use of Children." The following hymn is transcribed from his "Collection of Psalms and Hymns." London, 1830. 8th edition.

GLORY OF THE SAINTS.

EXALTED high at God's right hand,
Nearer the throne than cherubs stand,
With glory crown'd, in white array,
My wond'ring soul says, Who are they?

These are the saints beloved of God,
Wash'd are their robes in Jesu's blood;
More spotless than the purest white,
They shine in uncreated light.

Brighter than angels, lo! they shine,
Their glories great, and all Divine;
Tell me their origin, and say
Their order what, and whence came they.

Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, and scorn'd the shame;
Within the living temple blest,
In God they dwell, and on Him rest.

And does the cross thus prove their gain?
And shall they thus for ever reign,
Seated on sapphire thrones, to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace?

Hunger they ne'er shall feel again,
Nor burning thirst shall they sustain;
To wells of living waters led,
By God, the Lamb, for ever fed.

Unknown to mortal ears, they sing
The secret glories of their King.
Tell me the subject of their lays,
And whence their loud exalted praise.

Jesus, the Saviour, is their theme;
They sing the wonders of His name;
To Him ascribing pow'r and grace,
Dominion and eternal praise.

Amen they cry to Him alone,
Who dares to fill His Father's throne;
They give Him glory, and again
Repeat His praise, and say Amen!

JAMES HOLME.

THE REV. JAMES HOLME was born in Orton, Westmoreland, on the 12th March, 1801. Having received an elementary education in his native place, he proceeded, in his twentieth year, to the University of Cambridge. He graduated in honours at Gonville and Caius College, in 1825. He was ordained the same year, and, in 1828, was instituted in the incumbency of Low Harrogate, Yorkshire. In 1839, he accepted the vicarage of Kirk-Leatham, Yorkshire. Mr. Holme is now associated with the Rev. D. T. K. Drummond in the ministry of St. Thomas' English Episcopal Chapel, Edinburgh. In 1835, he published "Leisure Musings and Devotional Meditations;" and in 1843, "Mount Grace Abbey," a poetical composition of an elevated strain, dedicated to the Queen Dowager. Conjointly with his brother, the Rev. Thomas Holme, vicar of East Cowton, he published, in 1861, a small volume of "Hymns and Sacred Poetry," a work which contains a number of excellent compositions.

LITANY.

GOD, my Father, hear me pray,
Wash my crimson guilt away;
Wretched, helpless, lost, undone,
Hear me for Thy blessèd Son.
Lord, unnumber'd sins are mine,
But eternal love is Thine.

God, my Saviour, look on me;
All my guilt I cast on Thee!
Give my troubled spirit peace;
Bid my fears and sorrows cease.
Lord, unnumber'd sins are mine,
But eternal love is Thine.

God, my Comforter, my Light,
Strengthen me with holy might;
Make Thy dwelling in my heart;
Faith and joy and hope impart.
Lord, unnumber'd sins are mine,
But eternal love is Thine.

Blessèd, glorious Trinity!
Holy, everlasting Three!
Hear, O hear my earnest prayer!
And my soul for heaven prepare!
Lord, unnumber'd sins are mine,
But eternal love is Thine.

FOR TIME OF SICKNESS.

ALL things are ours; how abundant the treasure,
All riches which heaven or earth can afford!
O, may our thanks, like His grace, without measure,
Abound to the glory and praise of our Lord!

All things are ours; be it sickness or healing,
'Tis ordered alike for our infinite good;
Determined by grace, and for ever revealing
This truth, that we love and are loved of our God.

All things are ours; though the body may perish,
We faint not to feel it fast wasting away;
The soul its bright visions of glory will cherish,
And strengthen in holiness day after day.

All things are ours; yea, the present affliction
Tho' now through the gloom of mortality viewed;
For soon shall we joy in the blissful conviction,
That thus it was good to be tried and subdued.

All things are ours; thro' the Saviour's merit,
The shame of His cross, which must needs be our own,
Will brighten the glory that circles the spirit
And sparkles like gems in our heavenly crown.

CHRISTIAN HOPE.

How soon will the light of our morning be fled,
And sunk in eternity's wave!
How soon shall we sleep 'mong the numberless dead,
And darkness and silence around us be spread,
The curtains of death and the grave.

How hope we the day of God's wrath to abide?
Is human obedience our stay?
Death laughs at our efforts his sting to avoid,
Hell glories to see us deluded by pride,
And Satan exults o'er his prey.

One heaven-born hope will the Christian uphold
Before the tribunal of God;
A hope which His Spirit alone can unfold,
A claim in the deed of redemption, enrolled,
And sealed by the Saviour's blood.

O Lord, may the Sun of Thy righteousness rise,
And shed on the gospel a might
To soften all hearts, to illumine all eyes,
To make us aspire to the Christian's prize,
And soar to the regions of light.

THE SABBATH.

On each return of holy rest,
The day my heavenly Father blest,
O let my happy portion be
To find supreme delight in Thee,—
In Thee, my God, in Thee.

Those precious hours I would improve
In fervent prayer, in sacred love;
From earth's polluting pleasures free,
To find my every joy in Thee,
In Thee, my God, in Thee.

When gospel messages I hear,
O may the Holy Dove be near
To seal Thy promises to me,
And give new confidence in Thee,
In Thee, my God, in Thee.

When, humbly kneeling at Thy throne,
With deep distress my guilt I own,
Then let my contrite spirit see
Enough of pardoning grace in Thee,
In Thee, my God, in Thee.

When in Thy temple I adore,
And truth's unfathomed mines explore;
Or trembling praise the One in Three,
Fresh glories let me view in Thee,
In Thee, my God, in Thee.

When to Thy table I repair,
Be Thou, my Saviour, with me there;
Fix my whole soul on Calvary,
Till it is all absorbed in Thee,
In Thee, my God, in Thee.

Thus, on each day of holy rest
May I with heavenly joy be blest,
And, in a bright eternity,
Have my undying bliss in Thee,
In Thee, my God, in Thee.

THOMAS HOLME.

THE REV. THOMAS HOLME, brother of the preceding, was born on the 8th August, 1793. He was educated at the Grammar School of Appleby, and obtained orders from the Bishop of Durham in 1816. In 1822, he was appointed Master of the Grammar School of St. John Baptist, Kirkby Ravensworth. Since 1822, he has held the vicarage of East Cowton, Yorkshire. In 1861, he published a small volume of hymns, conjointly with his brother.

THE BELIEVER'S PORTION.

ALMIGHTY Father, God of love,
Whose wisdom rules the circling year,
Grant, as I run my destined course,
That faith may triumph over fear;
May all my cares on Thee be thrown,
Be Thou my portion, Thou alone.

Let favours past confirm my hope
That Thou hast greater things in store,
That love enjoyed through Christ on earth
Unchanged shall last for evermore:
Far, far each faithless doubt be gone;
Be Thou my portion, Thou alone.

While present blessings flow around
In streams of mercy, rich and free,
May present acts of duty show
My heartfelt gratitude to Thee:
Since o'er my paths Thy gifts are strewn,
Be Thou my portion, Thou alone.

And should some needful cross be sent
To bend and mould my stubborn will,
O may that cross, by love applied,
Through grace its blessèd end fulfil!
So shall my heart be all Thy own,
And Thou my portion, Thou alone.

Thus, while I live, my love for Thee
Supreme o'er all my powers shall reign;
Thus, when I die, dread death itself,
Through faith in Christ, shall be my gain.
My gain, the ransomed sinner's crown,
My blissful portion, Thou alone.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

ALMIGHTY Father, King of kings!
In Thee I live, and think, and move;
From Thee each earthly blessing springs,
And richest streams of heavenly love.
Assist me, Lord, with willing speed
In duty's happy paths to run;
May every thought, and word, and deed
Confirm this prayer, "Thy will be done."

And should some wish, that's near my heart,
Conceal no sin, nor hurtful be,
Kindly the wish'd-for gift impart;
The time, and way, I leave to Thee.
But would that gift ensnaring prove,
Oh then the rebel thought dethrone;
My anxious prayer denied in love,
Help me to say, "Thy will be done."

When life's bright scenes shall fade away,
And darkening clouds of grief appear,
Be Thou my light, my hope, my stay,
And still each murmur, doubt, and fear.
With heart and eyes upraised to Thee,
When joys and health are gone,
Then shall my prayer through Jesus be,
"Thy will, good Lord, not mine be done!"

DIVINE LOVE.

LOVE Divine, all love excelling
Which a changing world can give,
Make my soul Thy favoured dwelling;
Then to God I'll wholly live.

Peace with Thee, my kind Creator,
Peace, through Christ, I humbly crave;
Tho' my guilt is great, yet greater
Are Thy power and love to save.

Keep me, Lord, from self-deceiving,
Free from sin's debasing sway ;
In Thy love and truth believing,
Cheer me on my heavenward way.

Thou, of peace the only giver,
Thou, the source of bliss Divine,
Cleanse my heart, and O for ever,
Heavenly Father, make it Thine.

Come then, worldly grief and weeping ;
Come then, disappointment's sting :
While my heart is in Thy keeping,
Joyful still Thy praise I'll sing.

Pain nor death from Thee shall move me ;
Death, through Christ, shall be my friend :
That subdued, my God, I'll love Thee
With a love that knows no end.

"AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT."

THE Christian's path shines more and more,
From morn to perfect day ;
Yet darkening storms will rise the while,
And hide the cheering ray ;
Though clouds may dim faith's heavenward flight,
"At evening time it shall be light."

When comforts fail, and friends are few,
And griefs his path surround ;
Though all is dark without, within
A heavenly light is found.
No change of scene his peace can blight,
"At evening time it shall be light."

'Tis good at times that pilgrim saints,
For a short moment's space,
Should feel that God, in wrath at sin,
Can hide His smiling face.
Behind that veil His sun shines bright,
"At evening time it shall be light."

"At evening time it shall be light;"
So runs the promise dear,
To cheer the pilgrim's fainting heart,
When death's dark hour draws near;
E'en midst the gloom of nature's night,
"At evening time it shall be light."

HENRY HOPE.

HENRY HOPE is a native of Belfast. He was there apprenticed to a bookbinder. Since 1846, he has been employed in the finishing department of the Messrs. Chambers, stationers, Dublin. The following hymn was printed by Mr. Hope in 1852, for private circulation. Like other popular hymns, it has been altered by the editors. It is here printed from a copy kindly supplied by the author.

JESUS IS MINE.

Now I have found a friend,
Jesus is mine;
His love shall never end,
Jesus is mine.
Though earthly joys decrease,
Though earthly friendships cease,
Now I have lasting peace,
Jesus is mine.

Though I grow poor and old,
Jesus is mine;
Though I grow faint and cold,
Jesus is mine.
He shall my wants supply,
His precious blood is nigh,
Nought can my hope destroy,
Jesus is mine.

When death is sent to me,
Jesus is mine;
Welcome eternity,
Jesus is mine.

He my redemption is,
Wisdom and righteousness,
Life, light, and holiness,
Jesus is mine.

When earth shall pass away,
Jesus is mine.
In the great judgment-day,
Jesus is mine.
Oh! what a glorious thing,
Then to behold my King,
On tuneful harp to sing,
Jesus is mine.

Father, Thy name I bless,
Jesus is mine;
Thine was the sovereign grace,
Praise shall be Thine.
Spirit of holiness,
Sealing the Father's grace,
Thou mad'st my soul embrace
Jesus as mine.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW.

THE REV. WILLIAM W. HOW was born in 1823, at Shrewsbury, where his father, William Wybergh How, was a solicitor. His education was conducted at Shrewsbury School, and Wadham College, Oxford. He was ordained curate of Kidderminster in 1846, and became Rector of Whittington in 1851. Mr. How has published "Plain Words, Parts I. and II.," "Practical Sermons," "Lent Lectures," "Three All-Saints' Summers," and "Daily Family Prayer for Churchmen." Together with the Very Rev. Dr. Thomas Morrell, Coadjutor-Bishop of Edinburgh, he has edited a compilation of "Psalms and Hymns."

SAINTS' DAY HYMN.

(*Contributed.*)

FOR all Thy Saints, who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confess'd,
Thy name, O Jesus, be for ever blest.
Alleluia!

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might,
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight ;
Thou in the darkness drear their Light of light.
Alleluia !

For the Apostles' glorious company,
Who, bearing forth the Cross o'er land and sea,
Shook all the mighty world, we sing to Thee
Alleluia !

For the Evangelists, by whose blest word,
Like fourfold streams, the garden of the Lord
Is fair and fruitful, be Thy name adored.
Alleluia !

For martyrs, who with rapture-kindled eye
Saw the bright crown descending from the sky,
And died to grasp it, Thee we glorify.
Alleluia !

Oh ! may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia !

O blest communion ! fellowship Divine !
We feebly struggle, *they* in glory shine ;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Alleluia !

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Alleluia !

The golden evening brightens in the west :
Soon, soon, to faithful warriors comes the rest ;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Alleluia !

But lo ! there breaks a yet more glorious day :
The saints triumphant rise in bright array ;
The King of glory passes on His way.
Alleluia !

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Alleluia!

HOME MISSIONS.

SOLDIERS of the cross, arise!
Gird you with your armour bright;
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.

O'er a faithless fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky;
Let it float there, wide unfurl'd;
Bear it onward, lift it high.

Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living Word,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.

Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray;
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display.

To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.

Guard the helpless, seek the strayed,
Comfort troubles, banish grief;
With the Spirit's sword arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

Be the banner still unfurl'd;
Bear it bravely still abroad;
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdoms of the Lord.

MRS. HOWITT.

MRS. MARY HOWITT is the second daughter of Samuel Botham, a member of the Society of Friends; she was born early in the century, at Uttoxeter, Staffordshire. From childhood she manifested a singular power of observation and love of reading; she composed verses ere she had fully acquired the art of committing them to paper. Her early union with Mr. Howitt, whose literary tastes were so especially akin, tended to promote her juvenile predilections. Mrs. Howitt's contributions to periodicals, both in prose and verse, would occupy many volumes. Her principal publications are "The Seven Temptations," a dramatic poem "Ballads and other Poems;" "Wood Leighton," a romance; "Tales for the People;" the "Heir of West Wayland;" and "The Cost of Caergwyn." Mrs. Howitt's name is honourably connected with Scandinavian literature, she being the first to introduce the works of some of the most popular Swedish and Danish authors to the British public. The following hymns have been contributed by Mrs. Howitt.

THE WILLING DISCIPLE.

(*Contributed.*)

LET me suffer, let me drain
  Life's cup, vinegar and gall:
Only, Lord—dear Lord, sustain
  My poor trembling soul through all!
    Pain and anguish cease to be,
    When the Spirit leans on Thee!

Let me bear the heaviest cross,
  To the world be crucified!
If Thou, Lord, amidst all loss,
  Art but found, whate'er betide,
    Loss or penury cannot be
    To the soul enrich'd by Thee!

Take what e'er I treasure dearest,
  Joy of heart, or pride of eye;
Only let me know Thou hearest,
  Only feel that Thou art nigh.
    Then 'tis easy to resign,
    Knowing that my all is Thine,
    And that Thou, dear Lord, art mine!

THE CRY OF THE SPIRIT.

(*Contributed.*)

CLOTHE me with Thy saving grace,
Mould me to Thy will Divine;
In Thy blood my sins efface,
And in service make me Thine:
Lord and Master, make me Thine!

Wealth I do not crave to own,
Outward honour, pomp, nor ease;
All I ask is this alone,
Thee to serve and Thee to please,
Lord and Master, Thee to please.

RICHARD HUIE, M.D.

RICHARD HUIE was born at Aberdeen, in the year 1795. He studied at the High School, and University of Edinburgh. Having selected the medical profession, he became a licentiate of the Edinburgh Royal College of Surgeons in 1815. He then proceeded to London, where he availed himself of the professional instructions of Sir Charles Bell and Sir Benjamin Brodie. After practising about six years at Dundee, Dr. Huie settled in Edinburgh, in 1822. In 1840, he was elected President of the Royal College of Surgeons. In 1843, he published a volume of "Sacred Lyrics," 32mo. He has contributed papers to the public ournals in support of various philanthropic enterprises.

THE MERCY-SEAT.

(*Contributed.*)

"ASK, and ye shall get the blessing;
Seek, and ye shall shortly find;"
Thus the Saviour spake, addressing
Us and all of human kind.
Gentle was His mien, and lowly;
Soft and sweet the accents fell
From the lips so pure and holy
Of the meek Emmanuel.

Brother, are thy days of gladness
Like the dews of morning fled?
Have the clouds of grief and sadness
All thy summer skies o'erspread?
Trust me, while thy bosom bleedeth
O'er its joys so bright and fleet,
Thou wilt find the help it needeth
Flowing from the mercy-seat.

There is ONE, our nature wearing,
Link'd for ever with His own;
All our bliss and sorrow sharing,
As our kindred flesh and bone.
Though as God He rules the nations,
Still as man He deigns to hear
All our groans and supplications,
Ever kind and ever near.

Cease then, brother, cease complaining;
Weep no more thy lot forlorn;
Dost thou grieve o'er sin remaining?
Dost thou for lost comforts mourn?
Does thy soul in secret languish
For the Saviour's presence sweet?
All thy troubles, all thine anguish
Carry to the mercy-seat.

Say not that thy sins are many,
Say not that thy guilt is great;
Christ was never deaf to any,
None to Him e'er came too late.
'Twas thy trembling hope to cherish,
On the cross thy crimes He bore;
If beside that cross thou perish,
None e'er perish'd there before.

Bride and Spirit both invite thee;
Ransom'd sinners bid thee come;
Strains of welcome shall delight thee,
Streaming from thy heavenly home.

Bowers of bliss, for ever vernal,
There the ravish'd senses greet ;
Joy, and love, and life eternal
Blossom round the mercy-seat !

SATURDAY EVENING HYMN.

Ye worldly cares and themes, begone ;
Far other thoughts my bosom fill:
Another week has swiftly flown,
And I am spared and living still.

Lord, teach me so to count my days,
That I my heart and soul may give,
With all their powers, to wisdom's ways,
And to Thy praise and glory live.

Soft let the dews of sleep descend
This night upon Thy servant's head ;
And, while I rest, Thy wings extend,
Thy guardian wings, around my bed.

Then when the rosy morn shall break,
And chase the shades from yonder sky,
Give me in health and peace to wake
To seek Thy face, and feel Thee nigh !

Sweet is the Sabbath's dawn to them
Who Thy salvation long to see,
And in the new Jerusalem
With fervour hope to dwell with Thee.

Such be to me the hallow'd morn,
Such joy may its return afford ;
Thine image on my heart be borne,
And all my spirit praise my Lord !

For, thus built up in faith and love,
My soul shall pant to reach the skies,
And, in Thy radiant courts above,
A Sabbath taste that never dies !

THE CHRISTIAN GRACES.

WHAT is faith? It is to see
Jesus bleed, and die for me;
'Tis to trust that He has won
All I've set my heart upon.

What is hope? It is to know
Comfort, 'midst the deepest woe;
'Tis to fix the inward eye
On a home beyond the sky.

What is love? It is to find
Brethren, friends, in all mankind;
'Tis to bid the wretched share
In our bounty, feel our care.

Faith discerns where Jesus trode;
Hope supports us on the road;
Love instructs us to display
Christian kindness by the way.

Heavenly Dove! descend and bring
All these graces on Thy wing;
That my Saviour's eye may see
Faith, and hope, and love in me.

ANNA MATILDA HULL.

ANNA MATILDA HULL was born at Marpool Hall, Exmouth. Her father, Mr. William Thomas Hull, was a local magistrate. Miss Hull has devoted a large portion of her time to the cause of education, and the extension of Divine knowledge. She has published "Heart Melodies," "The Silver Trumpet Answered," "Fruit from the Tree of Life," and a "Hymn-book for Children."

THE LIFE-LOOK.

THERE is life for a look at the crucified One;
There is life at this moment for thee;
Then look, sinner—look unto Him, and be saved—
Unto Him who was nail'd to the tree.

Oh, why was He there as the bearer of sin,
If on Jesus thy sins were not laid?
Oh, why from His side flow'd the sin-cleansing blood,
If His dying thy debt has not paid?

It is not thy tears of repentance, or prayers,
But the blood, that atones for the soul;
On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.

His anguish of soul on the cross hast thou seen?
His cry of distress hast thou heard?
Then why, if the terrors of wrath He endured,
Should pardon to thee be deferr'd?

We are heal'd by His stripes;—would'st thou add to the word?
And He is our righteousness made:
The best robe of heaven He bids thee put on:
Oh, could'st thou be better array'd?

Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared
There remaineth no more to be done!
That once in the end of the world He appear'd,
And completed the work He begun.

But take, with rejoicing, from Jesus at once
The life everlasting He gives;
And know, with assurance, thou never canst die,
Since Jesus, thy Righteousness, lives.

There is life for a look at the crucified One;
There is life at this moment for thee;
Then, look, sinner—look unto Him and be saved,
And know Thyself spotless as He.

JOB HUPTON.

JOB HUPTON was born in the vicinity of Burton-on-Trent, in March, 1762. His conduct in youth was profane; but, in his twenty-second year, he was brought under Christian influences. By the Rev. John Bradford, who ministered at Lady Huntingdon's Chapel, Walsall, his religious impressions were confirmed. He became a preacher of the Baptist persuasion, and was, in September, 1794, elected to the pastorate of that connection at Claxton. His death took place on the 19th October, 1849, in his eighty-eighth year. He contributed extensively to *The Gospel Magazine*. His prose writings were collected in 1843, in a 12mo volume, entitled "The Truth as it is in Jesus," and his "Hymns and Spiritual Poems," with a short memoir, were, in 1861, published by Mr. Sedgwick.

PRAISE TO JESUS.

JESUS, the Saviour, praise,
Who left His throne above;
Bring Him, ye saints, your choicest lays,
For all His love.
For His beloved bride,
That He might make her free,
He hung, and bled, and groan'd, and died,
On yonder tree.

Jesus, the Saviour, praise,
Who rose and left the dead,
And lives, through everlasting days,
Our glorious Head.
All power to Him belongs;
All grace in Him abounds;
Praise Him in grateful, cheerful songs,
With sweetest sounds.

Jesus, the Saviour, praise:
All praises are His due,
Whose love, and grace, and righteousness
Are ever new.
He was and is the same,
And evermore shall be;
And saints shall sound aloud His fame
Eternally.

Jesus, the Saviour, praise :
He'll ne'er forsake His sheep,
But in His peaceful, pleasant ways,
Their footsteps keep ;
He will His lambs defend,
When wolves and lions roar,
And be their faithful, constant Friend
For evermore.

JOSEPH IRONS.

JOSEPH IRONS was born at Ware, Hertfordshire, on the 5th November, 1785. He assisted his father as a builder. About his eighteenth year, he removed to London, where, becoming savingly impressed, he resolved to dedicate himself to the ministry. He joined the Independents. After preaching for several years as an itinerant missionary, he was, in 1812, ordained to the pastorate of the Independent Chapel, Hoddesdon. He subsequently ministered at Sawston, near Cambridge. In 1818, he was translated to Camden Chapel, Camberwell. There a larger place of worship, named "Grove Chapel," was erected for his use. He died on the 3rd April, 1852. The following hymns are transcribed from his volume, entitled "Zion's Hymns," tenth edition, enlarged, 32mo.

INVOCATION OF THE SPIRIT.

HOLY Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
Breathe upon us from above,
And, with sweet celestial fire,
Zeal inflame, and love inspire.

On this congregation pour
Heav'nly blessings, like a shower ;
Streams of grace upon us shed ;
Teach the living, raise the dead.

Bid each groundless doubt depart,
Bind up every broken heart ;
Warm the frozen, cheer the faint ;
Feed and comfort ev'ry saint.

Ev'ry soul do Thou engage,
Ev'ry Christian's grief assuage :
Be our Counsellor and Guide ;
Lead to Jesus crucified.

PRAISING CHRIST.

Now let our hearts unite
To praise the Saviour's name;
Let ransom'd souls delight
His triumph to proclaim:
Till heav'n and earth shall hear our songs,—
"Salvation to our God belongs."

He gave us to His Son,
In everlasting love;
And lo, our Lord came down
His faithfulness to prove;
Obey'd and suffer'd, died, and rose
In triumph over all our foes.

Now He's exalted high,
And from His glorious throne
He hears His people cry,
And claims them as His own.
He bears them all upon His breast;
In Him we are completely blest.

For ever justified
In His atoning blood,
We shall be glorified
In presence of our God:
Ere long we shall our Jesus see,
For where He is His saints must be.

BEN JONSON.

BEN JONSON, the celebrated dramatist, was born in 1574. He attended Westminster School, but was subsequently employed as a bricklayer. Disliking his occupation, he enlisted in the army. He next tried the stage, but without success. As a dramatic writer, he attained much eminence. A state pension was conferred upon him. He died on the 6th August, 1637.

HYMN TO GOD.

HEAR me, O God!
A broken heart
Is my best part;
Use still Thy rod,
That I may prove,
Therein, Thy love.

If Thou had'st not
Been stern to me,
But left me free,
I had forgot
Myself and Thee.

For sin's so sweet,
As minds ill bent
Rarely repent,
Until they meet
Their punishment.

Who more can crave
Than Thou hast done,
That gav'st a Son
To free a slave,—
First made of nought,
With all since bought?

Sin, death, and hell,
His glorious name
Quite overcame;
Yet I rebel,
And slight the same.

But I'll come in,
Before my loss
Me farther toss,
As sure to win
Under His cross.

JANE ELIZABETH JOY.

JANE ELIZABETH JOY is daughter of Henry Holmes Joy, Esq., Q.C., LL.D., Dublin. She has published "The Pearl of Angrogna: an historical Tale of the Waldenses;" "The Exiled Family and their Restorer: a Bible allegory;" and several other works of a religious character. Miss Joy is a contributor to *The Christian Treasury*, *The Evangelical Magazine*, *The Sunday at Home*, and other serials.

EBENEZER.

(*Contributed.*)

HITHERTO upon my way
Thou hast been my guide and friend;
Watch Thou o'er me night and day,
'Till I reach my journey's end;
Let mine ears a whisper hear,
"Rise, depart!" or, "Linger here!"

I am but a helpless child,
Exiled from my Father's land:
But, amid my wanderings wild,
I have felt a Saviour's hand
Clasp'd in mine, and leading me
Lovingly, my God, to Thee.

Now I would not let Thee go
For all else that could be given;
For Thy love, with pain and woe,
Has no equal under heaven:
And it would be heaven to be
Nearer to Thy love and Thee!

Here, in sickness,—far away
From my earthly home,—how drear
Were my heart, could I not pray,
Knowing Thee intent to hear,
And all bounteous to fulfil
All my need and bless me still.

This my anchor-hope in Thee!
Let it fail me not;—lest I,
Toss'd on life's tempestuous sea,
Whelmed in dark despair should die:
Keep, oh keep me close to Thee
In time and in eternity!

A PILGRIM SONG.

(*Contributed.*)

A PILGRIM through life's wilderness,
And often deeply tried
By sin and suffering, I need
An ever-present Guide;
And Thou hast said that Thou would'st be
Such through my pilgrimage to me.

Thou seem'st to sleep the while earth's storm
Still threatens to prevail,
And powers of darkness are in league
My fortress to assail.
My strength is weakness: Oh awake,
And shield me for Thy mercy's sake!

In Thine unchanging love alone
This weary heart can rest;
And only where Thy presence shines,
Can I be safe or blest.
Let me not take a step, I pray,
Except Thou 'rt with me night and day.

Though lonely, not alone am I,
For Thou art always near;
And nought like Thy sweet sympathy
The drooping heart can cheer;
Through tempests wild Thou guidest me,
Secure as on a waveless sea.

Still nearer, nearer unto Thee:
This my heart's fervent prayer,
E'en though its present answer be
A heavier cross to bear;
Through dangers lead, ne'er let me roam,
Till I "with Christ" am safe at home.

EVENING HYMN.

(*Contributed.*)

As we the busy day recall,
When shades of night around us fall,
And from the graves of memory start,
In living power to wound the heart,
Full many an unrepented sin,
Buried too long its depths within!
In galling chains we come to Thee:
O Saviour, set the captives free!

Conscience accuses; Satan tries
On sin and self to fix our eyes,
That overwhelming sorrow may
Disperse the last faint streak of day.
O Christ! who hast temptation borne,
Pain, anguish, weariness, and scorn,
Give us, with deep humility,
A calm and steadfast trust in Thee!

And should this evening prove our last,
In grateful praise for mercies past,
In pardon seal'd, our spirits keep:
May we, like Stephen, fall asleep!

Our last sight here, our risen Lord;
Our first in heaven, that Friend adored,
Advancing with life's radiant crown,
To lead us to His regal throne.

But if the cross Thou'dst have us bear
Longer, ere we the crown may wear;
If Thou hast in Thy vineyard still
Work for Thy servants to fulfil;
Or if, our patient faith to try,
A lingering death Thou'dst have us die,
'Tis our hearts' fervent prayer to be,
In life, or death, conform'd to Thee.

We ask not or to go or stay,
But *be Thou with us* night and day;
And oh! when time and change are o'er,
May *we be with Thee* evermore!
Thy presence is the heaven we seek,
Thy love, the bliss no tongue can speak;
Our brightest hope eternally
Is only, Lord, *to be with Thee.*

JOHN KEBLE.

THE REV. JOHN KEBLE was son of the Vicar of Fairford, and was born in 1789. He entered Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in first class honours in 1810. He was chosen Fellow of Oriel College in 1813. He held office as Public Examiner in the University in 1814—16, and again in 1821—23. In 1831, he was nominated to the Professorship of Poetry, which he held till 1842. In 1827, he produced his "Christian Year;" several of his lyrics at once became popular, and such has been their general acceptance that the little work has now reached its ninety-fifth edition. Mr. Keble published "The Psalms of David in English Verse," 1839; "Prælectiones Academicæ," 2 vols., 8vo, 1844; "Lyra Innocentium," 1846; and "Sermons on Primitive Tradition," 1848. Several minor works also proceeded from his pen. He died on the 29th March, 1866. For a number of years he held the incumbency of Hursley, Hampshire. In commemoration of his learning and various estimable qualities, it is proposed to found a college at Oxford.

THE BOOK OF NATURE.

THERE is a book who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God above, below,
Within us, and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God Himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompass'd, great and small
In peace and order move.

The moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its sun.

The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crowns His holy hill;
The saints, like stars around His seat,
Perform their courses still.

The saints above are stars in heaven;
What are the saints on earth?
Like trees they stand, whom God has given
Our Eden's happy birth.

Faith is their fix'd unswerving root;
Hope, their unfading flower;
Fair deeds of charity, their fruit,
The glory of their bower.

The dew of heaven is like Thy grace,
It steals in silence down;
But where it lights, the favour'd place
By richest fruits is known.

One name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

The raging fire, the roaring wind
Thy boundless power display;
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless ray.

Two worlds are ours; 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

EVENING.

"Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."
Luke xxiv. 29.

'Tis gone, that bright and orbèd blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

In darkness and in weariness
The traveller on his way must press,
No gleam to watch on tree or tower,
Whiling away the lonesome hour.

Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When round Thy wondrous works below,
My searching, rapturous glance I throw,
Tracing out wisdom, power, and love,
In earth or sky, in stream or grove;

Or, by the light Thy words disclose,
Watch time's full river as it flows,
Scanning Thy gracious providence,
Where not too deep for mortal sense:—

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold,
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live:
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark;
Amid the howling wintry sea,
We are in port if we have Thee.

The rulers of this Christian land
'Twixt Thee and us ordain'd to stand,—
Guide Thou their course, O Lord, aright;
Let all do all as in Thy sight.

Oh! by Thine own sad burthen, borne
So meekly up the hill of scorn,
Teach Thou Thy priests their daily cross
To bear as Thine, nor count it loss!

If some poor wandering child of Thine,
Have spurn'd to-day the voice Divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,—
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

THOMAS KELLY.

THOMAS KELLY was born in Dublin, on the 13th July, 1769. His father was the Right Hon. Chief Baron Kelly. He studied at the schools of Portarlington and Kilkenny, and passed with honours through the University of Dublin. Being destined for the law, he proceeded to London, and entered at the Temple. During the progress of his studies, he was led to a consideration of his spiritual condition, and, after a period of deep anxiety, he resolved to devote himself to the work of the ministry. He took orders in 1792. Soon after, he began to entertain doubts respecting his connection with the Established Church. After some years, he became founder of a sect, which bore his name. He was a warm promoter of the London Missionary Society, and associated himself in the evangelistic labours of the brothers Haldane. He produced several prose works on subjects of ecclesiastical controversy, together with a pamphlet, entitled "Thoughts on Imputed Righteousness." As a hymn-writer, he possesses few equals. The first edition of his hymn-book, which contained ninety-six hymns, appeared at Dublin, in 1804. The seventh edition was issued in 1853, embracing no fewer than 765 compositions. An edition, in which a number of the hymns are set to music by the author, was also published in 1853. Mr. Kelly died in Dublin, on the 14th May, 1855, aged eighty-six.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

"Stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted."—*Isa.* liii. 4.

"STRICKEN, smitten, and afflicted,"
See Him dying on the tree!
'Tis the Christ by man rejected!
Yes, my soul, 'tis He! 'tis He!
'Tis the long expected prophet,
David's Son, yet David's Lord;
Proofs I see sufficient of it:
'Tis a true and faithful word.

Tell me, ye who hear Him groaning,
Was there ever grief like His?
Friends through fear His cause disowning,
Foes insulting His distress.
Many hands were raised to wound Him,
None would interpose to save;
But the awful stroke that found Him
Was the stroke that justice gave.

Ye who think of sin but lightly,
Nor suppose the evil great,
Here may view its nature rightly,
Here its guilt may estimate.
Mark the Sacrifice appointed!
See *who* bears the awful load!
'Tis the Word, the Lord's Anointed,
Son of man, and Son of God.

Here we have a firm foundation;
Here's the refuge of the lost;
Christ's the Rock of our salvation;
His the name of which we boast,
Lamb of God, for sinners wounded!
Sacrifice, to cancel guilt!
None shall ever be confounded,
Who on Him their hope have built.

THE RESURRECTION.

COME, ye saints, look here and wonder,
See the place where Jesus lay;
He has burst His bands asunder;
He has borne our sins away;
Joyful tidings!
Yes, the Lord has risen to-day.

Jesus triumphs! sing ye praises;
By His death he overcame:
Thus the Lord His glory raises,
Thus He fills His foes with shame.
Sing ye praises!
Praises to the Victor's name.

Jesus triumphs! countless legions
Come from heaven to meet their King;
Soon in yonder blessèd regions
They shall join His praise to sing.
Songs eternal
Shall through heaven's high arches ring.

CHRIST EXALTED.

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love.
See, He sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

Well may angels, bright and glorious,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While on earth, He proved victorious;
Now He bears a matchless name.
Well may angels sing of Him:
Heaven supplies no richer theme.

Come, ye saints, unite your praises
With the angels round His throne;
Soon, we hope, our Lord will raise us
To the place where He is gone.
Meet it is that we should sing
Glory, glory to our King.

Sing how Jesus came from heaven,
How He bore the cross below,
How all power to Him is given,
How He reigns in glory now.
'Tis a great and endless theme;
Oh, 'tis sweet to sing of Him!

Jesus! hail, whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms Thy saints on earth.
When we think of love like Thine,
Lord, we own it love Divine.

King of glory, reign for ever,
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own:
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

Saviour, hasten Thine appearing,
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away.
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing
"Glory, glory to our King."

THE SAVIOUR CROWNED.

Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the "Man of sorrows" now;
From the fight return'd victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow.
Crown Him, crown Him:
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

Crown the Saviour, angels crown Him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings.
Crown Him, crown Him:
Crown the Saviour, King of kings.

Sinners in derision crown'd Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name.
Crown Him, crown Him:
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

Hark! those bursts of acclamation;
Hark! those loud triumphant chords:
Jesus takes the highest station;
Oh! what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him, crown Him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

THE REDEEMER GLORIFIED.

The head that once was crown'd with thorns
Is crown'd with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right :
"The King of kings, and Lord of lords,"
And heaven's eternal light.

The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

To them, the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given ;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above ;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him ;
His people's hope, His people's health,
Their everlasting theme.

THE SAVIOUR AS INTERCESSOR.

THE atoning work is done,
The Victim's blood is shed ;
And Jesus now is gone
His people's cause to plead ;
He stands in heaven their great High Priest,
And bears their names upon His breast.

He sprinkles with His blood
The mercy-seat above ;
For justice hath withstood
The purposes of love ;
But justice now objects no more,
And mercy yields her boundless store.

No temple made with hands
His place of service is ;
In heaven itself He stands,
An heavenly priesthood His ;
In Him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfill'd, and now withdraw.

And though awhile He be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great High Priest again ;
In brightest glory He will come,
And take His waiting people home.

"WE'VE NO ABIDING CITY HERE."

"We've no abiding city here :"
This may distress the worldling's mind ;
But should not cause the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

"We've no abiding city here :"
Sad truth, were this to be our home !
But let the thought our spirits cheer,
We seek a city yet to come.

"We've no abiding city here ;"
Then let us live as pilgrims do ;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.

"We've no abiding city here ;"
We seek a city out of sight,
Zion its name—the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.

"We've no abiding city here :"
Methinks I hear the worldling say,
"Your hope is vain ; ye fools, forbear,
For pleasure lies another way."

No wonder men should reason thus,
And count our expectations vain;
But did they know the truth, like us,
They would adopt another strain.

Did they, like us, by faith discern
The glorious city of our God,
They too, like us, would quickly learn
To walk in Zion's heavenly road.

Zion! Jehovah is her strength!
Secure she smiles at all her foes,
And weary travellers at length
Within her sacred walls repose.

O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest!
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.

But hush, my soul, nor dare repine!
The time my God appoints is best;
While here, to do His will be mine,
And His to fix my time of rest.

THE REIGN OF JESUS.

Zion's King shall reign victorious,
All the earth shall own His sway;
He will make His kingdom glorious,
He will reign through endless day.
What though none on earth assist Him,
God requires not help from man;
What though all the world resist Him,
God will realize His plan.

Nations, now from God estrangèd,
Then shall see a glorious light;
Night to day shall then be changèd,
Heaven shall triumph in the sight.

See the ancient idols falling!
Worshipp'd once, but now abhorr'd;
Men on Zion's King are calling,
Zion's King, by all adored.

Then shall Israel, long dispersèd,
Mourning, seek the Lord their God,
Look on Him whom once they piercèd,
Own and kiss the chastening rod.
Then all Israel shall be savèd,
War and tumult then shall cease,
While the greater Son of David
Rules a conquer'd world in peace.

Mighty King, Thine arm revealing,
Now Thy glorious cause maintain;
Bring the nations help and healing,
Make them subject to Thy reign.
Angels, in their lofty station,
Praise Thy name, Thou only wise;
O let earth, with emulation,
Join the triumph of the skies.

THE JUBILEE OF SALVATION.

HARK! the solemn trumpet sounding
Loud proclaims the Jubilee;
'Tis the voice of grace abounding,
Grace to sinners rich and free.
Ye who know the joyful sound,
Publish it to all around.

Is the name of Jesus precious?
Does His love our spirits cheer?
Does His promise still refresh us,
By abating doubt and fear?
Is He good to us, and true?
Such He'll be to others too.

Were you once, at awful distance,
  Wandering from the fold of God?
Could no arm afford assistance,
  Nothing save but Jesu's blood?
Think how many still are found
Strangers to the joyful sound.

Brethren, join in supplication,
  Join to plead before the Lord;
'Tis His arm that brings salvation,
  He alone can give the word.
Father, let Thy kingdom come,
Bring Thy wandering outcasts home.

Brethren, let us freely offer:
  All we have is from above;
Let us give and act and suffer—
  What is this to Jesu's love?
Did He die our souls to save?
Then we're His, and all we have.

Hark! the saints' triumphant chorus,
  "Worthy is the Lamb," they cry;
They have gain'd the prize before us;
  Soon we hope to gain their joy;
But while here, remember still,
They who love Him do His will.

Till we reach the wish'd-for vision,
  Till we see Him as He is,
Let us bear the world's derision,
  Let us prove that we are His;
Let us sound, through all the earth,
Christ's inestimable worth.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

We sing the praise of Him who died,
  Of Him who died upon the cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride;
  For this we count the world but loss.

Inscribed upon the cross, we see
The shining letters, "God is Love:"
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

The cross, it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup;

It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light;

The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

THE WORLD AND THE CROSS.

GROUND of my hope, the cross appears!
I see the Man of sorrows bleed;
I bid adieu to guilty fears,
And in His death my pardon read.

And couldst Thou, O my Saviour, die,
To rescue me from endless woe!
Enough, there's none more blest than I,
Since Thou couldst love a sinner so.

I leave the world its boasted store
Of pleasures that must quickly end;
I prize its vanities no more,
Since I have found the sinner's Friend.

I care not if the world revile,
The world that hates my Master's cause;
The world, I know, would quickly smile,
Were I again what once I was.

Then farewell, world, and farewell all
That emulates a Saviour's praise;
I'll hear Him and obey His call,
Regardless who approves or blames.

I'll praise Him while He gives me breath,
Nor then will cease to sing His love;
For when my voice is lost in death,
I hope to join the choirs above.

GRACE.

Grace is the sweetest sound
That ever reach'd our ears;
When conscience charged, and justice frown'd,
'Twas grace removed our fears.

Grace is a theme indeed,
A hope-inspiring theme;
'Tis all we can desire or need,
'Tis more than fancy's dream.

'Tis freedom to the slave,
'Tis light and liberty;
It takes its terrors from the grave;
'Tis joy and victory.

Grace is a mine of wealth
Laid open to the poor;
Grace is the sovereign spring of health,
'Tis life for evermore.

Of grace then let us sing,
A joyful, wondrous theme;
The God of grace is Israel's King,
And grace proceeds from Him.

We hope to see His face,
With all the saints above;
And sing for ever of His grace,
For ever of His love.

RICHARD KEMPENFELT.

THE son of a Swedish gentleman in the British service, who is supposed to be the Captain Sentry of Addison's *Spectator*, RICHARD KEMPENFELT was born at Westminster, in October, 1718. On the 14th January, 1741, he obtained a commission as lieutenant in the Royal Navy. He was made commander in 1756. In March, 1782, he was appointed second in command of the *Royal George*. The vessel having sprung a leak, she was ordered to Spithead for repair. Placed slightly on her side, in order to enable the carpenters to perform their work, there occurred that dreadful catastrophe, memorable in the annals of the British Navy. The vessel, being assailed by a squall, overset, filled with water, and sunk. Nearly a thousand persons, including Admiral Kempenfelt, perished on the occasion. This lamentable event took place on the 29th August, 1782. Admiral Kempenfelt was a distinguished officer, and a most devoted follower of his Saviour. He associated with Whitefield, the Wesleys, and other devoted ministers. A tractate, entitled "Original Hymns and Poems, by Philotheorus," printed in 1777, is understood be the composition of the admiral. Of the nine compositions which the tractate contains, we have selected three. The first, entitled "The Alarm," would almost seem prophetic of the terrible event by which the gallant author entered on his eternal recompense.

THE ALARM.

HARK! 'tis the trump of God
Sounds through the realms abroad,
Time is no more.
Horrors invest the skies;
Graves burst, and myriads rise;
Nature, in agonies,
Yields up her store.

Changed in a moment's space,
Lo the affrighted race
Shriek and despair;
Now they attempt to flee,
Curse immortality,
And eye their misery
Dreadfully near.

Quick reels the bursting earth,
Rock'd by a storm of wrath,
Hurl'd from her sphere;
Heart-rending thunders roll,
Demons tormented howl,
Great God! support my soul,
Yielding to fear.

O my Redeemer, come!
And through the fearful gloom
Brighten Thy way;
How would our souls arise,
Soar through the flaming skies,
Join the solemnities
Of this great day!

See! see! the Incarnate God
Swiftly emits abroad
Glories benign;
Lo! lo! He comes,—He's here;
Angels and saints appear,
Fled is my every fear,
Jesus is mine.

High on a flaming throne
Rides the Eternal Son,
Sovereign august!
Worlds from His presence fly,
Shrink at His majesty;
Stars, dash'd along the sky,
Awfully burst.

Thousands of thousands wait
Round the judicial seat,
Glorified there;
Prostrate the elders fall;
Wing'd is my raptured soul;
High to the Judge of all,
Lo! I draw near.

O my approving God!
Wash'd in Thy precious blood,
Bold I advance;
Fearless we range along,
Join the triumphant throng,
Shout an ecstatic song
Through the expanse.

THE SOUL'S LONGING.

GENTLE Spirit, waft me over
Jordan's intervening flood;
Lead me to the bleeding Lover;
Bear me to the rest of God.
Glad I eye the rich possession,
Land of peace and perfect love;
Joy, without an intermission,
Ever streaming from above.

Raise me, Lord, to solemn action,
Breathe the energetic breath;
Crown me with the true perfection,
Previous to the stroke of death.
Now commence the holy union;
Let a living seeker prove
All the riches of communion,
All the tenderness of love.

O my agonizing spirit,
Thou shalt surely enter in,
Pluck the fruit of Jesu's merit,
And expel the poison sin.
Far must all thy foes be driven,
Hell's invaders forced to flee,
While the potent arm of Heaven
Brings thee into liberty.

Yes, through Jesu's intercession
I shall reach the fruitful shore,
There receive a saint's impression,
And be happy evermore.
By the force of love attracted,
Fluttering spirit, fly away;
Jesus calls: by Him directed,
Gain the path of perfect day.

THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

Hail! Thou eternal Logos, hail!
Before whose glory angels veil
  Their rapture-beaming eyes;
Our grateful spirits hold Thee dear;
To Thee we breathe the ardent prayer,
  And hallelujahs rise.

Yes: while incessant shouts of praise
Break from angelic ranks, and raise
  The concert of the bless'd;
While all that tread the starry road
Announce the dear Redeemer God,
  Be it on earth confess'd.

Being of beings! Lord of all!
While yonder lucid orbs that roll
  Declare the great I AM,—
We recollect the holy word,
Where all the names and works of God
  Are given to the Lamb.

Thy works, Thy wondrous works display
The attributes of Deity,
  And spell the sacred name;
Jehovah! Jesus! reigning Cause!
Yes, at Thy mighty fiat rose
  This universal frame.

Redeeming Lord! to Thee we bow:
Bless Thy rejoicing people now
  With wisdom from above;
Come, with Thy vesture dipt in blood;
Appear a very present God,
  A God of perfect love.

BENJAMIN HALL KENNEDY, D.D.

THE REV. DR. B. H. KENNEDY was born at Summer Hill, near Birmingham, on the 6th November, 1804. He was educated at King Edward's School, Birmingham, and afterwards at Shrewsbury School. Entering St. John's College, Cambridge, he obtained a succession of University honours for his classical attainments, and, in 1828, was elected Fellow and Classical Lecturer of his College. In 1830, he obtained an assistant-mastership at Harrow, and, in 1836, was chosen Head Master of Shrewsbury School. In 1805, he was appointed Rector of West Felton, Shropshire. Dr. Kennedy has published a number of classical works for the use of schools; and has edited "Hymnologia Christiana," a collection of hymns, and "The Psalter of English Verse."

ADVENT HYMN.

ZION, at thy shining gates,
Lo! the King of glory waits;
Haste thy Monarch's pomp to greet,
Strew thy palms before His feet.

Christ, for Thee their triple light
Faith and Hope and Love unite;
This the beacon we display,
To proclaim Thine Advent day.

Come, and give us peace within;
Loose us from the bands of sin;
Take away the galling weight
Laid on us by Satan's hate:

Give us grace Thy yoke to wear;
Give us strength Thy cross to bear;
Make us Thine in deed and word,
Thine in heart and life, O Lord.

Kill in us the carnal root,
That the Spirit may bear fruit;
Plant in us Thy lowly mind;
Keep us faithful, loving, kind.

So, when Thou shalt come again,
Judge of angels and of men,
We, with all Thy saints, shall sing
Hallelujahs to our King.

CHRIST THE CRUCIFIED.

Ask ye what great thing I know
That delights and stirs me so?
What the high reward I win?
Whose the Name I glory in?
Jesus Christ, the crucified.

What is faith's foundation strong?
What awakes my lips to song?
He who bore my sinful load,
Purchased for me peace with God,
Jesus Christ, the crucified.

Who is He that makes me wise
To discern where duty lies?
Who is He that makes me true,
Duty when discern'd to do?
Jesus Christ, the crucified.

Who defeats my fiercest foes?
Who consoles my saddest woes?
Who revives my fainting heart,
Healing all its hidden smart?
Jesus Christ, the crucified.

Who is life in life to me?
Who the death of death will be?
Who will place me on His right,
With the countless hosts of light?
Jesus Christ, the crucified.

This is that great thing I know;
This delights and stirs me so:
Faith in Him who died to save,
Him who triumph'd o'er the grave,—
Jesus Christ, the crucified.

THE CHRISTIAN RACE.

(*Contributed.*)

ONWARD, holy champion!
Run the Christian race;
Leave the world behind thee,
Heavenward set thy face:
Fresh from cleansing water,
Bright with oil Divine,
Trained with wholesome nurture,
Heavenly bread and wine.

Onward, holy champion!
Throw all weight aside,
All distracting pleasure,
All encumbering pride.
Shun the subtle pitfalls
Laid by Satan's spite;
Let not smiles betray thee,
Let not frowns affright.

Onward, holy champion!
Angels, bending down,
Watch thy brave endeavour,
Guard thy future crown.
Christ, thy gracious Saviour,
Cheers thy striving soul,
And thy prize awaits thee
At the heavenly goal.

ABOUNDING IN HOPE.

(*Contributed.*)

HOPE, Christian soul; in every stage
Of this thine earthly pilgrimage
Let heavenly joy thy thoughts engage:
Abound in hope.

Hope; though thy lot be want and woe,
Though hate's rude storms against thee blow,
Thy Saviour's lot was such below:
Abound in hope.

Hope; for to all who meekly bear
His cross, He gives His crown to wear;
Abasement here is glory there:
Abound in hope.

Hope; though thy dear ones round thee die,
Behold with faith's illumined eye
Their blissful home beyond the sky:
Abound in hope.

Hope; for upon that happy shore
Sorrow and sighing will be o'er,
And saints shall meet to part no more:
Abound in hope.

Hope through the watches of the night:
Hope, till the morrow bring the light:
Hope, till thy faith be lost in sight:
Abound in hope.

BISHOP KEN.

THOMAS KEN was born at Little Berkhampstead, Hertfordshire, in July, 1637. He studied at Winchester and Oxford. In 1657, he became a Fellow of New College, Oxford. In 1679, he was appointed Chaplain to the Princess of Orange, and three years after was promoted as Chaplain to Charles II. In 1684, he was consecrated Bishop of Bath and Wells. He was sent to the Tower by James II. for opposing his dispensing power. At the Revolution, he declined, from certain conscientious scruples, to swear allegiance to William III., and so lived, during the remainder of his life, in retirement. He died at Longleat, Wiltshire, on the 19th March, 1710. The hymns of Bishop Ken have been published in four duodecimo volumes. His Morning and Evening Hymns are held in the highest estimation.

A MORNING HYMN.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Thy precious time misspent, redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

In conversation be sincere,
Keep conscience as the noontide clear;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

By influence of the light Divine,
Let thy own light to others shine;
Reflect all Heaven's propitious rays
In ardent love, and cheerful praise.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part;
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir;
May your devotion me inspire;
That I, like you, my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

May I, like you, in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight;
Perform, like you, my Maker's will:
Oh may I never more do ill.

Had I your wings, to heaven I'd fly;
But God shall that defect supply,
And my soul, wing'd with warm desire,
Shall all day long to heaven aspire.

All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

I would not wake nor rise again,
E'en heaven itself I would disdain,
Wert not Thou there to be enjoyed,
And I in hymns to be employed.

Heaven is, dear Lord, where'er Thou art;
Oh never then from me depart:
For to my soul 'tis hell to be
But for one moment void of Thee.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

AN EVENING HYMN.

All praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thy own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

Oh may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Dull sleep of sense, me to deprive !
I am but half my time alive ;
Thy faithful lovers, Lord, are grieved,
To lie so long of Thee bereaved.

Yet, though sleep o'er my frailty reigns,
Let it not hold me long in chains ;
And now and then let loose my heart,
Till it one Hallelujah dart.

The faster sleep the senses binds,
The more unfetter'd are our minds ;
Oh may my soul, from matter free,
Thy loveliness unclouded see !

Oh when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away ;
And hymns, with the supernal choir,
Incessant sing, and never tire ?

Oh may my guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed his vigils keep ;
His love angelical instil,
Stop all the avenues of ill.

May he celestial joys rehearse,
And, thought to thought, with me converse ;
Or, in my stead, all the night long,
Sing to my God a grateful song.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host :
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

JOHN KENT.

JOHN KENT was born at Bideford, Devonshire, in December, 1766. During his childhood, his father removed to Plymouth, having obtained employment as a shipwright in Plymouth Dock, now Devonport. In his fourteenth year, he was apprenticed to his father. Not having possessed the advantage of a school education, his leisure hours were now devoted to self-improvement. He began to write sacred verses. In 1803, he published a selection of these compositions in a 12mo volume, entitled "A Collection of Original Gospel Hymns." Kent continued to reside at Plymouth, pursuing a career of unobtrusive piety. He was latterly afflicted with the loss of eyesight. His death took place on the 15th November, 1843. "I am accepted," were his last words, as he gently fell asleep. The hymns of John Kent have been frequently reprinted. Those which follow have been transcribed from "Original Gospel Hymns and Poems, by John Kent, with a life of the Author, by his son;" tenth edition, London, 1861, 12mo.

THE ROCK OF AGES.

WHEN overwhelm'd with doubts and fear,
Great God, do Thou my spirit cheer ;
Let not mine eyes with tears be fed,
But to the Rock of ages led.

When storms of sin and sorrows beat,
Lead me to this Divine retreat ;
Thy perfect righteousness and blood,
My Rock, my Fortress, and my God.

When guilt lies heavy on my soul,
And waves of fierce temptation roll,
I'll to this Rock for shelter flee,
And take my refuge, Lord, in Thee.

When sick, or faint, or sore dismay'd,
Then let my hopes on Thee be stay'd :
Thy summit, rising to the skies,
Shall shield my head when dangers rise.

Shelter'd by Thine omnipotence,
What potent arm shall pluck me hence?
On every side I'm guarded well,
With love and grace immutable.

High as my sin, yea, higher too,
This everlasting Rock I view;
Replete with free eternal grace,
Made from of old my dwelling-place.

When call'd the vale of death to tread,
Then to this Rock may I be led;
Nor fear to cross that gloomy sea,
Since Thou hast tasted death for me.

A SINNER SAVED.

Let Zion in her songs record
The honours of her dying Lord,
Triumphant over sin;
How sweet the song there's none can say,
But he whose sins are wash'd away,
Who feels the same within.

We claim no merit of our own,
But self-condemned, before Thy throne,
Our hopes on Jesus place;
In heart, in lip, in life depraved,
Our theme shall be "a sinner saved,"
And praise redeeming grace.

We'll sing the same while life shall last,
And when, at the archangel's blast,
Our sleeping dust shall rise;
Then, in a song for ever new,
The glorious theme we'll still pursue
Throughout the azure skies.

Prepared of old, at God's right hand,
Bright, everlasting mansions stand
For all the blood-bought race;
And till we reach those seats of bliss,
We'll sing no other song but this—
Salvation all of grace.

REIGNING GRACE.

HARK! how the blood-bought host above
Conspire to praise redeeming love,
In sweet harmonious strains;
And while they strike their golden lyres,
This golden theme each bosom fires,
That Grace triumphant reigns!

Join thou, my soul; for thou canst tell
How Grace Divine broke up thy cell,
And loosed thy native chains;
And still, from that auspicious day,
How oft are thou constrain'd to say,
That Grace triumphant reigns!

When David fell, in days of old,
This brought the wanderer to the fold,
A prisoner in its chains;
Now free from sin, a virgin soul,
To sing, while endless ages roll,
That Grace triumphant reigns.

Grace, till the tribes redeemed by blood
Are brought to know themselves and God,
Her empire shall maintain;
To call, when He appoints the day,
And from the mighty take the prey,
Shall Grace triumphant reign.

When call'd to meet the King of Dread,
Should love compose my dying bed,
And Grace my soul sustain,
Then, ere I quit this mortal clay,
I'll raise my fainting voice, and say,
Let Grace triumphant reign.

LORD KINLOCH.

WILLIAM PENNEY, a Judge of the Court of Session in Scotland, under the title of Lord Kinloch, was born in Glasgow, on the 8th August, 1801. His father, who bore the same Christian name, was a merchant in that city. He was educated at the University of Glasgow. Selecting the profession of the law, he passed advocate in 1824. In 1858, he was raised to the bench. The following compositions, by Lord Kinloch, are transcribed, with permission, from his lordship's volume of religious poetry, entitled "Time's Treasure, or Devout Thoughts for every Day of the Year;" 1863, 8vo. Besides this work, Lord Kinloch has published "The Circle of Christian Doctrine," 1861, 8vo; and "Studies for Sunday Evening," 1866, 8vo.

HOLY GROUND.

'Tis not the temple's shrine,
Which holy makes the place:
Where'er God is, is power Divine;
Where'er God helps, is grace.

The bush on Horeb's peak,
Burning and unconsumed,
The prophet bent to reverence meek;
For God the spot illumed.

The sword at night beheld
By Jordan's swelling bed,
The captain of the host compelled
To own the Lord who led.

Think of thy God as near;
And, once His presence found,
Be sure, whate'er around appear,
Thou tread'st on holy ground.

Put off, O man, thy shoes,
With which thou earth hast trod;
Thee from earth's dust and toil unloose,
And worship pay thy God.

So shalt thou find a light,
To burn and still endure;
A Leader, of all-conquering might,
To make thy Canaan sure.

THE ONLY POSSIBLE.

I CANNOT clear this troubled breast
Of cares, which every day molest;
Only I can remember Thine,
O Saviour, and the less repine.

I cannot drive this sin away,
Which makes me still anew its prey;
I can but to Thy cross repair,
To hear Thee speak my pardon there.

I cannot love as I desire,
With bosom for Thy grace on fire;
I can but view Thy love to me,
And humbled feel, so loved to be.

I cannot rise, as fain I would,
To perfect right, or perfect good:
I can but think of Thee on high,
O Saviour, and be glad to die.

In vain are all my efforts made
Myself to save, or lift, or aid;
The only possible for me,
O Saviour, is to cling to Thee:

In time of dread, Thy hand to hold;
In loss, Thy charter to unfold;
On Thee to lean when prompt to fall;
And, sought in Thee, in Thee have all.

HEAVEN REALIZED.

FAIN would I soar above this earth,
And sun my spirit in the glow
Of that blest land, where nought of dearth
Is known, or pain, or toil, or woe.

I'd wrest my moments from the power
Of this poor scene of strife and care,
And spend, if but a passing hour,
In heaven, amid the bright ones there.

But ah, so hard the thought to frame
Of things nor eye nor ear explains,
That straight I falter in my aim,
And heavenly dream to earthly wanes.

I rise from dust on ready wing,
But mists surround me and depress;
And soon the downward fancy bring
To earth's distincter littleness.

I cannot aught devise, to catch
A feeling such as heaven inspires,
Save, Lord, to work, and wait, and watch,
As e'en in heaven Thy will requires.

To do Thy will not least awakes,
In heaven itself, the heavenly glow;
And he who does Thy will partakes,
In measure, heaven's delight below.

Fancy may fail to paint the bliss,
Which brightens heaven's eternal day;
But working faith can scarcely miss
To feel, although unseen, the ray.

LITANY.

LORD, when earthly pleasures lure,
When the bad our doubts assure,
And to sin appears secure,
Keep us pure.

Lord, when strife we meet and wrong,
Judgments harsh, and angry throng,
For that we to Christ belong,
Keep us strong.

Lord, when in our stores we find
Wealth amassed, like idol shrined,
And the fortune threats the mind,
Keep us kind.

Lord, when sickness brings its qualm,
Or when sorrow finds not balm,
And the prayer supplants the psalm,
Keep us calm.

Lord, when human praise we seek,
When we run beyond the weak,
And approach the topmost peak,
Keep us meek.

Lord, when rusheth whelming ill,
When our sins their pledge fulfil,
And we see in woe Thy will,
Keep us still.

Lord, when nought can more be had,
To our life an hour to add,
And the parting time is sad,
Make us glad.

"IS IT I?"

Who is he that, early brought
'Neath the Saviour's pitying eye,
Keeps within a traitorous thought?
Is it I?

Who amongst the chosen named,
Seeming with the best to vie,
Hides a rebel purpose framed?
Is it I?

Who, with Christ long known as friend,
Straightway from His word will hie,
With His foes in aim to blend?
Is it I?

Who that dippeth in the dish,
With the Saviour seated nigh,
Plans an unclean spirit's wish?
Is it I?

When Thou paint'st the traitor's part,
Saviour, well may I reply,
From the depths of stricken heart,
Is it I?

Lord, preventive warning bring;
Question that arrests supply;
Who would do this treacherous thing?
Is it I?

JOHN A. LATROBE.

THE REV. JOHN A. LATROBE is a native of London. His father, the Rev. Christian I. Latrobe, was Secretary of the Moravian Church Missions. The subject of this sketch studied and graduated A.M. at the University of Oxford. He was ordained to the curacy of the Temple Church, Bristol. He was afterwards appointed incumbent of St. Thomas' Church, Kendal, and had conferred on him an Honorary Canonry of Carlisle Cathedral. In 1863, he retired from his ministerial charge. Mr. Latrobe has published "Scripture Illustrations;" "The Music of the Church;" "The Solace of Song;" and "Sacred Lays and Lyrics." He has also edited "Psalms and Hymns for Private, Social, and Public Worship."

HEAVENLY LOVE.

How strange is heavenly Love!
I never saw His face;
I never trod His courts above;
I have but known His grace.
Yet my affections cling
To His belovèd side:
I feel He is my God, my King,
And I His ransom'd bride.

How strong is heavenly Love!
Stronger than aught below;
Though wide and wild my passions rove,
I will not let Him go!
What though I see Him not,
I feel the ardour burn;
He hath for me the victory wrought;
I love Him in return.

How sweet is heavenly Love!
'Tis all in all to me;
I muse on Him in field or grove,
Or wandering by the sea;
I walk with Jesus here,
Not lonely though alone,
Till in His mansions I appear,
And know as I am known.

PEACE.

LET not your heart be faint;
My peace I give to you,
Such peace as reason never plann'd,
As worldlings never knew.

'Tis not the noiseless calm
That bodes a tempest nigh,
Or lures the heedless mariner
Where rocks and quicksands lie.

'Tis not fall'n nature's sleep,
The stupor of the soul,
That knows not God, nor owns His hand,
Though wide His thunders roll.

'Tis not the sleep of death,
Low in the darksome grave,
Where the worm spreads its couch and feeds,—
No hand put forth to save.

It speaks a ransom'd world,
A Father reconciled,
A sinner to a saint transform'd,
A rebel to a child.

It tells of joys to come;
It soothes the troubled breast;
It shines, a star amid the storm—
The harbinger of rest.

Then murmur not, nor mourn,
My people faint and few;
Though earth to its foundation shake,
My peace I leave with you.

MRS. JEMIMA LUKE.

THE subject of this sketch was born at Colebrook Terrace, Islington, on the 19th August, 1813. Her father, Mr. Thomas Thompson, latterly of Bath, was well known for his philanthropy. So early as her thirteenth year, JEMIMA THOMPSON became an anonymous contributor to *The Juvenile Magazine*. She subsequently published "Missionary Stories," and other books for children; she edited *The Missionary Repository* from 1841 to 1845. She married, on the 10th May, 1843, the Rev. Samuel Luke, now minister of an Independent congregation at Clifton, Gloucestershire. Mrs. Luke has published "The Female Jesuit," 1851; "The Broad Road and the Narrow Way;" "A Memoir of Eliza Ann Harris, of Clifton," 1859; and "Winter Work," 1864.

THE CHILD'S DESIRE.*

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He call'd little children, as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then.
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above:
In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare
For all that are wash'd and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

* Written, in 1841, for a village school near Poundsford Park. It was composed in a stage-coach.—*Note supplied by the author.*

But thousands and thousands who wander and fall
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
I long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest, and brightest, and best;
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE was born at Kelso, Roxburghshire, on the 1st June, 1793. He studied at Trinity College, Dublin. About his twenty-first year, he received orders, on obtaining a curacy near the town of Wexford. He was subsequently appointed to the incumbency of Lower Brixham, Devonshire. In 1826, he published "Tales on the Lord's Prayer;" and, in 1833, "Poems, chiefly Religious." His most considerable publication, entitled "The Spirit of the Psalms," secured him a wide reputation among the lovers of sacred verse. After a period of impaired health, he died at Nice, on the 20th November, 1847. In 1850, his "Remains," with a prefatory memoir, were published by his son.

EVENTIDE.*

ABIDE with me, fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord—
Familiar, condescending, patient, free—
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me.

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus abide with me.

* Written about two months before the author's death, and in prospect of that event.

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee!
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold there Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

HYMN FOR ISRAEL.

Psalm xiv.

Oh that the Lord's salvation
Would out of Zion come,
To heal His ancient nation,
To lead His outcasts home.

How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity;
Rebuild her walls again.

Let fall Thy rod of terror,
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error,
Release the fetter'd heart.

Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind Thy Church to Thee.

THE BLESSINGS OF UNITY.

Psalm cxxxiii.

'Tis a pleasant thing to see
Brethren in the Lord agree;
Children of a God of love
Live as they shall live above;
Acting each a Christian part,
One in lip, and one in heart.

As the precious ointment shed
Upon Aaron's hallow'd head,
Downward through his garments stole,
Spreading odour o'er the whole;
So from our High-Priest above,
To His Church flows heavenly love.

Gently as the dews distil
Down on Zion's holy hill,
Dropping gladness where they fall,
Brightening and refreshing all,
Such is Christian union, shed
Through the members from the Head.

Where Divine affection lives,
There the Lord His blessing gives;
There on earth His will is done,
There His heaven is half begun;
Lord, our great Example prove:
Teach us all like Thee to love.

PRAISE TO GOD.

Psalm ciii.

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring:
Ransom'd, heal'd, restored, forgiven,
Who like thee His praise should sing?
Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress!
Praise Him, still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless!
Praise Him! praise Him!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

Father-like, He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
Praise Him! praise Him!
Widely as His mercy flows.

Frail as summer's flower we flourish;
Blows the wind, and it is gone;
But while mortals rise and perish,
God endures unchanging on;
Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise the High Eternal One.

Angels, help us to adore Him:
Ye behold Him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him;
Dwellers all in time and space,
Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise with us the God of grace.

THE SAINT'S ASPIRATIONS.

Oh! had I, my Saviour, the wings of a dove,
How soon would I soar to Thy presence above!
How soon would I flee where the weary have rest,
And hide all my cares in Thy sheltering breast;

I flutter, I struggle, I pant to get free;
I feel me a captive, while banish'd from Thee:
A pilgrim, a stranger, the desert I roam,
And look on to heaven, and long to be home.

Ah! there the wild tempest for ever shall cease,
No billow shall ruffle that haven of peace;
Temptation and trouble alike shall depart,—
All tears from the eye, and all sin from the heart.

Soon, soon may this Eden of promise be mine.
Rise, bright Sun of glory, no more to decline!
Thy light yet unrisen the wilderness cheers;
Oh what will it be when the fulness appears?

THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.

SWEET is the solemn voice that calls
The Christian to the house of prayer;
I love to stand within its walls,
For Thou, O Lord, art present there.

I love to tread the hallow'd courts
Where two or three for worship meet:
For thither Christ Himself resorts,
And makes the little band complete.

'Tis sweet to raise the common song,
To join in holy praise and love,
And imitate the blessèd throng
That mingle hearts and songs above.

Within these walls may peace abound!
May all our hearts in one agree!
Where brethren meet, where Christ is found,
May peace and concord ever be.

FOR THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

Psalm lxvii.

GOD of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face.
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine;
Fill Thy Church with light Divine;
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Be by all that live adored;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King;
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man His blessing give;
Man to God devoted live;
All below and all above,
One in joy and light and love.

THE CROSS.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought or hoped or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me:
Thou art not like them, untrue.
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might!
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me:
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain:
In Thy service pain is pleasure;
With Thy favour, loss is gain.
I have call'd Thee Abba, Father,
I have stay'd my heart on Thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmix'd with Thee.

Take, my soul, thy full salvation!
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
What a Father's smile is thine,
What a Saviour died to win thee;
Child of heaven, should'st thou repine?

Haste then on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day 's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close Thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon change to full fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

PARAPHRASE OF THE EIGHTY-FOURTH PSALM.

PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
Oh, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
King of glory, God of grace.

Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!

Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise;
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place.
Sun and shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, oh, shower them, Lord, on me.

"MY BELOVED IS MINE, AND I AM HIS."

Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest;
Far did I rove, and found no certain home;
At last I sought them in His sheltering breast,
Who opes His arms, and bids the weary come.
With Him I found a home, a rest Divine;
And I since then am His, and He is mine.

Yes, He is mine! and nought of earthly things,
Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth, or power,
The fame of heroes, or the pomp of kings,
Could tempt me to forego His love an hour.
Go, worthless world, I cry, with all that's thine!
Go! I my Saviour's am, and He is mine.

The good I have is from His stores supplied;
The ill is only what He deems the best;
He for my friend, I'm rich with nought beside,
And poor without Him, though of all possess'd.
Changes may come—I take, or I resign—
Content while I am His, while He is mine.

Whate'er may change, in Him no change is seen,—
A glorious sun that wanes not, nor declines;
Above the clouds and storms, He walks serene,
And sweetly on His people's darkness shines.
All may depart—I fret not, nor repine,
While I my Saviour's am, while He is mine.

He stays me falling, lifts me up when down,
Reclaims me wandering, guards from every foe;
Plants on my worthless brow the victor's crown,
Which, in return, before His feet I throw,
Grieved that I cannot better grace His shrine,
Who deigns to own me His, as He is mine.

While here, alas! I know but half His love,
But half discern Him, and but half adore;
But when I meet Him in the realms above,
I hope to love Him better, praise Him more,
And feel and tell, amid the choir Divine,
How fully I am His, and He is mine.

ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE.

ONE of the most earnest of modern Scottish preachers, the Rev. ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE, was born at Edinburgh, on the 21st May, 1813. He studied at the High School and University of his native city, and was licensed to preach in July, 1835. After a period of ministerial employment in the united parishes of Larbert and Dunipace, Stirlingshire, he was, in November, 1836, ordained to the pastoral charge of St. Peter's Church, Dundee. In 1839, he accompanied a deputation from the General Assembly on a mission to Palestine. He died, after a short illness, on the 25th March, 1843.

JEHOVAH TSIDKENU.

"THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS."

I ONCE was a stranger to grace and to God,
I knew not my danger, and felt not my load;
Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree,
Jehovah Tsidkenu was nothing to me.

I oft read with pleasure, to soothe or engage,
Isaiah's wild measure and John's simple page ;
But e'en when they pictured the blood-sprinkled tree,
Jehovah Tsidkenu seemed nothing to me.

Like tears from the daughters of Sion that roll,
I wept when the waters went over His soul ;
Yet thought not that my sins had nail'd to the tree
Jehovah Tsidkenu—'twas nothing to me.

When free grace awoke me by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to die ;
No refuge, no safety, in self could I see ;
Jehovah Tsidkenu my Saviour must be.

My terrors all vanished before the sweet name ;
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came
To drink at the fountain, life-giving and free :
Jehovah Tsidkenu is all things to me.

Jehovah Tsidkenu ! my treasure and boast ;
Jehovah Tsidkenu ! I ne'er can be lost ;
In Thee I shall conquer by flood and by field,
My cable, my anchor, my breast-plate and shield !

Even treading the valley, the shadow of death,
This "watchword" shall rally my faltering breath ;
For while from life's fever my God sets me free,
Jehovah Tsidkenu, my death-song shall be.

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

How pleasant to me thy deep-blue wave,
O Sea of Galilee !
For the glorious One, who came to save,
Hath often stood by thee.

Fair are the lakes in the land I love,
Where pine and heather grow ;
But thou hast loveliness far above
What nature can bestow.

It is not that the wild gazelle
Comes down to drink thy tide;
But He that was pierced to save from hell,
Oft wandered by thy side.

It is not that the fig-tree grows,
And palms, in thy soft air,
But that Sharon's fair and bleeding Rose
Once spread its fragrance there.

Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
Thou calm reposing sea;
But ah, far more, the beautiful feet
Of Jesus walk'd o'er thee.

These days are past: Bethsaida, where?
Chorazin, where art thou?
His tent the wild Arab pitches there,
The wild reed shades thy brow.

Tell me, ye mouldering fragments, tell,
Was the Saviour's city here?
Lifted to heaven, has it sunk to hell,
With none to shed a tear?

Ah! would my flock from thee might learn
How days of grace will flee;
How all an offered Christ who spurn,
Shall mourn at last, like thee.

And was it beside this very sea
The new-risen Saviour said
Three times to Simon, "Lovest thou me?
My lambs and sheep then feed"?

O Saviour! gone to God's right hand,
Yet the same Saviour still;
Graved on Thy heart is this lovely strand,
And every fragrant hill.

Oh! give me, Lord, by this sacred wave,
Threefold Thy love Divine,
That I may feed, till I find my grave,
Thy flock—both Thine and mine.

OUR INDEBTEDNESS TO CHRIST.

When this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—
Not till then,—how much I owe.

When I hear the wicked call
On the rocks and hills to fall;
When I see them start and shrink,
On the fiery deluge brink;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—
Not till then,—how much I owe.

When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own.
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—
Not till then,—how much I owe.

When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunder to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—
Not till then,—how much I owe.

Even on earth, as through a glass,
Darkly let Thy glory pass,
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
Make Thy Spirit's help so meet,
Even on earth, Lord, make me know
Something of how much I owe.

Chosen not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified!
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.

Oft I walk beneath the cloud,
Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud;
But when fear is at the height,
Jesus comes, and all is light.
Blessèd Jesus! bid me show
Doubting saints how much I owe.

When in flowery paths I tread,
Oft by sin I'm captive led;
Oft I fall—but still arise;
The Spirit comes—the tempter flies;
Blessèd Spirit! bid me show
Weary sinners all I owe.

Oft the nights of sorrow reign—
Weeping, sickness, sighing, pain;
But a night Thine anger burns—
Morning comes and joy returns;
God of comforts! bid me show
To Thy poor how much I owe.

WILLIAM McCOMB.

WILLIAM McCOMB was born at Coleraine, in the county of Londonderry, in 1793. For many years he carried on business as a bookseller in Belfast. He has retired from trade. Mr. McComb published in 1817, "The Dirge of O'Neill;" in 1822, "The School of the Sabbath;" and in 1849, the "Voice of a Year, with other Poems." In 1864, the whole of his poetical works were published in a handsome octavo volume.

THE STILL, SMALL VOICE.

1 Kings xix. 11, 12.

He cometh, He cometh, the Lord passeth by;
The mountains are rending, the tempest is nigh;
The wind is tumultuous, the rocks are o'ercast;
But the Lord of the prophet is not in the blast.

He cometh He cometh, the Lord, He is near ;
The earth it is reeling, all Nature's in fear ;
The earthquake's approaching with terrible form ;
But the Lord of Sabaoth is not in the storm.

He cometh, He cometh, the Lord is in ire ;
The smoke is ascending, the mount is on fire ;
Oh say, is Jehovah revealing His name ?
He is near, but Jehovah is not in the flame.

He cometh, He cometh, the tempest is o'er ;
He is come, neither tempest nor storm shall be more.
All Nature reposes ; earth, ocean, and sky,
Are still as the voice that descends from on high.

How sweet to the soul are the breathings of peace,
When the still voice of pardon bids sorrow to cease ;
When the welcome of mercy falls soft on the ear,
" Come hither, ye laden,—ye weary, draw near !"

There is rest for the soul that on Jesus relies ;
There's a home for the homeless prepared in the skies ;
There's a joy in believing, a hope and a stay,
That the world cannot give nor the world take away.

O had I the wings of a dove, I would fly,
And mount on the pinions of faith to the sky,
Where the still and small breathing to earth that was given,
Shall be changed to the anthem and chorus of heaven.

CHRIST IS ALL.

CHIEF of sinners though I be,
Jesus shed His blood for me ;
Died, that I might live on high ;
Lived, that I might never die.
As the branch is to the vine,
I am His and He is mine.

Oh! the height of Jesus' love!
Higher than the heavens above,
Deeper than the depths of sea,
Lasting as eternity;
Love that found me, wondrous thought!
Found me when I sought Him not.

Jesus only can impart
Balm, to heal the smitten heart;
Peace that flows from sin forgiven,
Joy that lifts the soul to heaven.
Faith and hope to walk with God,
In the way that Enoch trod.

Chief of sinners though I be,
Christ is all in all to me;
All my wants to Him are known,
All my sorrows are His own:
Safe with Him from earthly strife,
He sustains the hidden life.

O my Saviour, help afford,
By Thy Spirit and Thy Word;
When my wayward heart would stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Grace in time of need supply—
While I live, and when I die.

JOHN ROSS MACDUFF, D.D.

THE REV. JOHN ROSS MACDUFF, D.D. was ordained minister of Kettins, Forfarshire, in 1842. He was subsequently translated to the parish of St. Madoes, and, in 1856, was invited to undertake the pastoral duties in connection with the newly-erected church at Sandyford, Glasgow. Dr. Macduff is author of numerous religious works. His more esteemed publications are "The Memories of Gennesaret;" "Memories of Bethany;" "The Story of Bethlehem;" "Footsteps of St. Paul;" "The Bow in the Cloud;" "Grapes of Eshcol;" "The Prophet of Fire;" "Sunsets on the Hebrew Mountains;" "The Faithful Promiser;" and "Morning and Night Watches." He has published a small volume of hymns, entitled "Altar Stones."

BETHLEHEM.

WHAT are these ethereal strains
Floating o'er Judæa's plains?
Burning spirits throng the sky
With their lofty minstrelsy.

Hark! they break the midnight trance
With the joyous utterance—
"Glory to God, and peace to men,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

Quench, ye types, your feeble ray;
Shadows, ye may melt away;
Prophecy, your work is done;
Gospel ages have begun!
Temple, quench your altar-fires;
For these radiant angel-choirs
To a ruin'd world proclaim—
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

Pillow'd is His infant head
On a borrow'd manger-bed;
He, around whose throne above
Angels hymn'd their songs of love,
Now is wrapt by virgin hands
In earth's meanest swaddling bands;
Once adored by seraphim,
Now a babe of Bethlehem.

Eastern sages from afar,
Guided by a mystic star,
Follow'd, till its lustre mild
Brought them to the heavenly Child.
May each providence to me
Like a guiding meteor be,
Bringing nearer unto Him,
Once the Babe of Bethlehem!

OLIVET.

OFT as the day-light hours were gone,
When friends forsook, and foes beset,
The Saviour of the world, alone,
Retired to pray on Olivet.

And still, by faith, I climb its steep,
A respite from earth's cares to find;
To hush distracting thoughts asleep
Amid the Sabbath of the mind.

The saint in glory owns and sees
A brother in the man of prayer;
The little infant on his knees
Is kinsman to each seraph there.

Oh, may I cherish more and more
The shelter of this calm retreat,
And realize the bliss in store
For those who love the mercy-seat!

When ends at last life's little day,
Its waning sun about to set,
My soul would soar to heaven away,
On wings of prayer from Olivet.

JERUSALEM.

Tell me, O thou captive daughter,
Why the sackcloth on thy brow?
Why thy children given to slaughter,
Made in servitude to bow?
Heaven proclaims the awful story,
"She has slain the Lord of glory!"

She who once, in peerless splendour,
'Mid the kingdoms sat enthroned,
Alien now, without defender,
Scorn'd, rejected, and disown'd!
Nations, read the thrilling story,
Lest ye scorn the Lord of glory!

Zion! shall there then be spoken
"Glorious things of thee" no more?
Does thy God—thy ramparts broken—
Still forbid thee to restore?
Go, and wail with tears the story
How ye slew the Lord of glory.

Lord, make bare Thine arm to save her,
Let her exiles cease to roam ;
Let the promised time to favour,
Yea, the set time, let it come !
Heralds, spread the joyful story,
Judah *owns* the Lord of glory !

Rise, ye prostrate sons of Salem,
God once more is on your side ;
Weeping aliens, come and hail Him
Whom your fathers crucified.
Teach a wondering world the story
How ye *love* the Lord of glory !

THE FOUNTAIN OF SALVATION.

CHRISTIANS ! hark what heavenly chorus
Wakes the echo of the sky !
What bright spirits, these before us,
Throng the blissful realms on high ?

Once they were in tribulation ;
Sin obscured their bright array,
Till the Fountain of salvation
Wash'd their guilty stains away.

Still that Fountain, full as ever,
All alike are free to share ;
Nor can guilty sinners ever
Come too heavy-laden there.

Come ! all ye whose souls are dreary,
Toss'd with fears, with doubts distress'd ;
Here is shelter for the weary,
To the heavy-laden rest !

Lord, we come, not one awanting ;
By Thy grace our souls redeem ;
Like the hart for water panting,
All would drink the sacred stream.

We come, to hear the joyous story,
And to wash our garments white,—
Free to all the realms of glory,
Endless day which knows no night.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

HASTEN, Lord, that morn of glory
When the world shall groan no more,
When the Gospel's joyous story
Shall be spread from shore to shore.

Speed the glorious proclamation;
Let Messiah's power increase;
Every tribe, and tongue, and nation,
Welcome in the Prince of peace.

Wake your echoes, rocks of Kedar!
Midian! Ephah! own His grace.
"Fir, and pine, and box, and cedar,
Beautify His holy place!"

Blessèd time, when every dwelling
Shall one joyful anthem raise;
Every heart, with rapture swelling,
Thrilling every tongue with praise.

When the leopard and the lion
With the lamb in peace shall lie,
And within the earthly Zion
Dwell the love that reigns on high!

Firmament, now glowing o'er us,
Mountains, rivers, isles, and sea,
All combine to swell the chorus
That will ring earth's jubilee!

MRS. MACKAY.

MARGARET MACKAY is daughter of Captain Robert Mackay, who, after returning from active service, settled at Hedgefield, near Inverness. In 1820, she was united in marriage to Major William Mackay, of the 68th Light Infantry, afterwards Lieutenant Colonel. Mrs. Mackay has published "The Family at Heatherdale;" "Sabbath Musings;" "The Wycliffites;" "Lays of Leisure Hours;" "False Appearances;" and some fugitive pieces. Her popular lyric, "Asleep in Jesus," was contributed, in 1832, to *The Amethyst*, an annual published at Edinburgh.

ASLEEP IN JESUS.

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep,
A calm and undisturb'd repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes!

Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost his venom'd sting.

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour,
That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus! oh for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high!

Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Debars this precious "hiding place;"
On Indian plains, or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep!

TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

GLORIOUS Spirit! from on high,
Sent to show a Saviour nigh;
In the darkest hours of night
Cheer me with Thy quenchless light.

By Thine holy office led,
Testify of Him who bled;
Testify how Jesus slain
Rose, revived, and reigns again!

Turn the sinner from his sin,
Teach him how the crown to win,
Bring him to Immanuel's feet,
Lead him to the mercy-seat.

Thou canst make the soul to feed
On the ever-living bread;
Thou canst calm his new-born fears,
Dry his penitential tears.

Bid him hear the Shepherd's voice,
Think of Jesus and rejoice;
Daily, though earth's woes increase,
Thou canst sweetly whisper peace.

While, in just avenging ire,
God is "a consuming fire,"
Yet, Thou new life giving Dove,
Thou canst show how God is love.

NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

A DISTINGUISHED minister of the Scottish Church, NORMAN MACLEOD was born at Campbeltown, Argyleshire, in 1812. His father, who bore the same Christian name, was minister of St. Columba's church, Glasgow, and Dean of the Chapel Royal. He studied at the Universities of Glasgow and Edinburgh, also in Germany. In 1838, he was ordained minister of Loudoun, Ayrshire; he was translated to Dalkeith in 1843, and to the Barony parish, Glasgow, in 1851. In 1858, he received the degree of D.D. His principal publications are "The Earnest Student," 1854, 8vo; "The Home School," 1856, 8vo; "Deborah," 1857, 8vo; "The Gold Thread," 1861, 8vo; "The Old Lieutenant and his Son," 1862, 8vo; and "Eastward," 1866, 8vo. Dr. Macleod edited *The Edinburgh Christian Magazine*. He has conducted from its origin *Good Words*, a serial of which the remarkable success is in no small measure due to the popularity of the editor. Dr. Macleod is one of Her Majesty's chaplains.

TRUST IN GOD.

COURAGE, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path is dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble:
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Let the road be long and dreary,
And its ending out of sight;
Foot it bravely, strong or weary;
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Perish "policy" and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Trust no forms of guilty passion,
Fiends can look like angels bright;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Trust no party, Church, or faction;
Trust no leaders in the fight;
But, in every word and action,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee;
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Simple rule, and safest guiding;
Inward peace, and inward light;
Star upon our path abiding:
"Trust in God, and do the right."

RICHARD MANT, D.D.

RICHARD MANT was born at Southampton, on the 12th February, 1776. His father, Dr. Mant, was rector of All Saints' church, Southampton, and possessed distinction as an author and general scholar. The subject of this sketch was placed at Winchester School, in 1789; he afterwards entered Trinity College, Oxford. He graduated M.A. in 1801, and in the following year was ordained as curate to his father. After different changes, he became, in 1813, Vicar of Coggeshall, Essex. In 1813, he was appointed domestic chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury. In 1816, he obtained the rectory of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate. In 1820, he was consecrated Bishop of Killaloe, Ireland. He was translated to the see of Down and Connor, in 1823. His last promotion took place in 1842, when he accepted the bishopric of Dromore. He died on the 2nd November, 1848. Bishop Mant was a most voluminous writer. His edition of the Bible, prepared in conjunction with Dr. George D'Oyley, is held in much esteem. He published an "English Metrical Version of the Book of Psalms," "Ancient Hymns from the Roman Breviary, for domestic use," etc., and other works in verse. His hymns are spread over his different works.

HYMN TO THE SAVIOUR.*

SAVIOUR, who, exalted high
In Thy Father's majesty,
Yet vouchsaf'st Thyself to show
To Thy faithful flock below;
Foretaste of that blissful sight,
When, arrayed in glorious light,
Beaming with paternal grace,
They shall see Thee face to face.
Saviour, though this earthly shroud
Now my mortal vision cloud,
Still Thy presence let me see;
Manifest Thyself to me!

Son of God, to Thee I cry:
By the holy mystery
Of Thy dwelling here on earth;
By Thy pure and holy birth,

* We have followed the example of Sir Roundell Palmer in presenting only four out of nine stanzas of this composition. It is contained in Dr. Mant's "Holy-days of the Church."

Offspring of the Virgin's womb;
By the light through midnight gloom,
Bursting on the shepherds' gaze;
By the angels' song of praise;
By the leading of the star,
The eastern sages' guide from far;
By their gifts, with worship meet,
Offer'd at Thy infant feet;
Lord, Thy presence let me see;
Manifest Thyself to me!

Man of sorrows, hear me cry!
By Thy great humility;
By Thy meekly bowèd head;
By Thy gentle Spirit, fled
To the mansions of the dead;
By the wound, whence issuing flow'd
Water, mingled with Thy blood.
By Thy breathless body, laid
In the rock's sepulchral shade,
Where man ne'er before reposed,
Straitly watch'd, securely closed;
Lord, Thy presence let me see;
Manifest Thyself to me!

Lord of glory, God most high,
Man exalted to the sky,
God and man, to Thee I cry:
With Thy love my bosom fill;
Prompt me to perform Thy will;
Grant me, what Thou bidd'st to do,
What Thou proffer'st to pursue:
So may He, the Sire above,
Guard me with a parent's love;
So may He, the Spirit blest,
Whisper comfort, hope, and rest;
So may'st Thou, my Saviour, come,
Make this froward heart Thy home,
And manifest Thyself to me
In the Triune Deity.

JESUS OUR LIGHT AND SAVIOUR.

Son of man, to Thee we cry:
By the wondrous mystery
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
By Thy pure and holy birth,
Lord, Thy presence let us see:
Thou our Light and Saviour be.

Lamb of God, to Thee we cry:
By Thy bitter agony,
By Thy pangs to us unknown,
By Thy Spirit's parting groan,
Lord, Thy presence let us see:
Thou our Light and Saviour be.

Prince of life, to Thee we cry:
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy power to help and save,
Lord, Thy presence let us see:
Thou our Light and Saviour be.

Lord of glory, God most high,
Man exalted to the sky,
With Thy love our bosom fill;
Help us to perform Thy will;
Then shall we Thy glory see,
Heaven our home, and we with Thee.

JOHN MARRIOTT.

THE REV. JOHN MARRIOTT was born at Cottesbach, near Lutterworth, Leicestershire, in the year 1780. He was the youngest son of the Rev. Dr. Marriott, owner and incumbent of Cottesbach. He studied at Christ Church, Oxford, and took honours at the examination in 1802, the first year that public honours were awarded. He was ordained in 1803, and after holding various curacies was appointed rector of Church Lawford, Warwickshire. His latter years were spent in the county of Devon. He died on the 31st March, 1825, in his 45th year. The following hymn, which originally appeared in Dr. Raffles' collection, is here printed from a MS. supplied by the author's son.

A MISSIONARY HYMN.

THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
"Let there be light."

Thou, who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh, now to all mankind
"Let there be light."

Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight:
Move o'er the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
"Let there be light."

Blessèd and holy
And glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Thro' the world, far and wide,
"Let there be light."

JOHN MASON.

JOHN MASON studied at Clare Hall, Cambridge. Taking orders, he became curate at Isham, Northamptonshire. After an intermediate preferment, he was, in 1674, promoted to the rectory of Water-Stratford, Buckinghamshire. In 1683, he published "Songs of Praise," which includes a paraphrase of the Song of Solomon, and a poem on Dives and Lazarus. His death took place in 1694. His "Select Remains," consisting of practical sayings and Christian letters, were published shortly after his decease. Mason was a person of remarkable piety. His "Songs of Praise" have passed through many editions.

A HYMN, FOR THE EVENING.

Now, from the altar of my heart,
Let incense-flames arise;
Assist me, Lord, to offer up
Mine evening sacrifice.

Awake, my love; awake, my joy;
Awake, my heart and tongue!
Sleep not: when mercies loudly call,
Break forth into a song.

Man's life 's a book of history;
The leaves thereof are days;
The letters, mercies closely join'd;
The title is Thy praise.

This day God was my sun and shield,
My keeper and my guide;
His care was on my frailty shown,
His mercies multiplied.

Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day:
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.

New time, new favour, and new joys
Do a new song require;
Till I shall praise Thee as I would,
Accept my heart's desire.

Lord of my time, whose hand hath set
New time upon my score;
Then shall I praise for all my time,
When time shall be no more.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

SAMUEL MEDLEY was born at Cheshunt, Hertfordshire, on the 23rd June, 1738. He was apprenticed to an oilman in London; but, not relishing this employment, he entered the navy as a midshipman. At this period he was a stranger to the concerns of religion. A severe wound which he received in a naval engagement with the French, off Cape Lagos, in August, 1759, led to his being invalided for several months. He was now brought to a sense of his spiritual danger, and led to close with the offer of salvation. Entering the ministry of the Baptist Church, he accepted, in 1767, a call from a congregation at Watford, Herts. In 1772, he removed to Liverpool, where, in 1789, a new chapel in Byrom Street was erected for his increasing congregation. After a period of declining health, he died on the 17th July, 1799. His death was a triumphant vindication of his latter life. Mr. Medley's hymns originally were printed on broadsides. In 1785 appeared a second edition of his "Hymns on Select Portions of Scripture," containing thirty-four hymns. Of this little work a third edition, containing seventy-seven hymns, was published in 1789, 12mo. In 1794 he printed a small collection of "Hymns sung after preaching." A volume of "Hymns" from his pen, containing two hundred and thirty-two compositions, appeared in 1800. His memoirs were published by his son, in 1807.

CHRIST OUR KING.

NOT of terrestrial mortal themes,
Not of the world's delusive dreams
My soul attempts to sing:
But of that theme Divinely true,
Ever delightful, ever new—
My Jesus and my King.

Oh could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost Divine.

Upon the theme I'd ever dwell,
And in transporting raptures tell
What I in Jesus see;
I'd sing with more than mortal voice,
And lose my life amidst the joys
Of what He is to me.

Prostrate before His throne I'd fall,
And bless His holy name for all
The riches of His grace;
I'd sing how glorious power subdued,
I'd sing how sovereign love renew'd
The vilest of the race.

I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath Divine:
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

But ah! I'm still in clay confin'd,
And mortal passions clog my mind,
And downward drag me still:
O when shall I attain the skies,
And to immortal glories rise
On Zion's heavenly hill?

Well, the delightful day will come,
When He, dear Lord! will bring me home,
And I shall see His face:
There, with my Saviour, brother, friend,
A bless'd eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

CHRIST OUR LIFE.

Jesus, my Lord! my life! my all!
Prostrate before Thy throne I fall;
Fain would my soul look up and see
My hope, my heaven, my all in Thee.

Here, in this world of sin and woe,
I'm fill'd with tossings to and fro,
Burden'd with sin, with fear oppress'd;
And nothing here can give me rest.

In vain from creatures help I seek :
Thou, only Thou, the word canst speak,
To heal my wounds, and calm my grief,
Or give my mournful heart relief.

Lord, I am vile, and poor, and weak;
Yet will I for Thy mercy seek ;
I therefore cannot turn away,
But wait to hear what Thou wilt say.

Oh speak, and bid my soul rejoice ;
I long to hear Thy pard'ning voice:
Say, "Peace, be still ! look up and live ;
Life, peace, and heaven are mine to give."

Without Thy peace and presence, Lord,
Not all the world can help afford :
Oh, do not frown my soul away :
Lord, smile my darkness into day.

Then, fill'd with grateful, holy love,
My soul in praise shall soar above,
And with delightful joy record
The wondrous goodness of my Lord.

RESIGNATION.

Let me, Thou sov'reign Lord of all,
Low at Thy footstool humbly fall ;
And, while I feel affliction's rod,
"Be still, and know that Thou art God."

When, or wherever Thou shalt smite,
I'll own Thee kind, I'll own Thee right,
And, underneath the heaviest load,
"Be still, and know that Thou art God."

Dost Thou my earthly comforts slay,
And take belovèd ones away ?
Yet will my soul revere Thy rod,
"Be still, and know that Thou art God."

Then be my trials great or small,
There's sure a needs-be for them all;
Thus then Thy dealings I'll applaud,
"Be still, and know that Thou art God."

Let me not murmur, nor repine
Under these trying strokes of Thine,
But, while I walk the mournful road,
"Be still, and know that Thou art God."

Still let this truth support my mind,
Thou canst not err, nor be unkind;
And thus may I improve the rod,
"Be still, and know that Thou art God."

Thy love Thou'lt make in heav'n appear,
In all I've borne, or suffer'd here;
Let me, till brought to that abode,
"Be still, and know that Thou art God."

Then, when my happy soul shall rise
To joys and Jesus in the skies,
I shall, as ransom'd by His blood,
For ever sing, "Thou art my God."

THE LOVING-KINDNESS OF GOD.

Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me;
His loving-kindness is so free!

He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all,
And sav'd me from my lost estate;
His loving-kindness is so great!

When I was Satan's easy prey,
And deep in debt and bondage lay,
He paid His life for my discharge:
His loving-kindness is so large.

Thro' mighty hosts of cruel foes,
Where earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving-kindness is so strong!

When earthly friends forsake me quite,
And I have neither skill nor might,
He's sure my helper to appear;
His loving-kindness is so near.

Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
And tho' I oft have Him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not!

So, when I pass death's gloomy vale,
And life and mortal pow'rs shall fail,
Oh may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

Then shall I mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
Then shall I sing with sweet surprise
His loving-kindness in the skies.

There with their golden harps I'll join,
And with their anthems mingle mine,
And loudly sound on ev'ry chord
The loving-kindness of the Lord.

MISS MENNEL.

MISS MENNEL is author of "Life's Morning;" "Life's Evening;" "Sunday Hours," and other religious publications, chiefly intended for the young. The following hymn, hitherto described as anonymous in the collections, was composed by Miss Mennel, and included by her, along with several other lyrics from her pen, in her volume of "Life's Morning," published by the Religious Tract Society. Miss Mennel formerly resided at Brighton.

GOING HOME.

WE have no home but heaven; a pilgrim's garb we wear;
Our path is mark'd by changes, and strew'd with many a care;
Surrounded with temptation, by varied ills oppress'd,
Each day's experience warns us that this is not our rest.

We have no home but heaven; then wherefore seek one here?
Why murmur at privation? or grieve when trouble 's near?
It is but for a season that we as strangers roam;
And strangers must not look for the comforts of a home.

We have no home but heaven; we want no home beside;
O God, our Friend and Father, our footsteps thither guide.
Unfold to us its glory; prepare us for its joy,
Its pure and perfect friendship, its angel-like employ.

We have no home but heaven. How cheering is the thought!
How bright the expectations which God's own word has taught!
With eager hearts we hasten, the promised bliss to share;
We have no home but heaven—Oh, would that we were there!

JAMES MERRICK.

JAMES MERRICK was born about the year 1718. In 1736, he entered Trinity College, Oxford. Of that college he became a probationer fellow, in May, 1744. He published a number of works, these consisting chiefly of sacred poetry, and contributions to exegetical theology. His paraphrased version of the Book of Psalms is held in much esteem. He died at Reading, on the 5th January, 1769. Bishop Lowth has described him as "one of the best of men, and most eminent of scholars." The following is transcribed from his volume entitled "Poems on Sacred Subjects." Oxford, 1763. 8vo.

ADDRESS TO GOD.

GOD of my health, whose tender care
First gave me pow'r to move,
How shall my thankful heart declare
The wonders of Thy love!
While void of thought and sense I lay,
Dust of my parent earth,
Thy breath inform'd the sleeping clay,
And call'd me to the birth.

From Thee the parts their fashion took,
Ere life was yet begun,
And in the volume of Thy book
Were written one by one.

Thine eye beheld in open view
The yet unfinish'd plan;
The shadowy lines Thy pencil drew,
And form'd the future man.

Oh! may this frame, that rising grew
Beneath Thy plastic hands,
Be studious ever to pursue
Whate'er Thy will commands.
The soul that moves this earthly load,
Thy semblance let it bear,
Nor lose the traces of the God
Who stamp'd His image there.

Thou, who within this earthly shrine
Hast pour'd Thy quick'ning ray,
Oh! let Thy influence on me shine,
And purge each mist away.
With curious search let others ask
Through nature's depths to see;
Oh! teach my soul the better task,
To know itself and Thee.

Teach me to know how weak the mind
That yields to erring pride;
And make my doubting reason find
Thy word its safest guide.
Let me not, lost in learning's maze,
Religion's flame resign;
For what's the worth of human praise,
Compar'd, my God, to Thine?

Keep in my soul the strong delight,
The hopes that in me rise,
While faith presents before my sight
The bliss that never dies.
O be those hopes my only boast,
That faith my whole employ;
Till faith in knowledge shall be lost,
And hope in fullest joy.

Where'er I turn my wakeful thought,
Unnumber'd foes I see;
Guide of my youth, forsake me not,
But lead me safe to Thee.
As on I press, distrust and doubt
Dissuasive step between;
While pleasures tempt me from without,
And passions war within.

Yet, fix'd on Thee, I lose each fear,
Each vain assault I brave;
I know Thee, Lord, not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
O cast my errors from Thy sight,
And let them pass away
Unheeded as a watch by night,
Or as a cloud by day.

So, while in secret thought arraign'd,
O'er my past life I go,
And mark how oft I urg'd Thy hand
To strike th' avenging blow;
So oft shall my repeated lays
My thankful heart declare,
And joy to celebrate Thy praise,
Whose mercy deign'd to spare.

HENRY HART MILMAN, D.D.

THE VERY REV. HENRY HART MILMAN, D.D., was born in London, on the 10th February, 1791. His father was Sir Francis Milman, Bart., physician to George III. He was educated at Eton, and Brasenose College, Oxford. In 1817, he obtained orders, and soon after was appointed Vicar of St. Mary's, Reading. In 1821, he was elected Professor of Poetry in the university of Oxford. He was afterwards appointed Rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster. Since November, 1849, he has held the office of Dean of St. Paul's. Dean Milman has composed a "History of Latin Christianity," and a "History of the Jews;" he has been an extensive contributor to *The Quarterly Review*. His poetical works were published in 1839, in three volumes, 12mo.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

BOUND upon th' accursèd tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is He?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood, and writhing limb;

By the flesh, with scourges torn ;
By the crown of twisted thorn ;
By the side so deeply pierced ;
By the baffled, burning thirst ;
By the drooping death-dew'd brow :
Son of man, 'tis Thou ! 'tis Thou !

Bound upon th' accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, who is He ?
By the sun at noon-day pale,
Shivering rocks, and rending veil ;
By earth, that trembles at His doom ;
By yonder saints who burst their tomb ;
By Eden promised, ere He died,
To the felon at His side ;
Lord, our suppliant knees we bow,
Son of God, 'tis Thou ! 'tis Thou !

Bound upon th' accursèd tree,
Sad and dying, who is He ?
By the last and bitter cry ;
The ghost given up in agony ;
By the lifeless body laid
In the chamber of the dead ;
By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep ;
Crucified ! we know Thee now :
Son of man, 'tis Thou ! 'tis Thou !

Bound upon th' accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, who is He ?
By the prayer for them that slew,—
"Lord, they know not what they do !"
By the spoil'd and empty grave ;
By the souls He died to save ;
By the conquest He hath won ;
By the saints before His throne ;
By the rainbow round His brow :
Son of God, 'tis Thou ! 'tis Thou !

THE LAST DAY.

THE chariot ! the chariot ! its wheels roll on fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of His ire ;
Self-moving, it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are bow'd.

The glory ! the glory ! By myriads are pour'd
The hosts of the angels to wait on their Lord ;
And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,
And all who the palm-wreath of victory wear.

The trumpet ! the trumpet ! The dead have all heard.
Lo ! the depths of the stone-cover'd charnels are stirr'd ;
From the sea, from the land, from the south and the north,
The vast generations of man are come forth !

The judgment ! the judgment ! The thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met ;
All flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on His word !

Oh mercy ! oh mercy ! look down from above,
Creator ! on us, Thy sad children, with love ;
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our sanctified souls find a mansion in heaven.

INVOCATION OF THE REDEEMER.

WHEN our heads are bow'd with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,—
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn ;
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne ;
Thou hast shed the human tear ;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

When the sullen death-bell tolls
For our own departed souls ;
When our final doom is near,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

Thou hast bow'd the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed;
Thou hast fill'd a mortal bier;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

When the heart is sad within,
With the thought of all its sin;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou the shame, the grief hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own;
Thou hast deign'd their load to bear:
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

FUNERAL ANTHEM.

BROTHER, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown.
From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and fears released;
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou 'st travell'd o'er,
And borne the heavy load;
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet
To reach His blest abode.
Thou 'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus,
Upon His Father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now,
Nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
And the Holy Spirit fail.
And there thou 'rt sure to meet the good
Whom on earth thou lovedst best;
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

"Earth to earth," and "dust to dust,"
The solemn priest hath said;
So we lay the turf above thee now,
And we seal thy narrow bed.
But thy spirit, brother, soars away
Among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us,
Whom thou hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world,
As sure a welcome find.
May each, like thee, depart in peace,
To be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL, LL.D.

THE REV. JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL, LL.D., an esteemed living hymn-writer, was born at St. Columbs, Derry, on the 2nd March, 1811. His father was Archdeacon of Derry, and Precentor of Christ Church Cathedral. He studied at Trinity College, Dublin, and took orders in 1836. He became Examining Chaplain to Bishop Mant, and afterwards was appointed Rector of Ramoun, and Chancellor of the diocese of Connor. In 1853, he was presented to the vicarage of Egham, Surrey. He is one of the Rural Deans in the see of Winchester. Dr. Monsell has published several volumes of sacred lyrics. These are designated "Parish Musings;" "Spiritual Songs;" "His Presence not His Memory;" "The Beatitudes;" and "Hymns of Love and Praise."

GETHSEMANE.

WOULD'ST thou learn the depth of sin,
All its bitterness and pain?
What it cost thy God to win
Sinners to Himself again?
Come, poor sinner, come with me;
Visit sad Gethsemanè.

Would'st thou know God's wondrous love?
  Seek it not beside the throne;
List not angels' praise above,
  But come and hear the heavy groan
By the Godhead heav'd for thee,
Sinner, in Gethsemane.

When His tears and bloody sweat,
  When His passion and His prayer,
When His pangs on Olivet,
  Wake within thee thoughts of care,—
Remember, sinner, 'twas for thee
He suffer'd in Gethsemane!

Hate the sin that cost so dear;
  Love the God that loved thee so;
Weep, if thou wilt—but likewise fear
  To bid that fountain freshly flow,
That gush'd so freely once for thee
In sorrowful Gethsemane.

REDEEMING GRACE.

In every season, every hour,
In every leaf, in every flower,
In every scene, and every sound,
Amid creation's wonders found,
  My soul Thy providence discerns;
And whensoe'er I walk abroad,
  To Thee involuntar'ly turns,—
To Thee, my God! to Thee, my God!

The glories of the midnight sky,
The evening insect humming by,
The mightiest and the meanest prove
Alike Thy wisdom, power, and love;
  While heav'n and earth thus both combine
To raise the heart, and point the road
  That leads, thro' blessings so Divine,
To Thee, my God! to Thee, my God!

But O, how much more dear to trace
The wonders of Thy world of grace!
The soul that by the cross can kneel,
And all that cross's comfort feel,
Upon the Saviour's healing wings,
Wash'd in the Saviour's precious blood—
Redeem'd—regenerated springs,
To Thee, my God! to Thee, my God!

REST.

Rest of the weary,
Joy of the sad,
Hope of the dreary,
Light of the glad;
Home of the stranger,
Strength to the end,
Refuge from danger,
Saviour and Friend!

Pillow where, lying,
Love rests its head,
Peace of the dying,
Life of the dead;
Path of the lowly,
Prize at the end,
Breath of the holy,
Saviour and Friend!

When my feet stumble,
I'll to Thee cry;
Crown of the humble,
Cross of the high.
When my steps wander,
Over me bend,
Truer and fonder,
Saviour and Friend!

Ever confessing
Thee, I will raise
Unto Thee blessing,
Glory, and praise;
All my endeavour,
World without end,
Thine to be ever,
Saviour and Friend.

"SOON AND FOR EVER."

"Soon and for ever:"
Such promise our trust,
Though ashes to ashes,
And dust unto dust;
"Soon, and for ever,"
Our union shall be
Made perfect, our glorious
Redeemer, in Thee:
When the sins and the sorrows
Of time shall be o'er,
Its pangs and its partings
Remember'd no more.
Where life cannot fail, and where
Death cannot sever,
Christians with Christ shall be
"Soon and for ever."

"Soon and for ever"
The breaking of day
Shall drive all the night-clouds
Of sorrow away:
"Soon and for ever"
We'll see as we're seen,
And learn the deep meaning
Of things that have been:
When fightings without us,
And fears from within,
Shall weary no more in
The warfare of sin;

Where fears, and where tears, and where
Death shall be never,
Christians with Christ shall be
"Soon and for ever."

"Soon and for ever"
The work shall be done;
The warfare accomplish'd,
The victory won;
"Soon and for ever"
The soldier lays down
His sword for a harp, and
His cross for a crown:
Then droop not in sorrow,
Despond not in fear,
A glorious to-morrow
Is bright'ning and near;
When (blessèd reward of each
Faithful endeavour)
Christians with Christ shall be
"Soon and for ever."

INVOCATION OF CHRIST.

Birds have their quiet nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed;
All creatures have their rest:
But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

Winds have their hour of calm,
And waves—to slumber on the voiceless deep;
Eve hath its breath of balm,
To hush all senses and all sounds to sleep;

The wild deer hath his lair,
The homeward flocks the shelter of their shed;
All have their rest from care:
But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

And yet He came to give
The weary and the heavy laden rest,
To bid the sinner live,
And soothe our griefs to slumber on His breast.

What then am I, my God,
Permitted thus the path of peace to tread?
Peace, purchas'd by the blood
Of Him who had not where to lay His head!

I—who once made Him grieve,
I—who once bid His gentle spirit mourn,
Whose hand essay'd to weave
For His meek brow the cruel crown of thorn!

Oh, why should I have peace?
Why?—but for that unchang'd undying love
Which would not, could not cease,
Until it made me heir of joys above?

Yes; but for pardoning grace,
I feel I never should in glory see,
The brightness of that face
That once was pale and agoniz'd for me.

Let the birds seek their nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed;
Come, Saviour! in my breast
Deign to repose Thine oft-rejected head.

Come, give me rest, and take
The only rest on earth Thou lov'st, within
A heart that for Thy sake
Lies bleeding, broken, penitent for sin.

INGRATITUDE.

Luke xvii. 17, 18.

THERE are ten at the feet of the Saviour;
In wearisome sickness they pine;
They are whole, but is this their behaviour?
"Ten cleansèd!—but where are the nine?"

They came, all one sorrow confessing ;
They knelt with one prayer at His shrine ;
He sent them all back with one blessing ;
"Ten cleansèd !—but where are the nine?"

They were one in the season of danger :
How many own mercy Divine ?
Only one ! and that one is a "stranger ;"
"Ten cleansèd !—but where are the nine?"

O Saviour ! how often in sadness
Our steps to Thine altar incline ;
But return not in sunshine and gladness :
"Ten cleansèd !—but where are the nine?"

We shrink from the pain of displeasure,
Will not study its loving design ;
All we want seems the leisure of pleasure :
"Ten cleansèd !—but where are the nine?"

The vows that in sickness and sorrow
Bound us over tenfold to be Thine,—
Will they live thro' the joy of to-morrow ?
"Ten cleansèd !—but where are the nine?"

Better far our afflictions remaining,
If grace with the chast'ning combine,
Than to call forth Thy gentle complaining,
"Ten cleansèd !—but where are the nine?"

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

JAMES MONTGOMERY was born at Irvine, Ayrshire, on the 4th November, 1771. His father, John Montgomery, a native of Ireland, was a convert of John Cennick, and a preacher in connection with the Moravians. In his sixth year, Montgomery was placed at the Moravian settlement of Fulneck, Yorkshire. After occupying a number of uncongenial situations, he became, in his twenty-first year, assistant to a bookseller in Sheffield. He acquired the property of a local newspaper, which he successfully conducted. Having incidentally printed a patriotic song for a street-hawker, he was, in 1794, subjected to three months' imprisonment in York Castle, on the charge of conspiring against the Government. He was subsequently confined in York Castle for publishing an account of a riot at Sheffield. It was on this occasion that he composed his first volume of poems, which, in 1797, appeared under the title of "Prison Amusements." He died at Sheffield, in April, 1854, in his eighty-second year. For a number of years Mr. Montgomery enjoyed a civil list pension of £150. He is one of the most graceful of British hymn-writers.

PSALM SEVENTY-SECOND.

HAIL to the Lord's anointed !
Great David's greater Son !
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To let the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He comes, with succour speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

By such shall He be fearèd,
While sun and moon endure,
Beloved, obey'd, reverèd ;
For He shall judge the poor,
Through changing generations,
With justice, mercy, truth,
While stars maintain their stations,
Or moons renew their youth.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth;
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert ranger
To Him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see;
With offerings of devotion
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

For Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend,—
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end;
The mountain-dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish
And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all-blest;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever:
That name to us is—Love.

GLORY TO GOD.

Luke ii. 13.

Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day.
God will make new heavens, new earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And can man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice!
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

GOOD TIDINGS.

Angels, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen His natal star.
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you—break your chains;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

DEPARTING FRIENDS.

Friend after friend departs:
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end.
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessèd clime,
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are pass'd away;
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day:
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

THE PREPARATION OF THE HEART.

Lord, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear:
Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.

We perish if we cease from prayer;
Oh grant us power to pray;
And when to meet Thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way.

Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin,
In weakness, want, and woe,
Fightings without and fears within,
Lord, whither shall we go?

God of all grace, we bring to Thee
A broken, contrite heart;
Give what Thine eye delights to see,—
Truth in the inward part.

Give deep humility; the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong desiring confidence
To hear Thy voice, and live.

Faith in the only sacrifice
That can for sin atone;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, on Christ alone.

Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust Thee though Thou slay.

Give these,—and then Thy will be done:
Thus strengthen'd with all might,
We, through Thy Spirit and Thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

PRAYER.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold he prays!"

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,—
He enters heaven with prayer.

The saints, in prayer, appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made by man alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus on the eternal throne
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God!
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod,
Lord, teach us how to pray!

ON OPENING A PLACE FOR WORSHIP.

LORD of hosts! to Thee we raise,
Here an house of prayer and praise;
Thou Thy people's hearts prepare,
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

Let the living here be fed
With Thy word, the heavenly bread;
Here, in hope of glory blessed,
May the dead be laid to rest.

Here to Thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal Thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

Hallelujah! earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply!
Hallelujah! hence ascend
Prayer and praise, till time shall end.

HENRY MOORE.

THE REV. HENRY MOORE was born at Plymouth, on the 30th March, 1732. From his father, who was pastor of a dissenting congregation, he received his elementary education. He subsequently studied at the academy of Dr. Doddridge, at Northampton. He became minister of a congregation at Dulverton, Somersetshire, about the year 1756, but soon after was translated to Modbury, Devonshire. In 1788, he removed to a ministerial charge at Liskeard, Cornwall. He died at Liskeard, on the 2nd November, 1802. After his decease, his poetical compositions, along with a memoir, were published by Dr. Aikin, under the title of "Poems Lyrical and Miscellaneous, by the late Rev. Henry Moore;" London, 1806, 12mo.

DIVINE LOVE.

MY God, Thy boundless love I praise;
How bright on high its glories blaze!
How sweetly bloom below!
It streams from Thine eternal throne;
Thro' heaven its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.

'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
Their genial drops distil;
In ev'ry vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in ev'ry gale that blows,
And glides in ev'ry rill.

It robes in cheerful green the ground,
And pours its flow'ry beauties round,
Whose sweets perfume the gale;
Its bounties richly spread the plain,
The blushing fruit, the golden grain,
And smile on ev'ry vale.

But in Thy gospel see it shine
With grace and glories more Divine,
Proclaiming sins forgiven;
There faith, bright cherub, points the way
To realms of everlasting day,
And opens all her heaven.

Then let the love that makes me blest
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude ;
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To Thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's eternal good.

Dart from Thine own celestial flame
One vivid beam, to warm my frame
With kindred energy ;
Mark Thine own image on my mind ;
And teach me to be good and kind,
And love and bless like Thee.

ENDLESS PRAISE.

HAIL to the sovereign power that broke
The strength of sin's tyrannic yoke,
And freed our captive race,—
Did all the rage of hell confound,
And gave to death its fatal wound !
All hail, victorious grace !

Hail to the Friend of human kind,
Who His celestial throne resign'd
To succour man distrest ;
Who could unnumber'd wrongs forgive ;
Who groan'd the rebel to relieve,
And bled to make him blest.

To Thee our lives, our souls we owe,
Our peace and sweetest joy below,
And brighter hope above ;
Then let our lives, and all that's ours,
Our souls, our passions, and our powers,
Be sacred to Thy love.

O when shall that dear day arise,
When, in full glories, to our eyes
Thy beauties shall appear !
Then, with a far sublimer strain,
We'll praise Thee on the blissful plain,
Through heaven's eternal year.

THOMAS MOORE.

THOMAS MOORE was born in Dublin, on the 28th May, 1779. He studied at Trinity College, where he graduated B.A. in 1798. In the same year he proceeded to London, and with a view to the legal profession entered himself at Middle Temple. In 1804, he was appointed registrar of Bermuda; but, not relishing the situation, he committed his duties to a deputy. He prosecuted henceforth a literary life. His brilliant career as a poet was acknowledged, in 1835, by his receiving a civil-list pension of £300. He died on the 25th February, 1852. His memoir and correspondence have been published in eight octavo volumes, under the editorial care of Earl Russell.

MIRIAM'S SONG.

Exodus xv. 20.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd, His people are free:
Sing,—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,—
  His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave—
How vain was their boast, for the Lord hath but spoken,
  And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd: His people are free.

Praise to the Conqueror! praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow, His breath was our sword.
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
  Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath looked out from His pillar of glory,
  And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
Jehovah has triumph'd: His people are free!

GOD THE ONLY COMFORTER.

OH THOU! who dry'st the mourner's tear,
  How dark this world would be,
If, when deceiv'd and wounded here,
  We could not fly to Thee!

The friends, who in our sunshine live,
  When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give
  Must weep those tears alone.

But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe,

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And even the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimm'd and vanish'd too!

Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not Thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above!

Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

THE GLORY OF GOD IN HEAVEN.

THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee:
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the op'ning clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven:
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes:
That sacred gloom, those fires Divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are Thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye :
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

HANNAH MORE.

HANNAH MORE was born at Stapleton, Gloucestershire, in 1744. Her father, who was in orders, conducted a foundation school in her native town. With her three sisters, Hannah opened a boarding-school for young ladies, first at Stapleton, and afterwards at Bristol. In her seventeenth year, she composed a pastoral drama, entitled "The Search after Happiness." She subsequently devoted her pen to the cause of religion and morals. Her works became abundantly popular, and realized her upwards of £30,000. A third of this sum she bequeathed to charitable purposes. She died at Clifton, on the 7th September, 1833. Her memoirs and correspondence, in four volumes, appeared in 1834.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

OH how wondrous is the story
Of our blest Redeemer's birth !
See, the mighty Lord of glory
Leaves His heaven to visit earth.

Hear with transport, every creature,
Hear the Gospel's joyful sound :
Christ appears in human nature,—
In our sinful world is found.

Comes to pardon our transgression ;
Like a cloud our sins to blot ;
Comes to His own favour'd nation,
But His own receive Him not.

If the angels who attended
To declare the Saviour's birth,
Who from heaven with songs descended
To proclaim good-will on earth :

If, in pity to our blindness,
They had brought the pardon needed,
Still Jehovah's wondrous kindness
Had our warmest hopes exceeded.

If some prophet had been sent
With salvation's joyful news,
Who that heard the blest event
Could their warmest love refuse?

But 'twas He to whom in heaven
Hallelujahs never cease;
He, the mighty God, was given—
Given to us—a Prince of peace.

None but He who did create us
Could redeem from sin and hell;
None but He could reinstate us
In the rank from which we fell.

Had He come, the glorious Stranger,
Deck'd with all the world calls great;
Had He lived in pomp and grandeur,
Crown'd with more than royal state,—

Still our tongues, with praise o'erflowing,
On such boundless love would dwell;
Still our hearts, with rapture glowing,
Feel what words could never tell.

But what wonder should it raise,
Thus our lowest state to borrow!
O the high mysterious ways,
God's own Son a child of sorrow!

'Twas to bring us endless pleasure
He our suffering nature bore;
'Twas to give us heavenly treasure
He was willing to be poor.

Come, ye rich, survey the stable
Where your infant Saviour lies;
From your full, o'erflowing table,
Send the hungry good supplies.

Boast not your ennobled stations ;
Boast not that you're highly fed ;
Jesus—hear it all ye nations !—
Had not where to lay His head.

Learn of me, thus cries the Saviour,
If my kingdom you'd inherit ;
Sinner, quit your proud behaviour,
Learn my meek and lowly spirit.

Come, ye servants, see your station
Freed from all reproach and shame :
He who purchased your salvation
Bore a servant's humble name.

Come, ye poor, some comfort gather;
Faint not in the race you run ;
Hard the lot your gracious Father
Gave His dear, His only Son.

Think that if your humbler stations
Less of worldly good bestow,
You escape those strong temptations
Which from wealth and grandeur flow.

See, your Saviour is ascended :
See, He looks with pity down !
Trust Him, all will soon be mended ;
Bear His cross, you'll share His crown.

MRS. ELIZA FANNY MORRIS.

ELIZA FANNY GOFFE is a native of London. In 1849, she married Mr. Josiah Morris, who is now sub-editor of *The Malvern News*. Mrs. Morris published, in 1853, "The Voice and the Reply," a collection of original poems. She lately issued a second volume of verse, entitled "Life Lyrics."

THE FATHER'S VOICE.

POOR child of sin and woe,
Now listen to thy Father's pleading voice;
No longer need'st thou go
Without a friend to bid thy heart rejoice.

I know thou canst not rest
Until thou art from guilt and sorrow free;
Earth cannot make thee blest;
Come, bring thy suffering, bleeding heart to me.

How often in the hour
Of weariness would I have succoured thee!
But thou didst spurn the power,
And scorn the heart that loved so tenderly.

Oh, what on earth appears
To comfort thy distress and heal thy grief,
To dry thy bitter tears,
And offer thy poor sinking soul relief?

Thy life of sin has been
A toilsome path, without one cheering ray;
Now on thy Father lean,
And He will guide thee in a better way.

Come, leave the desert land
And all the husks on which thy soul has fed,
And trust the faithful Hand
That offers thee a feast of living bread.

O sinner! 'tis the voice
Of One, who long has loved and pitied thee!
He would thy heart rejoice,
And set thee from all sin and suffering free.

Oh, canst thou turn away?
It is thy Father that invites thee near!
Nay, sinner, weep and pray!
And heaven shall hail the penitential tear!

JOHN MORRISON, D.D.

THE REV. JOHN MORRISON, D.D., minister of Canisbay, Caithnesshire, was associated with Logan and others in preparing the Paraphrases from sacred Scripture which are still used by the Scottish National Church. The two following hymns have been ascribed to Dr. Morrison. He died in 1799.

REPENTANCE.

COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
And though His arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.

Long hath the night of sorrow reign'd;
The dawn shall bring us light;
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.

Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice.

As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground:

So shall His presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallow'd morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

THE SAVIOUR'S ADVENT.

THE race that long in darkness pined
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

To hail Thy rise, Thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
Joyous as when the reapers bear
The harvest-treasures home.

For Thou our burden hast removed,
And quelled the oppressors' sway;
Quick as the slaughter'd squadrons fell
In Midian's evil day.

To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

His name shall be the Prince of peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

His power increasing still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And peace abound below.

JOHN MOULTRIE.

DESCENDED from a Scottish family settled for several generations at Charleston, in America, the subject of this notice was born early in the century, in Great Portland Street, Cavendish Square, London. His father, the Rev. George Moultrie, held, from 1806 to 1845, the living of Cleobury-Mortimer, Shropshire. He was educated chiefly at Eton, where, in 1818, his first popular poem, "My Brother's Grave," was written and published in *The Etonian*. From Eton he proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he obtained a scholarship in 1822, and graduated in 1823. He took orders in 1825, and in the same year was appointed to the rectory of Rugby, his present office. Mr. Moultrie has published "The Dream of Life;' "Lays of the English Church;" "Altars, Hearths, and Graves;" and other volumes. He was a contributor to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*. The following hymns by Mr. Moultrie are transcribed, with his permission, from a collection of "Psalms and Hymns" prepared by him for the use of his congregation.

THE CHURCH.

MEEK to suffer, strong to save
From the chambers of the grave,
Christ the steep ascent hath trod,
Up to the right hand of God.

With all power invested, thence
He His Spirit doth dispense,
To His faithful people still,
Quickening whomsoe'er He will.

Some apostles, prophets some,
At His gracious bidding come;
Pastors, teachers still He sends
To His children and His friends;

For the help of those who faint,
For the strengthening of the saint;
That the Church increased may be,
For the body's ministry:

Till, in unity and love,
Faith and hope in Him above,
To the measure and the span
Come we of a perfect man;

Be no longer to and fro
Toss'd by all the winds that blow;
Keep the truth, nor let it slip;
Keep the Christian fellowship.

By no cunning sleight enticed
From our perfect trust in Christ;
Close, compact in joint and limb
May we all grow up in Him.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL HYMN.

O LORD, a wondrous story
Our ears have heard of Thee,
How Thou didst leave Thy glory
A little child to be;
And here in lowly station
Didst suffer childhood's woes,
And feel each sharp temptation
Which e'en our childhood knows.

And, in Thy manhood's meekness,
Thy hands were spread to bless
Sweet childhood's smiling weakness
With many a mild caress.
Young babes Thou lov'st to cherish,
As on a parent's knee;
Nor would'st that one should perish,
But all be taught of Thee.

Help then our weak endeavour
To make Thy gospel known,
And seal, O Lord, for ever,
These little ones Thine own.
Thy Church's nurslings gather
Beneath Thy sheltering wing;
Be Thou their Friend and Father,
Redeemer, Guide, and King.

CHILDREN'S HYMN.

SOURCE of wisdom, past and present,
Fount of love which ne'er shall cease,
Thou, whose ways are always pleasant,
Thou, whose paths are perfect peace;

Though our tongues, which lisp and falter,
Thy transcendent praise bedim,
Hear us now, before Thine altar,
Chant our artless infant hymn.

Vain, without Thy aid, the teaching,
E'en by Christian kindness given;
Hear us now that aid beseeching,
Help us from Thy highest heaven.
Grant us, in ungrudging measure,
Grace, whereby all good is wrought;
Guide us to Thy heavenly treasure,
Bless Thy teachers and Thy taught.

So from homes of humble gladness,—
So from hearths by wealth despised,
Where, alike in joy and sadness,
Wisdom's word is known and prized,—
From the plough, the loom, the spindle,
Hymns of praise shall still be pour'd;
Hearts with grateful love shall kindle
Toward their Saviour and their Lord.

JOHN MASON NEALE, D.D.

THE REV. JOHN MASON NEALE, D.D., was born about the year 1818. He studied at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1840. He was elected warden of Sackville College, East Grinstead, an appointment which he retained to the period of his decease. At Cambridge he obtained the Members' Prize, in 1838, and gained on nine several occasions the Seatonian Prize for the best English poem on a sacred subject. He published "Hymns for Children," and "Hymns for the Sick;" also two volumes of metrical translations, entitled "Mediæval Hymns" and "Hymns of the Eastern Church." Among his extensive prose writings are "Ayton Priory," "Shepperton Manor," "Agnes de Tracey,"—works of fiction; and many historical works, chiefly intended for the young. His "History of the Holy Eastern Church," and "History of the Patriarchate of Alexandria," are well known. Dr. Neale died on the 8th August, 1866.

EVENING.

THE day, O Lord, is spent;
Abide with us, and rest;
Our hearts' desires are fully bent
On making Thee our guest.

We have not reach'd that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round Thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.

Our sun is sinking now;
Our day is almost o'er;
O Sun of righteousness, do Thou
Shine on us evermore!

From men below the skies,
And all the heavenly host,
To God the Father praise arise—
The Son and Holy Ghost.

CHRIST HATH RISEN.

THE foe behind, the deep before,
Our hosts have dared and past the sea;
And Pharaoh's warriors strew the shore,
And Israel's ransom'd tribes are free.
Lift up, lift up your voices now!
The whole wide world rejoices now!
The Lord hath triumph'd gloriously!
The Lord shall reign victoriously!
Happy morrow,
Turning sorrow
Into peace and mirth!
Bondage ending,
Love descending
O'er the earth!
Seals assuring,
Guards securing,
Watch His earthly prison;
Seals are shatter'd,
Guards are scatter'd,
Christ hath risen.

No longer must the mourners weep,
Nor call departed Christians dead;
For death is hallow'd into sleep,
And every grave becomes a bed.

Now, once more,
Eden's door
Open stands to mortal eyes;
For Christ hath risen, and men shall rise.
Now, at last,
Old things past,
Hope and joy and peace begin;
For Christ hath won, and man shall win.

It is not exile, rest on high;
It is not sadness, peace from strife;
To fall asleep is not to die;
To dwell with Christ is better life.
Where our banner leads us,
We may safely go;
When our Chief precedes us,
We may face the foe.
His right arm is o'er us,
He will guide us through;
Christ hath gone before us;
Christians, follow you!

He shall soon deliver
From every woe,
Alleluia!
If His paths ye tread,
Pleasures as a river
Shall round you flow;
Alleluia!
When ye see your Head.

With loins upgirt, and staff in hand,
And hasty mien and sandaled feet,
Around the paschal feast we stand,
And of the paschal Lamb we eat.

So shall He collect us, direct us, protect us,
From Egypt's strand;
So shall He precede us, and feed us, and lead us,
To Canaan's land.

Toils and foes assailing, friends quailing, hearts failing,
Shall threat in vain,
If He be providing, presiding, and guiding
To Him again.

Christ, our Leader, Monarch, Pleader, Interceder,
Praise we, and adore;
Exaltation, veneration, gratulation
Bringing evermore!

Once despised and once rejected
Was this stone, that now, elected
To a corner-stone, perfected,
As a glorious trophy stands erected.
Amen.

JOHN NEEDHAM.

THE REV. JOHN NEEDHAM was elected co-pastor of the Pithay Baptist church, Bristol, about the year 1747. In 1752, he proceeded to another church in that city. He published "Hymns, Devotional and Moral, on various subjects," 8vo., in 1768. His death took place in the same year.

THE LOST SHEEP FOUND.

WHEN some kind shepherd from his fold
Has lost a straying sheep,
Through vales, o'er hills, he anxious roves,
And climbs the mountain's steep;

But O, the joy! the transport sweet!
When he the wand'rer finds;
Up in his arms he takes his charge,
And to his shoulders binds.

Homeward he hastes to tell his joys,
And make his bliss complete;
The neighbours hear the news, and all
The joyful shepherd greet.

Such and much greater is the joy
When but one sinner turns;
When the poor wretch, with broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns.

Pleas'd with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is fill'd with joy.

Well pleas'd, the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner weep;
Jesus receives him in His arms,
And owns him for His sheep.

Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire;
A wand'ring sheep 's return'd, they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

JOHN NEWTON.

JOHN NEWTON was born in London, on the 24th July, 1725. In his eleventh year, his father, who was a commander in the Mediterranean trade, took him with him to sea. With occasional interludes of reflection, he pursued a course of licentiousness. In 1743, he was pressed into the navy. He subsequently became a slave purchaser at Sierra Leone. He returned to England in 1748. During the voyage his vessel was in the most imminent peril in a storm, and he was led to cry earnestly to God for deliverance. The prayer was heard; he became a diligent student of the Scriptures, and a sincere penitent. After a few voyages, he abandoned the nautical profession, and entered the ministry. He was ordained curate of Olney in 1764, and there composed his hymns, which, along with those written by Cowper, were published under the title of "Olney Hymns." In 1780, he was preferred to the rectory of St. Mary Woolnoth, Lombard Street, London. His death took place on the 21st December, 1807. Newton's theological writings, and many of his hymns are held in high esteem.

"ASK WHAT I SHALL GIVE THEE."

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for His own abode.

On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose ?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t'assuage ;
Grace which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age ?

Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a cov'ring—
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which He gives them when they pray.

Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood !
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
'Tis His love His people raises
Over self to reign as kings ;
And as priests, His solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity :
I will glory in Thy name.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show ;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare ;
Jesus loves to answer prayer ;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

Thou art coming to a King,—
Large petitions with thee bring ;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

With my burden I begin ;
Lord, remove this load of sin ;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

Lord, I come to Thee for rest ;
Take possession of my breast ;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face,
Thus unto my heart appear ;
Print Thine own resemblance there.

While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer ;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

Show me what I have to do,
Ev'ry hour my strength renew ;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

DAY of judgment ! day of wonders !
Hark the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round !
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound !

See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty Divine!
You, who long for His appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine."
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for Thine.

At His call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the pow'rs of nature, shaken
By His looks, prepare to flee.
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

Horrors past imagination
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation—
"Hence, accursed wretch, depart!
Thou, with Satan
And his angels have thy part."

Satan, who now tries to please you,
Lest you timely warning take,
When that word is past, will seize you,—
Plunge you in the burning lake.
Think, poor sinner,
Thy eternal all's at stake.

But to those who have confessèd,
Loved, and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessèd,
See the kingdom I bestow.
You for ever
Shall my love and glory know."

Under sorrows and reproaches,
May this thought your courage raise!
Swiftly God's great day approaches,
Sighs shall then be changed to praise.
We shall triumph
When the world is in a blaze.

NONE DESIRED BESIDE JESUS.

How tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs
Have lost all their sweetness with me.
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in Him,
December's as pleasant as May.

His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music His voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were He always so nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resign'd;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind;
While bless'd with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my sun and my song;
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
Oh, drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto Thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

SIN AND PARDON.

On man in His own image made,
How much did God bestow!
The whole creation homage paid,
And own'd him lord below.

He dwelt in Eden's garden, stor'd
With sweets for ev'ry sense;
And there, with his descending Lord,
He walk'd in confidence.

But oh! by sin how quickly chang'd!
His honour forfeited;
His heart from God and truth estrang'd,
His conscience fill'd with dread!

Now from his Maker's voice he flees,
Which was before his joy;
And thinks to hide, amidst the trees,
From an all-seeing eye.

Compell'd to answer to his name,
With stubbornness and pride
He cast on God himself the blame,
Nor once for mercy cried.

But grace, unask'd, his heart subdued,
And all his guilt forgave;
By faith the promis'd Seed he viewed,
And felt His pow'r to save.

Thus we ourselves would justify,
Though we the law transgress;
Like him, unable to deny,
Unwilling to confess.

But when, by faith, the sinner sees
A pardon, bought with blood;
Then he forsakes his foolish pleas,
And gladly turns to God.

THE BELIEVER'S SAFETY.

Psalm xci.

THAT man no guard or weapons needs,
Whose heart the blood of Jesus knows;
But safe may pass, if duty leads,
Through burning sands, or mountain-snows.

Releas'd from guilt, he feels no fear,
Redemption is his shield and tow'r;
He sees his Saviour always near,
To help in every trying hour.

Though I am weak, and Satan strong,
And often to assault me tries;
When Jesus is my shield and song,
Abash'd the wolf before me flies.

His love possessing, I am blest,
Secure whatever change may come;
Whether I go to east or west,
With Him I still shall be at home.

If plac'd beneath the northern pole,
Though winter reigns with rigour there,
His gracious beams would cheer my soul,
And make a spring throughout the year.

Or if the desert's sun-burnt soil
My lonely dwelling e'er should prove,
His presence would support my toil,
Whose smile is life, whose voice is love.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defil'd;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.

Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

"A FRIEND THAT STICKETH CLOSER THAN A BROTHER."

One there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end;
They who once His kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

Which of all our friends to save us,
Could or would have shed their blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconcil'd in Him to God.
This was boundless love indeed,
Jesus is a friend in need.

Men, when rais'd to lofty stations,
Often know their friends no more;
Slight and scorn their poor relations,
Though they valued them before;
But our Saviour always owns
Those whom He redeem'd with groans.

When He liv'd on earth abasèd,
Friend of sinners was His name;
Now, above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the same:
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

Could we bear from one another
What He daily bears from us?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us, though we treat Him thus:
Though for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

Oh! for grace our hearts to soften;
Teach us, Lord, at length to love
We, alas! forget too often,
What a Friend we have above;
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

THE REFUGE, RIVER, AND ROCK OF THE CHURCH.

He, who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains,
Now seated on th' eternal throne,
The God of glory reigns.

His hands the wheels of nature guide
With an unerring skill;
And countless worlds, extended wide,
Obey His sovereign will.

While harps unnumber'd sound His praise
In yonder world above,
His saints on earth admire His ways,
And glory in His love.

His righteousness, to faith reveal'd,
Wrought out for guilty worms,
Affords a hiding-place and shield
From enemies and storms.

This land through which His pilgrims go
Is desolate and dry;
But streams of grace from Him o'erflow,
Their thirst to satisfy.

When troubles, like a burning sun,
Beat heavy on their head,
To this almighty rock they run,
And find a pleasing shade.

How glorious He, how happy they,
In such a glorious Friend!
Whose love secures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.

GERARD THOMAS NOEL.

THE second son of Sir Gerard Noel, baronet, and the Baroness Barham, the Hon. and Rev GERARD THOMAS NOEL was born on the 2nd December, 1782. He studied at the universities of Edinburgh and Cambridge. Taking orders, he was ordained to the curacy of Radwell, Hertfordshire; he was latterly vicar of Romsey, and a canon of Winchester. In 1820 he published "A Selection of Psalms and Hymns." A selection from his "Sermons preached at Romsey," was published posthumously, with a preface by Samuel, Bishop of Oxford. London 1853, 8vo. Mr. Noel died at Romsey, on the 24th February, 1851.

"THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME."

IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh:

O! shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's woe?

While yet His anguish'd soul survey'd
Those pangs He would not flee;
What love His latest words display'd—
"Meet, and remember Me!"

Remember Thee! Thy death, Thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!
O memory, leave no other name
But His recorded there!

HOPE AND TROUBLE.

WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past
And mourns the present pain,
How sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain.

'Tis not that murm'ring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will;
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still;

It is that heav'n-taught faith surveys
The path that leads to light;
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.

It is that hope with ardour glows,
To see Him face to face,
Whose dying love no language knows
Sufficient art to trace.

It is that harass'd conscience feels
The pangs of struggling sin;
Sees, though afar, the Hand that heals
And ends her war within.

O let me wing my hallow'd flight
From earth-born woe and care,
And soar above these clouds of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share!

MARIANNE NUNN.

MARIANNE NUNN was born at Colchester, about the year 1779. When her brother, the Rev. John Nunn, was preparing his selection of "Psalms and Hymns," she contributed to him the following composition, with the view of adapting to the Welsh measure, *Ar hyd y nos*, the hymn of John Newton, beginning with the same line. We have reproduced the hymn as it appears in the eleventh edition of Nunn's Selection; it differs considerably from the versions now in use. The authoress lived in retirement, and died unmarried in 1847. We have been indebted for these particulars to her surviving brother, the Rev. Preston Nunn, of Church Stretton, Shropshire.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

"Behold how He loved him!"—John xi. 36.

ONE there is above all others:—
Oh how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's;
Oh how He loves!
Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
This day kind, the next bereave us;
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us.
Oh how He loves!

Blessèd Jesus! would'st thou know Him?
Give thine heart, thine all unto Him;
Is it sin that pains and grieves thee?
Unbelief and trials tease thee?
Jesus can from all release thee.

Love this Friend, who longs to save thee!
Dost thou love? He will not leave thee.
Think no more then of to-morrow,
Take His easy yoke and follow;
Jesus carries all thy sorrow.

All thy sins shall be forgiven,
Backward shall thy foes be driven;
Best of blessings He'll provide thee,
Nought but good shall e'er betide thee,
Safe to glory He will guide thee.

THOMAS OLIVERS.

THOMAS OLIVERS was born in Tregonan, Montgomeryshire, in 1725. From an extremely profligate youth, of which he has presented a narrative in an autobiographical sketch, he was converted under the ministry of Whitefield. He was originally apprenticed to a shoemaker, and he prosecuted his trade successively at Shrewsbury, Wrexham, and Bristol. In 1753, John Wesley engaged him as an assistant; he performed the duties of an itinerant ministry for the period of twenty-five years. He afterwards obtained a respectable appointment in connection with Mr. Wesley's printing-office. Latterly he was dependent on a small pension, allowed him by the Wesleyan Conference. He died in March, 1799, and his remains were deposited in the vault which contained those of John Wesley, in the City Road Chapel yard, London. The following hymn of Olivers has long been a favourite.†

THE GOD OF ABRAHAM.

THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love;
Jehovah, great I Am!
By earth and heaven confess'd;
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever bless'd.

The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power,
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all His ways:
He calls a worm His friend!
He calls Himself my God!
And He shall save me to the end
Through Jesus' blood.

He by Himself hath sworn;
I on His oath depend;
I shall, on eagles' wings up-borne
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

PART SECOND.

Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At His command:
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view,
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty bless'd;
A land of sacred liberty
And endless rest:
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound;
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crown'd.

There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of peace:
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains,
And glorious, with His saints in light,
For ever reigns.

He keeps His own secure,
He guards them by His side,
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride:

With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of paradise,
He still supplies.

PART THIRD.

Before the Three in One,
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders He hath done
Through all their land.
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame,
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous Name.

The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing.
And "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Almighty King!
Who was, and is the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jehovah—Father—great I Am!
We worship Thee."

Before the Saviour's face
The ransomed nations bow;
O'erwhelmed at His almighty grace,
For ever new:
He shows His prints of love;
They kindle to a flame,
And sound, through all the worlds above,
The slaughter'd Lamb.

The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high:
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham's God and mine;
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise.

RAY PALMER, D.D.

THE REV. RAY PALMER, D.D., was born at Little Compton, Rhode Island, U. S., in the year 1808. In 1830, he graduated at Yale College, New Haven, Connecticut. In 1835, he was ordained pastor of the Third Congregational Church in Bath, Maine, from which he was translated, in 1850, to his present charge—the pastorate of the First Congregational Church, Albany, State of New York. Dr. Palmer published a volume of "Hymns and Sacred Poems" in 1865. The following hymn from his pen was originally printed in 1830; it was published with music by Dr. Lowell Mason in 1833.

LORD, SAVE ME!

My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary:
  Saviour Divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh let me from this day
  Be wholly Thine.

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
  My zeal inspire!
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
  A living fire!

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
  Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away;
Nor let me ever stray
  From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
  Shall o'er me roll,—
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh bear me safe above—
  A ransomed soul.

MRS. EDGCUMBE PARSON.

MRS. EDGCUMBE PARSON is daughter of the Rev. William Rooker, a minister of the Independent Church. She is a native of Tavistock, and now resides with her husband at Sutton, Surrey. Fourteen hymns composed by Mrs. Parson have been included in the "Sunday-School Hymn Book."

SABBATH SERVICE.

JESUS, we love to meet,
On this Thy holy day.
We worship round Thy seat,
On this Thy holy day.
Thou tender, heavenly Friend,
To Thee our prayers ascend;
O'er our young spirits bend,
On this Thy holy day.

We dare not trifle now,
On this Thy holy day.
In silent awe we bow,
On this Thy holy day.
Check every wandering thought,
And let us all be taught,
To serve Thee as we ought,
On this Thy holy day.

We listen to Thy word,
On this Thy holy day.
Bless all that we have heard,
On this Thy holy day.
Go with us when we part,
And to each youthful heart
Thy saving grace impart,
On this Thy holy day.

THE SUFFERINGS OF THE SAVIOUR.

Is there one heart, dear Saviour, here,
That humbly seeks for Thee?
Now with Thy promised grace appear.
Let each Thy beauty see.

We read Thy power where'er we turn,
Around, beneath, above,
But to Thy cross we come to learn
The history of Thy love.

Thou Man of sorrows, hearts like ours
Thy griefs can never know;
No human tongues, no mortal powers,
Can utter half Thy woe.
Yet 'twas for us Thy tears were shed,
For us they pierced Thy side;
To bring us help the Saviour bled,
To give us life He died.

Dear suffering Saviour, let us stay
To gaze and think of Thee,
And never coldly turn away
From sacred Calvary.
Oft may we gather round Thy feet,
To praise Thy dying love,
'Till to behold Thy face we meet
In purer scenes above.

ALEXANDER S. PATTERSON, D.D.

THE REV. ALEXANDER SIMPSON PATTERSON, D.D., was born at Croft House, Alnwick. His father, Robert Patterson, was owner of a small estate; his mother was a daughter of the celebrated John Brown, of Haddington. His education was conducted at the High School and University of Edinburgh. Obtaining licence as a probationer of the Scottish Church, he was, in 1837, ordained to the ministry at Whitehaven. In 1839, he was translated to Hutchesontown church, Glasgow. He adhered to the Free Church in 1843. Dr. Patterson has published Commentaries on a portion of the New Testament; also two small works, entitled "The Cradle and the Cross of Jesus," and "Poets and Preachers of the Nineteenth Century." He is D.D. of Glasgow University. The two following lyrics have been kindly contributed by Dr. Patterson to this work.

MORNING HYMN.

(Contributed.)

MORNING breaks! the kingly sun
Issueth forth, a glorious one!
Fount of gladness, nature's crown,
Now, at noon, or going down!
First and universal light,
Make my shadowy spirit bright!

Morning breathes! the sleeping flowers
Wake before her gentle powers,
And the dewy plants inhale
Blessings from the sunny gale:
Thou that breakest nature's rest,
Stir and animate my breast.

Morning calls! the rustic starts
To the work of sturdy hearts;
Daily toils the fields shall tell,
Soon begun, hath ended well.
For "the work of faith," this hour,
Nerve my spirit, God of power.

Morning smiles! the choral bird
And the shepherd's chaunt is heard;
Grazing herds, and lambs at play,
Welcome in the rising day.
Gladdener of the blissful throng,
Bid me join the general song.

SUNSET.

(*Contributed.*)

WHAT a bright, blessèd hour, when earth's voices repeat
Their anthems at close of the day,
And the waves of the heaven in calm loveliness meet
With the waters which borrow its ray;

Sweet season of parting, bright hour of farewell,
Albeit the herald of gloom!
With his eye on the west, who would think of the knell,
Or the shriek, or the corse, or the tomb!

Yet the saint, they tell truly, sinks sunlike at death,
And bright is the cloud that arrays him;
From the home of his spirit, a beam and a breath
Seem to hallow the spot where he lays him.

When the sun hath evanished, a glory declares
He shines, though to *us* he hath set;
So a radiance proclaims that the holy man bears,
Far away, his bright loveliness yet.

"It is good to be here," and look forth on the flowers,
The stars, and the sunset of eve;
"It is good to be here," and from this world of ours
Glowing thoughts of a better receive.

"It is good to be here!" O then "here let us raise"
Memorials of the thanks to the Giver,
And then, fill'd with His love, and inspired with His praise,
Go to bask in His brightness for ever!

SAMUEL PEARCE.

THE REV. SAMUEL PEARCE was born at Plymouth, on the 20th July, 1766. He became a preacher of the Baptist Church in November, 1786. Having attended the theological academy at Bristol, he was invited to the ministry of the Baptist Church, Cannon Street, Birmingham, in August, 1790. Consequent on incessant literary and ministerial labours, he contracted an illness, which terminated in consumption. He died on the 10th October, 1799, in his 33rd year. Memoirs of his life were published by the Rev. Andrew Fuller. The following hymn of Samuel Pearce has hitherto appeared in the Collections in an incorrect form. The present version is transcribed from the copy included by Mr. Fuller in the author's memoir. Another lyric from his pen, beginning "The fabric of nature is fair," was composed in the immediate prospect of dissolution.

HYMN IN A STORM.

IN the floods of tribulation,
While the billows o'er me roll,
Jesus whispers consolation,
And supports my fainting soul:
Thus the lion yields me honey,
From the eater food is given;
Strengthened thus, I still press forward,
Singing as I wade to heaven—
Sweet affliction! sweet affliction,
That brings Jesus to my soul.

'Mid the gloom the vivid lightnings
With increasing brightness play;
'Mid the thorn-brake beauteous flow'rets
Look more beautiful and gay:

So, in darkest dispensations
Doth my faithful Lord appear,
With His richest consolations,
To reanimate and cheer:
Sweet affliction! sweet affliction,
Thus to bring my Saviour near!

Floods of tribulation heighten,
Billows still around me roar;
Those that know not Christ, ye frighten,
But my soul defies your pow'r:
In the sacred page recorded,
Thus His word securely stands—
"Fear not, I'm in trouble near thee,
Nought shall pluck thee from my hands."
Sweet affliction! sweet affliction,
That to such sweet words lay claim!

All I meet I find assists me
In my path to heavenly joy;
Where, though trials now attend me,
Trials never more annoy:
Wearing there a weight of glory,
Still the path I'll ne'er forget;
But, reflecting how it led me
To my blessèd Saviour's seat,
Cry, "affliction, sweet affliction!
Haste, bring more to Jesus' feet!"

EDWARD PERRONET.

THE REV. EDWARD PERRONET was the son of the Rev. Vincent Perronet, vicar of Shoreham, Kent. For some time an associate of the Wesleys, he subsequently abandoned their intercourse, and was employed by Lady Huntingdon, at Canterbury and Norwich. He differed with her ladyship by his strong opposition to the Church of England, and became pastor of a dissenting congregation. His death took place at Canterbury, in 1792. In 1785, he published a small volume, entitled "Occasional Verses, Moral and Social." This work is now extremely rare; a copy is preserved in the library of the British Museum. The following hymn from his pen has been assigned to different authors.

CHRIST THE LORD OF ALL.

ALL hail the power of Jesu's name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
To crown Him Lord of all.

Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
And as they tune it, fall
Before His face, who tunes their choir,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fix'd this floating ball;
Now, hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransom'd of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call;
The God incarnate, man Divine,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go—spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every tribe and every tongue
That bound creation's call,
Now shout in universal song,
The crownèd Lord of all.

MRS. MARY PETERS.

THE subject of this notice was a native of Cirencester, and daughter of Richard Bewley, Esq., who long resided in that place. She married the Rev. Mc William Peters, rector of Quennington, Gloucestershire. She died at Clifton, Gloucestershire, on the 29th July, 1856. Mrs. Peters composed an elegant work, in seven duodecimo volumes, entitled "The World's History from the Creation to the accession of Queen Victoria." In 1846, she published "Hymns intended to help the Communion of Saints." London, 1849. This little volume contains 58 compositions.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

JESUS, how much Thy name unfolds
To every open'd ear!
The pardon'd sinner's memory holds
None other half so dear.

"Jesus,"—it speaks a life of love,
And sorrows meekly borne;
It tells of sympathy above,
Whatever makes us mourn.

It speaks of righteousness complete,
Of holiness to God;
And, to our ears, no tale so sweet
As His atoning blood.

Jesus, the one who knew no sin,
Made sin to make us just;
Worthy art Thou our love to win,
And worthy all our trust.

Thy name encircles every grace
That God as man could show;
There only can the Spirit trace
A perfect life below.

The mention of Thy name shall bow
Our hearts to worship Thee;
The chiefest of ten thousand, Thou,
The chief of sinners, we.

ALL IS WELL.

THROUGH the love of God our Saviour,
All will be well;
Free and changeless is His favour,
All, all is well.
Precious is the blood that heal'd us;
Perfect is the grace that seal'd us;
Strong the hand stretch'd forth to shield us;
All must be well.

Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well;
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well.
Happy still, to God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy through the Spirit's guiding,—
All must be well.

We expect a bright to-morrow,
All will be well;
Faith can sing, through days of sorrow,
All, all is well.
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living or in dying,
All must be well.

ALEXANDER POPE.

ALEXANDER POPE was born in London, on the 21st May, 1688. His parents were Roman Catholics. Of a feeble constitution, and somewhat deformed in person, he chose the literary profession. His numerous poetical writings, which rapidly attracted public notice, acquired him the means of independence. His poetical translation of Homer has not been surpassed in felicity of diction. As an English satirist, he stands alone. His whole works have been edited more frequently than those of any other British writer, with the exception of Shakspeare. Pope died at his villa, Twickenham, on the 30th May, 1744.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away!"
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes—it disappears;
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER was born in Bedford Square, London, on the 30th October, 1825. Her father, Brian W. Procter, Esq., is well known by his literary *nom de guerre* of Barry Cornwall. In 1853, Miss Procter became a contributor to Mr. Dickens' *Household Words*. In 1858, she published the first volume of her "Legends and Lyrics," which at once secured her a wide reputation as a poet. A second volume was added in 1860. In 1861, she edited "The Victoria Regia, a volume of Original Contributions in Poetry and Prose," issued from the Victoria Press, for the employment of women. Another publication appeared in 1862, under the title "A Chaplet of Verses." She died on the 2nd February, 1864. Miss Procter had embraced the Romish faith. Her remains are deposited in St. Mary's Catholic Ground, Kensal Green. An elegantly illustrated edition of her "Legends and Lyrics" has been issued by Bell and Daldy, with an introduction by Mr. Charles Dickens. Lond. 1866. 4to.

EVENING HYMN.

THE shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie:
Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
We kneel at close of day;
Look on Thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
O do not Thou despise;
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise;
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.

Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart:
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine,—
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things Divine.

Let peace, O Lord—Thy peace, O God—
  Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears and perils, Thou
  Our trembling hearts defend;
Give us a respite from our toil;
  Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
  Oh, give us now repose.

STRIVE, WAIT, AND PRAY.

Strive! yet I do not promise
  The prize you dream of to-day
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
  And melt in your hand away;
But another and holier treasure,
  You would now perchance disdain,
Will come when your toil is over,
  And pay you for all your pain.

Wait! yet I do not tell you
  The hour you long for now,
Will not come with its radiance vanished,
  And a shadow upon its brow;
Yet far through the misty future,
  With a crown of starry light,
An hour of joy you know not
  Is winging her silent flight.

Pray! though the gift you ask for
  May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleadings,
  Yet pray, and with hopeful tears;
An answer, not that you long for,
  But diviner, will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
  Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

THANKFULNESS.

My God, I thank Thee who hast made
The earth so bright;
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours;
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

For Thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings:
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more—
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.

I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest—
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

MARY PYPER.

MARY PYPER was born at Greenock, on the 27th May, 1795. Her father was a private soldier in the 42nd regiment. From childhood she has resided in Edinburgh. For many years she supported herself as a needlewoman; she has latterly vended small wares among a few families who are interested in her welfare. In 1847, she published a thin volume of sacred lyrics, entitled "Select Pieces." Many of these possess decided merit, and it is much to be regretted that the author should be allowed to remain in circumstances of indigence.

WHAT HAS JESUS DONE?

WHEN with loads of guilt oppress'd,
Plunged in sin and misery;
Ask thy soul, or ask thy breast,
What has Jesus done for thee?

He beheld thee from above,
Not in danger, nor in scorn:
But in tenderness and love,
He thy deepest guilt has borne.

He has brought thee to His fold,
Taught thee all His truth to know,
Treasures far surpassing gold,
Which from Him alone could flow.

He has bid thy trembling heart
Look in faith to Him and live;
He has promised to impart
Every blessing grace can give.

Weak and erring though I be,
Yet for me the Saviour dies;
Help me, Lord, from sin to flee;
Help me still through grace to rise.

Help me, too, to ask my heart,
What hast thou for Jesus done?
Then Thy heavenly strength impart,
Every evil way to shun.

As a soldier of the cross,
Bold and fearless lead me on;
Deeming all things here but dross,
Till the glorious crown be won.

As I near the golden prize,
Brighter, brighter let it shine:
Let no mists obscure mine eyes;
Make and keep me ever Thine.

THE CHRISTIAN'S VIEW OF DEATH.

LET me go! The day is breaking;
Morning bursts upon mine eye;
Death this mortal frame is shaking,
But the soul can never die!

Let me go! The day-star beaming
Gilds the radiant realms above;
Its full glory, on me streaming,
Lights me to that land of love.

Let me go! No more a stranger
Pilgrim would I wander here;
Now exposed to sin and danger,
Now a prey to doubt and fear.

Let me go! May Heaven's best favour
Rest, my dearest friends, with you!
Oh, I haste me to the Saviour:
Fair but fleeting world, adieu!

Let me go! My warfare's ended;
Night's dark shades have pass'd away;
All in view is glory splendid,
Boundless and eternal day!

Let me go! My Master's chariot
Waits in state to bear me home—
Purchase of His grace and merit!
Hallelujah! Lord, I come!

Now I'm Thine, and Thine for ever,
While eternal ages roll;
Sense and sin no more can sever
Thy blest presence from my soul!

Now, amid the sacred splendour
Of the glorious hosts above,
Everlasting praise I'll render
To that God whose name is Love!

THOMAS RAFFLES, D.D., LL.D.

THE REV. THOMAS RAFFLES, D.D. and LL.D., was born in London, on the 17th May, 1788. He studied at Homerton College, and, in 1809, was ordained to the pastorate of a Congregational church at Hammersmith. In 1812, he removed to Liverpool, having accepted a call from the congregation of Great George Street Chapel. The duties of this charge he fulfilled with remarkable acceptance for the long period of forty-nine years. He died at Liverpool, on the 18th August, 1863, in his seventy-sixth year. Among other works, Dr. Raffles published "Letters during a Tour on the Continent;" two volumes of sermons; a volume of poems, in connection with two literary friends; and a hymn-book, of original and selected hymns, for the use of his congregation. His memoirs have been published by his son, T. Stamford Raffles, Esq., barrister-at-law. Lond. 1864. 8vo. He contributed eight hymns to Dr. Collyer's Collection in 1812, and four to the "New Congregational Hymn-book."

THE BELIEVER'S HOPE.

THOU art my hiding-place, O Lord!
In Thee I put my trust;
Encouraged by Thy holy word,
A feeble child of dust.
I have no argument beside,
I urge no other plea;
And 'tis enough my Saviour died—
My Saviour died for me!

When storms of fierce temptation beat,
And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy-seat,
My hope within the veil.

From strife of tongues, and bitter words,
My spirit flies to Thee;
Joy to my heart the thought affords—
My Saviour died for me!

'Mid trials heavy to be borne,
When mortal strength is vain,
A heart with grief and anguish torn,
A body rack'd with pain:
Ah! what could give the sufferer rest,
Bid every murmur flee,
But this, the witness in my breast
That Jesus died for me?

And when Thine awful voice commands
This body to decay;
And life, in its last lingering sands,
Is ebbing fast away:
Then, though it be in accents weak,
And faint, and tremblingly,
Oh give me strength in death to speak,
"My Saviour died for me!"

THE POWER OF GOD.

SHALL mortal man, a child of earth,
Who yesterday received his birth
From God's all-bounteous hand,—
Shall he, while sojourning below,
Presume the Almighty's plans to know,
His ways to understand?

He rides upon the stormy deep;
His watchful eyes, that never sleep,
Wide o'er creation roll,
And from His high, empyreal throne
View with one glance the torrid zone
And ice-surrounded pole.

His paths the trackless waters are,
The wingèd whirlwind is His car,
His wheels the hurricane ;
His fiery coursers, bounding, fly,
Borne rapid through the ethereal sky,
Or o'er the foaming main !

Earth, as He passes, shakes with fear ;
The infernal spirits, when they hear,
To deeper caverns fly ;
Fierce, blazing lightnings mark His way ;
Behind Him pealing thunders play
Their dread artillery !

His wisdom, infinite and vast,
Shall through eternal ages last,
Unchangeably the same ;
While in the dreary shades of hell,
His justice, so inflexible,
Proclaims His awful name.

Before the earth or worlds were made,
His vast, eternal plans were laid
In wisdom and in love ;
And what the Almighty then design'd
Is finish'd in the eternal mind ;
His purpose cannot move.

Ah then, suppress each rising sigh,
Nor dare to ask the Almighty why,
Or what His hands perform ;
Submit to His all-wise decrees,
Whose power can calm the raging seas,
Or raise them to a storm !

THE SAINTS IN GLORY.

High in yonder realms of light,
Far above these lower skies,
Fair and exquisitely bright,
Heaven's unfading mansions rise ;

Built of pure and massy gold,
Strong and durable are they;
Deck'd with gems, of worth untold,
Subjected to no decay.

Glad, within these blest abodes,
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Where no anxious care corrodes,
Happy in Emmanuel's love.
Once indeed like us below,
Pilgrims in this vale of tears;
Torturing pain and heavy woe,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears.

These alas! full well they knew,
Sad companions of their way;
Oft on them the tempest blew,
Through the long, the cheerless day!
Oft their vileness they deplored,
Wills perverse and hearts untrue;
Grieved they could not love the Lord,
Love Him as they wish'd to do!

Oft the big, unbidden tear,
Stealing down the furrow'd cheek,
Told, in eloquence sincere,
Tales of woe they could not speak;
But, these days of weeping o'er,
Pass'd this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more,
Never, never weep again.

'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid the angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love!
Happy spirits! ye are fled
Where no grief can entrance find,
Lull'd to rest the aching head,
Sooth'd the anguish of the mind.

All is tranquil, and serene,
  Calm and undisturb'd repose ;
There no cloud can intervene,
  There no angry tempest blows :
Every tear is wiped away ;
  Sighs no more shall heave the breast ;
Night is lost in endless day,
  Sorrow in eternal rest.

TRUST IN GOD.

My Father, the guide of my youth,
  To Thee for direction I fly ;
O grant me Thy light and Thy truth,
  Nor ever Thy presence deny.
My pillar of cloud and of fire,
  While destined to journey below—
What more can a pilgrim desire,
  Or Thou in Thy goodness bestow ?

My pillar of cloud through the day,
  I'll follow where'er Thou shalt lead ;
My heart shall not yield to dismay,
  Though rugged the path that I tread.
And what though the night fall in gloom,
  In darkness I'll not be afraid ;
Thy light shall the darkness illume,
  Thy presence the midnight pervade.

My Father, Jehovah, Most High !
  Since Thou art my portion, my all,
No good will Thy bounty deny,
  Nor evil can ever befal :
The prize of my calling in view,
  And blest with Thy care and Thy love,
The journey of life I'll pursue,
  And press to the mansions above !

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

ONE in Christ His people are,
All indissolubly one;
Each in his right hand a star
Bright with glories not his own;
Each, withdrawn from nature's mine,
An inestimable gem,
Destined evermore to shine
In Emmanuel's diadem.

Mingled hues one bow compose,
God's own sign to mortals given;
One vast ocean ebbs and flows,
Though in countless billows driven;
So one Church the ransom'd prove,
Though from varied realms they come,—
One community of love,
Bound for one eternal home.

Then, while pilgrims here below,
Why should they divided be?
Why should sharp contentions grow
To disturb their unity?
Why apart should they remain,
Each within his sect confined?
Nor their Master's law maintain,
Nor display His heavenly mind?

Was not this His fervent prayer,—
"Father, let my people be
One in us, as one we are,
Thou in me, and I in Thee;
Then shall all the world believe
My commission is Divine;
All my Gospel shall receive,
All within my fold recline!"

Happy period! joyful day!
When shall thy bright morning rise?
Lo, before thy kindling ray,
Every fiend of discord flies:

Rise, Thou Sun of righteousness!
Wide Thy healing wings outspread;
With Thy light the nations bless,
O'er Thy Church Thine influence shed.

Hallow'd influence from above!
Source of concord and of peace,
In Thy bond of perfect love
Let our sad divisions cease:
Heart to heart, and hand to hand,
Each shall then his brother own:
An indissoluble band,
Christians be for ever one!

MARRIAGE.

SAVIOUR, let Thy sanction rest
On the union witness'd now;
Be it with Thy presence blest,
Ratify the nuptial vow;
Hallow'd let this union be
With each other and with Thee.

Thou in Cana didst appear
At a marriage-feast like this:
Deign to meet us, Saviour, here,
Fountain of unmingled bliss!
Crown with joy this festive board—
Joy that earth cannot afford.

We no miracle require,
Turning water into wine:
All our panting hearts desire
Is to taste Thy love Divine;
Holy influence from above,
Consecrating earthly love,

Let the path our friends pursue,
From this hour together trod,
Many though its days or few,
Be a pilgrimage to God;
To the land where rest is given,
To our Father's house in heaven.

Happy they who reach that place,—
In those regions find their home;
Tears are wiped from every face;
Toil and danger never come.
They no pain nor sorrow know,
Ransom'd from this world of woe.

To that festival on high,
To that banquet of the skies,
To that glorious company
May we all at length arise;
Mingle with the joyful throng;
Join the everlasting song.

ANDREW REED, D.D.

A GREAT philanthropist, and distinguished minister of the Independent body, ANDREW REED was born on the 27th November, 1787. He was intended for commercial pursuits, but was led to devote himself to the ministry. Educated at Hackney College, he was ordained on the 27th November, 1811; he discharged the duties of the pastorate, first at New Road Meeting, St. George's in the East, and subsequently at Wycliffe Chapel, Commercial Road, London. Dr. Reed was founder of the London Orphan Asylum, at Lower Clapton; the Infant Orphan Asylum, Wanstead; the Asylum for Fatherless Children, near Croydon; the Asylum for Idiots, at Earlswood, near Reigate; the Royal Hospital for Incurables, and the Eastern Counties Asylum for Idiots, at Colchester. He published several theological works. "No Fiction," his most popular publication, has passed through eighteen editions, and been translated into the continental languages. In 1841 he published a Collection of Hymns, which contains twenty-seven compositions written by himself. He died on the 25th February, 1862.

HYMN TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

HOLY Ghost, with light Divine
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn the darkness into day.
Let me see my Saviour's face,
Let me all His beauties trace:
Show those glorious truths to me,
Which are only known by Thee.

Holy Ghost, with power Divine
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine :
Long has sin without control
Held dominion o'er my soul.
Oft I of its power complain,
Yet I live beneath its reign :
In Thy mercy pity me,
From this bondage set me free.

Holy Ghost, with joy Divine
Cheer this sadden'd heart of mine ;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart,
Yield a sacred, settled peace,
Bid it grow and still increase ;
Till each anxious thought expires,
Till my joy to heaven aspires.

Holy Spirit, all Divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine ;
Cast down every idol throne,
Reign supreme, and reign alone.
See, to Thee I yield my heart :
Shed Thy life through every part ;
A pure temple I would be,
Wholly dedicate to Thee.

HYMN TO THE SAVIOUR.

Ah ! Jesus, let me hear Thy voice
Fall gently on mine ear ;
Thy voice alone can soothe my grief,
And charm away my fear.

Ah ! Jesus, let me see Thy face
Beaming with truth and love ;
I ask no other heaven below,
No other heaven above.

Ah! Jesus, let me feel Thy grace;
Now hear my earnest cry:
If Thou art absent, oh! behold
I droop, I faint, I die!

"I come, I come!" the Saviour cries,
"To give you full repose;
My presence shall revive your joys,
My frown confound your foes."

I hear His voice! I see His face!
I feel His present grace!
'Tis life, 'tis heaven, 'tis transport, thus
To rest in His embrace.

FOR THE OPENING OF A CHURCH.

Spirit Divine, attend our prayers,
And make this house Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers:
O come, Great Spirit, come!

Come, as the *light;* to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

Come, as the *fire,* and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame:
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

Come, as the *dew,* and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.

Come, as the *dove,* and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let Thy Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.

Come, as the *wind*, with rushing sound
And pentecostal grace,
That all of woman born may see
The glory of Thy face.

Spirit Divine, attend our prayers,
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers:
O come, Great Spirit, come!

MRS. ELIZABETH REED.

MRS. REED, the relict of the preceding author, is elder daughter of the late Jasper Thomas Holmes, Esq., of Castle Hill, Reading. She was united in marriage to Dr. Reed, in April, 1816. Several hymns, of her composition, are inserted in Dr. Reed's hymn-book, published in 1841. Mrs. Reed has kindly contributed the following verses to the present work.

HYMN FOR ISRAEL.

"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?"—*Lam.* i. 12.

(*Contributed.*)

OH say, is it nothing to you that pass by
That the joy of the earth should in widowhood lie,
Her cities deserted, her dwellings forlorn,
And all her bright hues of prosperity gone?

Is it nothing to you that the light we possess
Was borrow'd from those who are now in distress?
That they from the summit of favour were hurl'd,
Unknown and unloved by a pitiless world?

Is it nothing to you that the prophets reveal
A time when the Lord shall their misery heal,
When they shall be gather'd again to their fold,
And stand in their lot as in seasons of old?

Is it nothing to you that, whenever they pray,
The wrath of Jehovah shall vanish away;
That life from the dead shall their rising appear,
And all who oppress'd them be silent in fear?

Is it nothing to you that the Gentile and Jew,
For ages divided, no more should be two,
But one in the Saviour, their Shepherd and King,
Together for ever His praises to sing?

Is it nothing to you that the Lord has decreed
Rich blessings to those who for Israel plead;
That they who the way of His coming prepare,
Shall say of *the city*, "Jehovah is there?"

Oh, pray that the days of their mourning may cease,
That God may return to His chosen in peace,
That glory at length may revisit their shore,
And all be united, to wander no more!

ROBERT ROBINSON.

ROBERT ROBINSON was born at Swaffham, Norfolk, on the 8th October, 1735. In 1749, he was apprenticed to a hairdresser, in Crutched Friars, London. Hearing a discourse preached by Whitefield, on "The Wrath to Come," in May, 1752, he became deeply impressed. He remained in a state of disquietude for nearly three years, when at length he experienced, he believed, "full and free forgiveness, through the precious blood of Jesus Christ." He began to preach, and ministered for some time in connection with the Calvinistic Methodists. He subsequently joined the Independents, but after a short period preferred the Baptist connection. In 1761, he became pastor of a Baptist congregation at Cambridge. He supplemented his income by translating for the booksellers and publishing some original works. His "History of Baptism," 4to, appeared in 1790. Robinson published "A Plea for the Divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ," which passed through several editions. But his theological convictions were not more settled than his ecclesiastical opinions. About the year 1780, he began to incline towards Unitarianism, though he did not obtrude his sentiments in his pulpit prelections. At length his people deemed it essential to procure his resignation. While arrangements for this purpose were in progress, he died, suddenly, at Birmingham. That event took place on the 8th June, 1790. In his pastoral charge he was succeeded by the celebrated Robert Hall, who composed an elegant epitaph for him, as a tribute to his eloquence and learning. The two following hymns were written by Robinson. An attempt has lately been made to assign the former to Selina, Countess of Huntingdon. We refer to a note on the subject at the close of the volume.

HYMN OF PRAISE.

COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune mine heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount; I'm fix'd upon it!
Mount of God's unchanging love.

Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither, by Thine help, I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed with precious blood.

Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's mine heart—oh, take and seal it!
Seal it from Thy courts above.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

MIGHTY God, while angels bless Thee,
May an infant lisp Thy name?
Lord of men, as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme.
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah, hallelujah. Amen!

Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days,
Sounded through the wide creation
Be Thy just and lawful praise.
Hallelujah, etc.

For the grandeur of Thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought.
Hallelujah, etc.

For Thy providence that governs
Through Thine empire's wide domain;
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
Blessèd be Thy gentle reign.
Hallelujah, etc.

But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along;
Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who dare sing that awful song?
Hallelujah, etc.

Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unutter'd lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence;
Sing the Lord who came to die.
Hallelujah, etc.

Did archangels sing Thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me, ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise.
Hallelujah, etc.

From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,
All to ransom guilty captives;
Flow, my praise, for ever flow.
Hallelujah, etc.

Go, return, immortal Saviour!
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne;
Thence return, and reign for ever;
Be the kingdom all Thy own.
Hallelujah, etc.

ALFRED ROOKER.

ALFRED ROOKER is the only son of the late Rev. William Rooker, a minister of the Congregational Church. He was born at Tavistock, Devonshire, on the 1st April, 1814. He practises as a solicitor, at Plymouth. Mr. Rooker has written hymns for special occasions, but has not collected his compositions into a volume.

OPENING OF SABBATH MORNING SERVICE.

(*Contributed.*)

OH be with us, gracious Father,
Whilst before Thy feet we bow;
Let the angel of Thy presence
Hover o'er Thy temple now.

Here are hearts that Thou canst soften;
Earthly dross to purge away;
Darken'd minds, on which Thy spirit
Yet may pour celestial day.

From the world's entrancing vision;
From the spirit's sullen night;
From the tempter's dark dominion,—
Free us, by Thy saving might.

Let Thy Spirit's glad communion
Waken thoughts of peace and love,
And prepare us for Thy presence,
In the nobler courts above.

There to join in perfect worship,
There to swell the angels' song;
And in higher, sweeter measure,
Earth's imperfect praise prolong.

CLOSE OF SABBATH EVENING SERVICE.

(*Contributed.*)

'TIS gone—the sacred day is o'er,
And we must leave its rest awhile;
Oh! may our waiting hearts once more
Be gladden'd with the Master's smile.

So shall this love our spirits raise,
While at the cross we kneel in prayer ;
Dear Saviour, Thine be all the praise
If we have left our burdens there.

Spirit of holiness and power !
Spirit of truth and love Divine !
Thy presence cheers this closing hour ;
Still dwell with us, for we are Thine.

For the pure manna of Thy word,
And streams of life so richly given ;
As pilgrims here, we bless Thee Lord,
But wait the perfect rest of heaven.

Sweet hope ! a few more changing days
And weary cares our faith shall try ;
Then for the songs of nobler praise,
The ceaseless Sabbath of the sky.

HYMN TO THE SAVIOUR.

(*Contributed.*)

Isaiah lx. 20.

WHEN the sky is overcast,
And the cold rain driveth fast ;
When the soul is bow'd with fear,
Jesus, full of mercy, hear !

Dreary clouds are hurrying by,
Moon nor star is in the sky ;
Saviour, in the gloom of night,
Give Thy waiting children light.

See the cross, for light is there ;
Kneel, for Jesus answers prayer ;
Is the spirit sunk with grief?
Saviour, Thou canst bring relief.

Christian, bravely hope and pray ;
Wait the dawning of the day ;
Clouds are drifting from the sky ;
Christ, thy hope and help, is nigh.

See, in yonder mountain height,
Breaks a flood of glorious light ;
Rise, and with a song confess,
'Tis the Sun of righteousness.

Brighter still its beams shall shine
In the land of love Divine ;
Where no clouds of sorrow come,
In the saint's eternal home.

MRS. ELIZABETH ROWE.

ELIZABETH SINGER was born at Ilchester, Somersetshire, on the 11th September, 1674. So early as her twelfth year, she composed verses of considerable merit. At the age of twenty-six, she became the wife of Mr. Thomas Rowe, a gentleman of a good family. After five years of wedded life, Mrs. Rowe was left a widow. She now settled at Frome, Somersetshire, devoting herself to literary pursuits. Her "Letters from the Dead to the Living," obtained wide popularity. She died at Frome, on the 20th February, 1737. Two years after her death, Dr. Watts published her "Devout Exercises of the Heart." The hymns which follow have been transcribed from her "Miscellaneous Works in Prose and Verse," 1756, 2 vols., 8vo, fourth edition.

BEGIN THE HIGH CELESTIAL STRAIN.

BEGIN the high celestial strain,
My ravish'd soul, and sing
A solemn hymn of grateful praise
To heaven's almighty King.

Ye purling fountains, as ye roll
Your silver waves along,
Whisper to all your verdant shores
The subject of my song.

Retain it long, ye echoing rocks,
The sacred sound retain;
And from your hollow, winding caves,
Return it oft again.

Bear it, ye winds, on all your wings
To distant climes away,
And round the wide extended world
My lofty theme convey.

Take the glad burden of His name,
Ye clouds, as you arise;
Whether to deck the golden morn,
Or shade the ev'ning skies.

Let harmless thunders roll along
The smooth ethereal plain,
And answer from the crystal vault
To ev'ry flying strain.

Long let it warble round the spheres,
And echo through the sky;
Till angels, with immortal skill,
Improve the harmony.

While I, with sacred rapture fir'd
The blest Creator sing,
And warble consecrated lays
To heaven's almighty King.

THOU DIDST, O MIGHTY GOD, EXIST.

Thou didst, O mighty God, exist
Ere time begun its race;
Before the ample elements
Fill'd up the voids of space.

Before the pond'rous earthly globe
In fluid air was stay'd;
Before the ocean's mighty springs
Their liquid stores display'd.

Ere through the gloom of ancient night
The streaks of light appear'd ;
Before the high celestial arch
On starry poles was rear'd.

Before the loud, melodious spheres
Their tuneful round begun ;
Before the shining roads of heav'n
Were measur'd by the sun.

Ere through the empyrean courts
One hallelujah rung ;
Or to their harps the sons of light
Ecstatic anthems sung.

Ere men ador'd, or angels knew,
Or prais'd Thy wondrous name ;
Thy bliss, O sacred spring of life !
And glory was the same.

And when the pillars of the world
With sudden ruin break,
And all this vast and goodly frame,
Sinks in the mighty wreck ;

When from her orb the moon shall start,
The astonish'd sun roll back ;
And all the trembling starry lamps
Their ancient course forsake ;

For ever permanent and fix'd,
From agitation free,
Unchanged in everlasting years
Shall Thy existence be.

IN VAIN THE DUSKY NIGHT.

In vain the dusky night retires,
And sullen shadows fly ;
In vain the morn with purple light
Adorns the eastern sky.

In vain the gaudy rising sun,
The wide horizon gilds,—
Comes glitt'ring o'er the silver streams,
And cheers the dewy fields.

In vain, dispensing vernal sweets,
The morning breezes play;
In vain the birds with cheerful songs
Salute the new-born day.

In vain, unless my Saviour's face
These gloomy clouds control,
And dissipate the sullen shades
That press my drooping soul.

Oh visit then Thy servant, Lord,
With favour from on high;
Arise, my bright immortal Sun,
And all these shades will die.

When, when, shall I behold Thy face
All radiant and serene,
Without these envious, dusky clouds
That make a veil between?

When shall that long-expected day
Of sacred vision be,
When my impatient soul shall make
A near approach to Thee?

HEAVEN.

Hail, sacred Salem, plac'd on high,
Seat of th' almighty King!
What thought can grasp the boundless bliss?
What tongue Thy glories sing?

Thy crystal towers and palaces
Magnificently rise,
And dart their beauteous lustre round
All the empyrean skies.

The voice of triumph in thy streets,
And acclamations sound;
Gay banquets in thy splendid courts,
And nuptial joys abound.

Bright smiles on ev'ry face appear,
Rapture in ev'ry eye;
From ev'ry mouth glad anthems flow,
And charming harmony.

Illustrious day for ever there,
Streams from the face Divine:
No pale-fac'd moon e'er glimmers forth,
Nor stars, nor sun decline.

No scorching heats, no piercing colds,
The changing seasons bring;
But o'er the fields mild breezes there
Breathe an eternal spring.

The flow'rs with lasting beauty shine,
And deck the smiling ground;
While flowing streams of pleasure all
The happy plains surround.

JOHN RYLAND, D.D.

THE REV. JOHN RYLAND was born at Warwick, on the 29th January, 1753. His father, John Collett Ryland, was a distinguished pastor of the Baptist denomination. In 1770, he began to preach. For a period he assisted his father at Northampton, whither he had removed in 1759. In 1786, when his father removed to London, he obtained the full charge of the Baptist congregation at Northampton. He removed to Bristol in 1794, to become president of the Baptist Academy there, and pastor of Broadmead Chapel. He died on the 25th May, 1825.

Dr. Ryland was a profound Oriental scholar. He was one of the founders of the Baptist Missionary Society. His "Hymns and Verses on Sacred Subjects," have lately been reprinted by Mr. Sedgwick, in his "Library of Spiritual Songs," accompanied with a biographical sketch.

TRUST IN GOD.

SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise!
All my times are in Thy hand,
All events at Thy command.

His decree that form'd the earth,
Fix'd my first and second birth;
Parents, native place, and time,—
All appointed were by Him.

He that form'd me in the womb,
He shall guide me to the tomb;
All my times shall ever be
Ordered by His wise decree.

Times of sickness, times of health,
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief.

Times the tempter's power to prove;
Times to taste a Saviour's love;
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

Plagues and deaths around me fly;
Till He bids, I cannot die;
Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit.

O Thou gracious, wise, and just,
In Thy hands my life I trust;
Have I somewhat dearer still?
I resign it to Thy will.

May I always own Thy hand—
Still to the surrender stand;
Know that Thou art God alone;
I and mine are all Thy own.

Thee at all times, will I bless;
Having Thee I all possess:
How can I bereaved be,
Since I cannot part with Thee.

LORD, I WOULD DELIGHT IN THEE.

O Lord, I would delight in Thee,
And on Thy care depend;
To Thee, in every trouble flee,—
My best, my only Friend!

When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in Thy name!

Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near,—
A fountain which will ever run
With waters sweet and clear?

No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in Thee;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.

Oh, that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil,—
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose Word can never fail!

He that has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide;
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

O Lord, I cast my care on Thee,
I triumph and adore:
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please Thee more.

ROBERT SEAGRAVE, M.A.

ROBERT SEAGRAVE was born at Twyford, Leicestershire, on the 22nd November, 1693. He studied at Clare Hall, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1718. In 1739, he seems to have been appointed Sunday Evening Lecturer at Lorimer's Hall, London. He afterwards preached in the Tabernacle, in connection with the Calvinistic Methodists. The date of his death is unknown. Seagrave composed several treatises on doctrinal subjects, and on the duties of the Christian ministry. In 1742, he published "Hymns for Christian Worship;" London, 8vo. This volume contained a number of original hymns, others being selected. Fifty hymns, from his pen, with a sketch of his life and writings, were published by Mr. Sedgwick in 1860.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings;
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven thy native place.
Sun and moon and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun:
Both speed them to their source.
So my soul, derived from God,
Pants to view His glorious face;
Forward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

Fly me riches, fly me cares,
Whilst I that coast explore;
Flattering world, with all thy snares,
Solicit me no more.
Pilgrims fix not here their home;
Strangers tarry but a night;
When the last dear morn is come,
They'll rise to joyful light.

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies.

Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

AARON CROSSLEY HOBART SEYMOUR.

THIS gentleman is descended from the great house of Seymour, so memorable in the eventful times of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., for the rapidity of its rise, the vastness of its power, and the depth of its fall. He is lineally descended from Sir Henry Seymour, brother of the first Duke of Somerset, and Jane Seymour, the Queen of Henry VIII. He is the eldest son of the Rev. John Crossley Seymour, vicar of Cahirelly, in the diocese of Cashel, and was born in the county of Limerick, on the 19th December, 1789. His mother was grand-daughter of William Hobart, Esq., of Highmount, county of Waterford. In 1810, his first work was published, entitled "Vital Christianity," in a series of letters addressed to young persons; it contained several hymns and early poetical effusions. In 1808, he made his first appearance in *The Evangelical Magazine* in a poem on Christmas Day, and continued for a series of years as a contributor to that popular serial. In 1811, his edition of Dr. Gillies' Life of Whitefield was published. This was followed, in 1816, by a lengthened memoir of Miss Brooke, prefixed to her translation of the "Relicks of Ancient Irish Poetry," in the compilation of which he was assisted by Miss Edgeworth. In 1839, appeared his interesting work, "The Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon," in two octavo volumes. This valuable publication occupied the attention of the author for upwards of thirty years.

Mr. Seymour has been a contributor to the poetical department of *The Christian Guardian*, *The Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*, *The Youths' Magazine*, and other periodicals.

HYMN FOR THE ORDINATION OF MISSIONARIES.*

AWAKE! all conquering arm, awake!
And lift the Saviour's standard high;
Oh cause Thy cheering face to shine,
And call Thy chosen people nigh.

Baptize benighted nations, Lord,
And let Thy saving truth be known;
Arise, Thy royal power assume,
And claim the kingdoms for Thine own.

Bless those who now in distant lands
Bid the untutor'd heathen live;
Be Thou their guard, their God, their friend;
Success to every effort give.

* This was written by Mr. Seymour in 1805. A portion of the hymn appears anonymously in the collections.

Eternal God, their hearts inspire ;
Let each Thy sacred presence prove ;
Bid them go forth with holy zeal,
And loud proclaim Thy dying love.

Mountains of unbelief and sin
Shall fall before Thy sacred word ;
And millions, saved from death and hell,
Shall own the Saviour as their Lord.

HYMN FOR THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.*

Jesus, immortal King, arise !
Assume, assert Thy sway ;
Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings,
And distant lands obey.

Ride forth, victorious Conqueror, ride !
Till all Thy foes submit,
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at Thy feet.

Send forth Thy word, and let it fly
This spacious earth around,
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the "joyful sound."

Oh may the dear Redeemer's name
Through every clime be known,
And heathen gods, like Dagon, fall,
And Jesus reign alone.

Oh hasten, Lord, that happy time,
That long expected day ;
When every kingdom, tribe, and tongue
Shall own Thy gentle sway.

When all th' untutor'd heathen tribes
Shall the Redeemer own,
And crowds of willing converts come
To worship at Thy throne.

* In the New Congregational Hymn-book this hymn is ascribed to "Burder."

From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
May Jesus be adored;
And earth, with all her millions, shout
Hosannas to the Lord.

MISSIONARY HYMN.*

(Contributed.)

GREAT Captain of salvation, rise
In Thy resistless, saving might;
Send Thine anointed servants forth,
To spread abroad Thy glorious light.

Heralds of God! proclaim the cross,
Display the glorious banner high;
Go, spread the joyful news abroad,
And bid a guilty world draw nigh.

On Afric's shores, to India's sons
Your sacred embassy declare;
And may untutor'd heathen tribes,
And earth, the mighty blessings share.

"Zion's King shall reign victorious,"
In heaven and earth the Lord of all;
Nations shall bow before His throne,
And low "before His footstool fall."

Roll swiftly round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the long-expected day,
When realms that now in darkness lie,
Shall own and bless Thy sovereign sway.

* Composed in 1805, but hitherto unpublished.

MRS. ANNE SHEPHERD.

ANNE HOULDITCH was born at Cowes, Isle of Wight. Her father, the Rev. Edward Houlditch, held, for many years, the living of Speen, Berkshire. By marriage she became Mrs. Shepherd. She died at Blackheath, Kent, in 1857. Mrs. Shepherd was possessed of a vigorous intellect, which had been much improved by culture. Two religious novels, from her pen, entitled "Ellen Seymour" and "Reality," attracted considerable attention. But her reputation will chiefly rest on her hymn-book, entitled "Hymns adapted to the Comprehension of Young Minds." These compositions, sixty-four in number, are admirably adapted for interesting youthful readers in the precious truths of salvation.

FOR A SUNDAY SCHOOL.

AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand;
Children, whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing glory, glory, glory.

In flowing robes of spotless white,
See every one array'd:
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade,
Singing glory, glory, glory.

Once they were little things like you,
And lived on earth below,
And could not praise as now they do
The Lord who loved them so,
Singing glory, glory, glory.

What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love:
How came those children there,
Singing glory, glory, glory?

Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin,
Bathed in that precious purple flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing glory, glory, glory.

On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
So now they see His blessèd face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing glory, glory, glory.

A MESSAGE OF LOVE.

HERE'S a message of love
Come down from above
To invite little children to heaven;
In God's blessèd book
Poor sinners may look,
And see how all sin is forgiven.

For there they may read
How Jesus did bleed,
And die for His dear little ones;
How clean He first makes them,
And afterwards takes them
To be His own daughters and sons.

And then when they die,
He takes them on high,
To be with Him in heaven above;
For so kind is His heart,
That He never will part
From a child that has tasted His love.

And O! what delight
In heaven so bright,
To see the dear Saviour's face;
On His beauty to gaze,
And to sing to His praise
For ever in that happy place!

THE GARDEN OF THE LORD.

CHRIST has a garden here below,
Where pleasant fruits and spices grow;
The trees and flowers therein that stand
Are planted by His gentle hand.

This may, perhaps, sound strange to you;
But yet the Bible says 'tis true:
God's children in His holy word
Are called the garden of the Lord.

By nature, rude and wild they're born,
Just like the brier or the thorn;
But when they're in this garden put,
They turn to trees producing fruit.

Jesus upon His garden shines,
And props, and rears His tender vines;
His grace like gentle rain is shed
On every little drooping head.

Do any children long to be
Planted and water'd, Lord, by Thee?
O let them hear Thy loving calls,
And come within Thy garden walls.

Such children are the tender plants
Of whom the Lord supplies the wants;
The little, thirsty, drooping flowers,
On whom He pours His choicest showers.

THE FAMILY OF GOD.

GOD has a family on earth
Of daughters and of sons;
His Holy Spirit gave them birth,
They are His little ones.

He watches over them for good,
And hears their smallest cries;
He gives them house, and clothes, and food,
And all their wants supplies.

He knows their weak and tender frame,
Pities their griefs and fears;
And calls them every one by name,
And wipes away their tears.

And why does God such kindness show
To things so mean and base?
Why does He more on them bestow
Than others of their race.

'Tis all because that Jesus bled
For them upon the tree;
And dwelt awhile among the dead
To set His children free.

To what the Lamb of God has done
They all their blessings owe;
'Tis for the sake of His dear Son,
The Father loves them so.

Let children, then, redeem'd and bought
With Jesus' precious blood,
Sing the sweet praise of Him who brought
Such little ones to God.

WALTER SHIRLEY.

THE HON. AND REV. WALTER SHIRLEY was born in 1725. He was fourth son of the Hon. Laurence Shirley, who was fourth son of Robert, first Earl Ferrers. His three elder brothers were successively fourth, fifth, and sixth Earls. Having taken orders, he obtained the living of Loughrea, co. Galway, Ireland. He was much interested in the evangelical efforts of the celebrated Countess of Huntingdon, who was the second daughter and co-heiress of his father's elder brother, Washington, second Earl Ferrers. He published a volume of discourses, and two poems, entitled, "Liberty: an Ode," and "The Judgment." Lady Huntingdon's hymn-book, published in 1764, was revised by him. In that work, in 1774 first appeared his hymn, beginning, "Sweet the moments, rich in blessing," being a popular rendering of a similar hymn, previously published by the Rev. James Allen, the text and some account of which are presented in a note appended to the present volume. After a period of feeble health, Mr. Shirley died in 1786, in his sixty-first year. The favourite dismission hymn, beginning, "Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing," which has been attributed to the Rev. George Burder and other writers, may, we think, fairly be ascribed to Mr. Shirley. His son, the late Rev. Walter Shirley, asserted that his father was the author, and this belief is universal among his descendants. So far as can be ascertained, the dismission hymn first appeared in "A Collection of Hymns for Public Worship," edited by the Rev. John Harris, of Hull, York, 1774, and next in Dr. Conyers' Collection, published in London during the same year. The hymn did not appear in Lady Huntingdon's Collection till several years after.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life and health and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood:
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

Truly blessèd is this station,
Low before His cross to lie;
While I see Divine compassion
Floating in His languid eye.
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Love I much? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove His wounds each day more healing,
And Himself most deeply know!

DISMISSION.

Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
Oh refresh us,
Trav'lling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give and adoration
For Thy gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound!
Ever faithful
To the truth may we be found!

So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wing to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day!

MISSIONARY HYMN.*

Go! destined vessel, heavenly freighted, go!
For lo! the Lord's ambassadors are there;
Faith sits at helm, and Hope attends the prow,
While thousands swell the sails with balmy prayer.

Jesus, thy Guardian, walks the briny wave,
Or on the whirlwind rides and rules the storm;
His eye regards thee, vigilant to save,
Though danger varies its terrific form.

Black gathering tempests, awed by His command,
Their hideous roar in lowly murmurs cease;
Whilst o'er the monstrous surge He waves His hand,
Or spreads the silky mantle of His peace.

The Lord of elements is Lord of men,
He stills the menace of the hostile mind;
His servants, soon as the glad port they gain,
In hearts prepared shall friendly welcome find.

Lo! India's tawny sons incline the ear,
And pause, attentive to the sacred word;
Heralds of God, your embassy declare,
And win obedient nations to the Lord.

Proclaim the cross, His banner lifted high,
And bid a guilty world find refuge there;
So shall the praise of myriads rend the sky,
And heaven and earth the mighty blessings share.

* These lines, printed from the original MS., were written by Mr. Shirley, when the first Missionaries were sent to America, in 1772, by the Countess of Huntingdon, under the Rev. Wm. Percy as their President.

Gleams the glad morn! arise, O King of kings!
Assume, exert Thine universal sway;
Till earth, subdued, its willing tribute brings,
And distant regions cheerfully obey.

Then, big with conquest, bring Thy glories down;
Let those that love Thy name Thy person view;
Friends of Thy cross, they soon shall share Thy crown
In peaceful rest, with bliss for ever new.

EASTER HYMN.*

From heaven the loud, th' angelic song began,
It shook the skies, and reached astonished man;
By man re-echoed, it shall mount again,
While fragrant odours fill the blissful plain.

Worthy the Lamb of boundless sway,
In heaven or earth the Lord of all;
Ye princes, rulers, powers, obey,
And low before His footstool fall.

The deed was done; the Lamb was slain;
The groaning earth, the burden bore:
He rose, He lives, He lives to reign,
Nor time shall shake His endless power.

Riches, and all that deck the great,
From worlds unnumbered hither bring;
The tribute pour before His seat,
And hail the triumphs of our King.

Wisdom and strength are His alone;
He raised the top-stone, shouting Grace;
Honour has built His lofty throne,
And glory shines upon His face.

From heaven, from earth, loud bursts of praise
The mighty blessings shall proclaim!
Blessings that earth to glory raise;
The purchase of the wounded Lamb.

* The music of this piece is by Millgrove.

Higher, still higher swell the strain ;
Creation's voice, the note prolong ;
The Lamb shall ever, ever reign :
Let hallelujahs crown the song.
Hallelujah.

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE, SEN.

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE was born at Sandwich, on the 7th April, 1729. In 1743, he was apprenticed to a shipwright at Sheerness. About his twentieth year, he experienced a great spiritual change. He began to join a few persons for Scripture reading and prayer ; he subsequently engaged in theological studies. After a period of subordinate employment in Sheerness dockyard, he was appointed master-mastmaker in 1773. He continued to retain that office till his death. In 1766, he undertook the ministry of an Independent chapel at Sheerness. His pastoral services were much valued. He died on the 7th February, 1797, in his sixty-eighth year. In 1776, Mr. Shrubsole published "Christian Memoirs, a Review of the present state of Religion in England." A third edition of that work was published in 1807, accompanied with a memoir of the author, by his son. The following hymn, by Mr. Shrubsole first appeared in 1780.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

ARM of the Lord ! awake ! awake !
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake ;
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

Say to the heathen from Thy throne,
"I am Jehovah, God alone !"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt ;
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flow'd from Jesus' side.

Arm of the Lord, Thy power extend ;
Let Mahomet's imposture end ;
Break papal superstition's chain,
And the proud scoffer's rage restrain.

Let Zion's time of favour come :
Oh bring the tribes of Israel home :
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim
In every clime of every name ;
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE, JUN.

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE, jun., son of the preceding, was born at Sheerness, on the 21st November, 1759. He was originally employed as a shipwright. In 1785, he proceeded to London, and became a clerk in the accountants' division of the Bank of England. In the bank, his position gradually improved ; he latterly held the responsible post of secretary of the committee of treasury. He connected himself with the principal religious and charitable associations in the metropolis, and occasionally contributed, both in prose and verse, to the publications of the Religious Tract Society. His death took place on the 23rd August, 1829. The following compositions of Mr. Shrubsole have been kindly supplied by a member of his family. In the collections, the two latter are attributed to others.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

IN all the paths my feet pursue
While travelling to my heavenly rest,
My wearied powers their strength renew,
My spirit feels Divinely blest,
When, Saviour, to Thy cross I flee,
And my whole soul commit to Thee.

When with a weight of care I bend,
Oppress'd beneath the heavy load,
And troubles every step attend,
In life's perplex'd and rugged road,
Then, O my Saviour, be Thou near,
My cares to take, my heart to cheer.

When numerous snares beset my feet,
Spread by the world, by sense and sin ;
When bold temptation's front I meet,
Or feel a treacherous heart within,
Jesus, my guide and helper be,
And let me stay my soul on Thee.

When duties on my languid mind
  Wage but a weak and feeble claim,
And in devotion's hours I find
  No kindling of a heavenly flame,
Saviour, the will and power impart;
Direct my mind and warm my heart.

Should my breast heave with labouring sighs,
  Oppress'd with pain, o'ercharged with grief;
Should joy be hidden from my eyes,
  And hope delay her sweet relief:
Then, gracious Saviour, by me stay,
And wipe the gushing tear away.

Soon what will all the world avail,—
  Its hopes and fears, its joys and strife?
Soon even flesh and heart must fail,
  And leave me on the verge of life;
Then, Saviour, then my portion be,
In death and in eternity.

A MISSIONARY HYMN.

BRIGHT as the sun's meridian blaze,
Vast as the blessings he conveys,
Wide as his reign from pole to pole,
And permanent as his control,—

So, Jesus, let Thy kingdom come;
Then sin and hell's terrific gloom
Shall, at its brightness, flee away—
The dawn of an eternal day.

Then shall the heathen, fill'd with awe,
Learn the blest knowledge of Thy law;
And Antichrist, on every shore,
Fall from his throne, to rise no more.

Then shall Thy lofty praise resound
On Afric's shores, through India's ground;
And islands of the Southern Sea
Shall stretch their eager arms to Thee.

Then shall the Jew and Gentile meet
In pure devotion at Thy feet;
And earth shall yield Thee, as Thy due,
Her fulness and her glory too.

Oh that from Britain now might shine
This heavenly light and truth Divine,
Till the whole universe abroad
Flame with the glory of our God.

DAILY DUTIES.

When, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes my eyes,
O Sun of righteousness Divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine;
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

When to heaven's great and glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name,
Then, Jesus, sprinkle with Thy blood,
And be my advocate with God.

As every day Thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be Thou my Counsellor and Friend;
Teach me Thy precepts, all Divine,
And be Thy great example mine.

When pain transfixes every part,
And languor settles at the heart;
When on my bed, diseased, opprest,
I turn, and sigh, and long for rest,
O Great Physician, see my grief,
And grant Thy servant sweet relief!

Should poverty's consuming blow
Lay all my worldly comforts low,
And neither help nor hope appear,
My steps to guide, my heart to cheer;
Lord, pity and supply my need,
For Thou on earth wast poor indeed.

Should Providence profusely pour
Its various blessings on my store,
Oh, keep me from the ills that wait
On such a seeming prosperous state;
From hurtful passions set me free,
And humbly may I walk with Thee!

When each day's scenes and labours close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And as each morning sun shall rise,
Oh, lead me onward to the skies.

And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labours done,
Jesus, Thine heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see Thy face and sing Thy praise.

MRS. SIMPSON.

MRS. SIMPSON, *nee* JANE CROSS BELL, is the daughter of James Bell, Esq., advocate, and is a native of Glasgow. At an early period she contributed verses to *The Edinburgh Literary Journal*, edited by her brother, Henry Glassford Bell, Esq. She assumed the literary *nom de plume* of Gertrude; and, under this designation, she reproduced her poetical contributions in "April Hours," a small 12mo, which appeared in 1838. She had previously published, in 1836, a small volume of tales and sketches, entitled "The Piety of Daily Life." In 1848, she published "Woman's History." Her latest work, "Linda; or, Beauty and Genius;" appeared in 1859. The following hymn has been ascribed to different authors. The first, second, and fourth stanzas of the hymn appeared in "April Hours," in 1838. The entire composition is now printed from a copy kindly supplied by the accomplished authoress. "Gertrude" has been for many years married to her cousin, Mr. J. B. Simpson, of Glasgow.

PRAYER.

Go when the morning shineth,
  Go when the noon is bright;
Go when the eve declineth,
  Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
  Fling earthly thought away,
And, in thy chamber kneeling,
  Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
  All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those that hate thee,
  If any such there be.
Then for thyself, in meekness,
  A blessing humbly claim;
And link, with each petition,
  The great Redeemer's name.

Or if 'tis e'er denied thee
  In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
  When friends are round thy way;
Even then the silent breathing
  Of thy spirit raised above,
May reach His throne of glory,
  Who is mercy, truth, and love!

O ! not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,
The power that He hath given us
To pour our hearts in prayer !
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before His footstool fall,
And remember, in thy gladness,
His grace who gave thee all.

THE LESSON.

(*Contributed.*)

I HAD a lesson to teach them,
The children that God had given,
From a Book most high and holy,
Whose theme is the love of Heaven.

But some of these baby-blossoms
Were laid by the reaper low,
Ere yet they could spell the letters
I wish'd them so much to know.

And one, on whose soul had fallen
The lesson with deepest power,
Went home to the sainted glory
In the dawn of his manhood's hour.

Ah ! then, as the waves of sorrow
Went over my drooping head,
My pupils became my teachers,
The living was taught by the dead !

And the more *their* memory held me,
The children I ne'er could see ;
The more we rehearsed that lesson
The children yet left with me.

And still, when the Book is opened
Where wisdom and peace are found,
We fancy our loved ones bending
To meet us on holy ground.

And the lesson so pure and tender,
We study with silent prayer,
Sinks down to our inmost spirits,
With these angels hovering there!

And we long to fold our pinions,
By sin and by sorrow press'd,
'Neath the tree by the crystal river,
The city of endless rest!

Till then, with a zeal untiring,
We'll con the lesson of love;
The children on earth yet dwelling,
And the children moored above.

JAMES G. SMALL.

THE REV. JAMES G. SMALL is a native of Edinburgh. Having attended the university of his native city, he there attained distinction as a successful competitor for various prize poems. In 1843, he published a volume of poems, entitled "The Highlands, etc." This work has passed through several editions. Two small poetical works from his pen have likewise been well received. In 1847, Mr. Small was ordained pastor of the Free Church, Bervie, Kincardineshire.

VOICES FROM HEAVEN.

WHAT strains of compassion are heard from above,
Calling sinners to flee to the bosom of Love!
'Tis the voice of the Saviour who speaks from on high—
"Turn, turn, ye poor wanderers, O why will ye die?
Turn, turn, ere ye perish; for judgment is nigh."

What a sweet invitation is heard from above!
Calling children to fly to the bosom of Love!
'Tis the voice of the Shepherd! how kind is its tone—
"Come, ye young ones, to me, ere life's spring-time be flown;
I will take you, and bless you, and make you mine own."

What accents of comfort are heard from above,
Calling mourners to rest on the bosom of Love!
'Tis the voice of our tender and faithful High Priest—
"Come to me, ye who labour, with sorrows oppress'd;
Come, and, learning of me, your tired soul shall find rest."

What songs of rejoicing are rising above
From the blest who repose on the bosom of Love!
'Tis the voice of the ransom'd; how joyful the strain—
"Glory, blessing, and power to the Lamb that was slain,
For He suffered for us, and with Him we shall reign."

"REJOICE EVERMORE."

CHILD of God and heir of glory,
Wherefore should thy heart despond?
Set the joys of heaven before thee;
Pierce the veil, and look beyond.

Brood not o'er this scene of sorrow,
Think of all the hopes reveal'd;
From the *future* learn to borrow
What the *present* cannot yield.

Let thy heart be ever cheerful,
So thy soul shall still be strong;
To the timid and the fearful,
Ne'er does victory belong.

What though clouds above thee hover!
They shall soon be chased away;
And, dispersing, will discover
All the glory of the day.

What though now the path thou treadest
Be with grieving thorns beset!
All the ills which *here* thou dreadest
Yonder thou shalt soon forget.

CHARITIE LEES SMITH.

CHARITIE LEES SMITH is the daughter of the Rev. Sidney Smith, D.D., rector of Aghalurcher, county Fermanagh, Ireland; she was born at Bloomfield, Merrion, in the county of Dublin. Miss Smith has composed a number of sacred lyrics; she has contributed to several religious serials. Her hymn entitled "Heavenly Anticipations" is a favourite in Sunday-schools.

HEAVENLY ANTICIPATIONS.

OH for the robes of whiteness!
Oh for the tearless eyes!
Oh for the glorious brightness
Of the unclouded skies!

Oh for the no more weeping
Within the land of love,
The endless joy of keeping
The bridal feast above!

Oh for the bliss of dying,
My risen Lord to meet!
Oh for the rest of lying
For ever at His feet!

Oh for the hour of seeing
My Saviour face to face,
The hope of ever being
In that sweet meeting-place!

Jesus, Thou King of glory,
I soon shall dwell with Thee;
I soon shall sing the story
Of Thy great love to me.

Meanwhile my thoughts shall enter,
E'en now, before Thy throne,
That all my love may centre
On Thee, and Thee alone.

"MIGHTY TO SAVE."

(*Contributed.*)

THE King of glory standeth
Beside that heart of sin,
His mighty voice commandeth
The raging waves within;
The floods of deepest anguish
Roll backward at His will,
As o'er the storm ariseth
His mandate, "Peace, be still."

At times, with sudden glory,
He speaks, and all is done!
Without one stroke of battle
The victory is won:
While we with joy beholding,
Can scarce believe it true,
That e'en our kingly Jesus
Can form such hearts anew.

He comes in blood-stain'd garments;
Upon His brow a crown;
The gates of brass fly open,
The iron bands drop down.
From off the fetter'd captive
The chains of Satan fall,
While angels shout triumphant,
That Christ is Lord of all!

But sometimes in the stillness,
He gently draweth near,
And whispers words of welcome,
Into the sinner's ear:
With anxious heart He waiteth
The answer of His cry,
That oft repeated question,
"O wherefore wilt thou die?"

Or, in the gathering darkness,
With wounded feet and sore,
The suppliant Saviour standeth
And knocketh at the door:
The bleak winds howl around Him,
The unbelief and sin;
Yet Jesus waits, entreating
That He may enter in.

He whispers through the portal;
He woos them with His love;
He calls them to the kingdom
That waits for them above:
He speaks of all the gladness
His yearning heart would give,
Tells of the cleansing fountain,
And bids them "wash, and live."

Oh Christ, His love is mighty!
Long-suffering is His grace!
And glorious is the splendour
That beameth from His face!
Our hearts up-leap in gladness,
When we behold that love,
As we go singing onward
To dwell with Him above!

MRS. CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

CAROLINE ANNE BOWLES was daughter of Charles Bowles, Esq., of Buckland, North Lymington. She was born in 1786. In 1820, she first appeared as an author, by the publication of "Ellen Fitzarthur, a Metrical Tale." She subsequently published "Chapters on Churchyards;" "Mornings with Mamma;" "Robin Hood;" and "The Birthday; a Poem." She became, in 1839, the second wife of the poet Southey. Her death took place in 1854.

THE MARINER'S HYMN.

LAUNCH thy bark, mariner;
Christian, God speed thee;
Let loose the rudder-bands,
Good angels lead thee.

Set thy sails warily,
Tempests will come;
Steer thy course steadily:
Christian, steer home.

Look to the weather-bow,
Breakers are round thee;
Let fall the plummet now,
Shallows may ground thee.
Reef in the foresail, there,—
Hold the helm fast;
So—let the vessel wear;
There swept the blast.

"What of the night, watchman?
What of the night?"
"Cloudy, all quiet,
No land yet—all 's right."
Be wakeful, be vigilant;
Danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth
Securest to thee.

How! gains the leak so fast?
Clear out the hold;
Hoist up thy merchandise,
Heave out thy gold.
There—let the ingots go;
Now the ship rights:
Hurrah! the harbour's near;
Lo! the red lights.

Slacken not sail yet,
At inlet or island;
Straight for the beacon steer,
Straight for the high land.
Crowd all thy canvas on,
Cut through the foam;
Christian, cast anchor now,
Heaven is thy home.

JOSEPH STAMMERS.

JOSEPH STAMMERS was born at Bury St. Edmunds, in 1801. Educated for the legal profession, he practised for some years as a solicitor in the city of London. In 1833, he was called to the bar, and joined the Northern Circuit. Mr. Stammers continues to practise as a barrister. Four of the following hymns have been kindly contributed to this work by Mr. Stammers. "Breast the wave, Christian," was written by him many years ago for a small serial edited by the Rev. John Buckworth, late vicar of Dewsbury. From this source it had got into the hymn-books. It has been assigned to at least five different writers. We rejoice to establish the true authorship.

BREAST THE WAVE, CHRISTIAN.

BREAST the wave, Christian,
When it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian,
When the night 's longest;
Onward and onward still
Be thine endeavour;
The rest that remaineth
Will be for ever.

Fight the fight, Christian,
Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian,
Heaven is before thee.
He who hath promised
Faltereth never;
The love of eternity
Flows on for ever.

Lift the eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth;
Raise the heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth;
Thee from the love of Christ
Nothing shall sever;
Mount when thy work is done,
Praise Him for ever.

THE RIVER IS FREE!

Isaiah lv. 1.

(*Contributed.*)

HARK! the cry sounds from
Eternity's brink:
Ho! he that thirsteth,
Come now and drink!
Freeman, or bond-slave,
Whoever you be,
Drink of salvation,
The river is free!

Ho! to the wanderer,
Weary and worn!
Ho! to the objects
Of pity and scorn!
Homeless and desolate,
Land-born, or sea,
Come to the waters,
The river is free!

Mark how it springeth
From mercy alone!
The fountain out-gusheth
From God's holy throne;
It cheereth, it cleanseth
Such sinners as we;
'Tis life everlasting,
The river is free!

HIND OF THE MORNING.

Psalm xxii.

(*Contributed.*)

HIND of the morning, come running, come leaping,
Spring from the thickets, and quickly appear;
The souls of Thy people are weary with weeping,
And wait for Thy presence to dry up the tear.

Far have they travelled in darkness and sorrow,
Wasted and weary, afflicted, forlorn;
Looking for joy on each coming to-morrow,
Hoping as those that long watch for the dawn.

When shall they drink, at the source of Thy fountains,
The stream of those pleasures that flow from above?
O Hind of the morning, make haste o'er the mountains,
And feed them with freshness, and fill them with love!

THE CRUCIFIXION.

(*Contributed.*)

O HEAD, so full of bruises!
Brow, that its life-blood loses!
Oh! great humility!
Across His face are flying
The shadows of the dying:
'Twas suffer'd all for me!

O Back, by scourges ploughèd!
O Soul, by sorrow bowèd
Upon the accursèd tree!
He hears the bitter scorning;
'Tis night, without a dawning:
'Twas suffer'd all for me!

Eye, that in darkness sinketh!
Lip, that the red cup drinketh!
Hands, bound to misery!
See, from His feet forth streameth
The fountain that redeemeth!
'Twas suffer'd all for me!

And now He speaks, oh hearken,
While clouds all nature darken!
"Lama sabachthani?"
His head is bent, and droopeth!
To such a death He stoopeth!
'Twas suffer'd all for me!

"SURSUM CORDA!"

(*Contributed.*)

"SURSUM corda!" let your hearts
Mount to heaven, as sleep departs;
Early waking from repose,
Sweet and fragrant as the rose,
Let the incense prayer arise
To the Maker of the skies,
Who dyes the East with purple dyes
And loves the morning sacrifice.
"Sursum corda!"

"Sursum corda!" let your hearts
Mount to heaven, as day departs;
Lift the voice, with all your power,
At the lingering sunset hour,
While the light its glory flings
On hallow'd men and angels' wings,
And gilds the earth's remotest things;
Sing, as the cherub angel sings.
"Sursum corda!"

"Sursum corda!" let your hearts
Mount in praise, as life departs;
Ere with garb immortal deck'd,
Take the glorious retrospect;
Though a spirit born in sin,
Yet to heavenly hosts akin,
Destined a golden crown to win,
At God's own gate to enter in.
"Sursum corda!"

ANNE STEELE.

ANNE STEELE was born at Broughton, Hampshire, in 1717. Her father, William Steele, a timber-merchant, officiated for sixty years as the unsalaried pastor of the Baptist congregation at Broughton. Anne was delicate from childhood, and of retiring habits. Under the name of Theodosia, she published, in 1760, two volumes of "Poems and Hymns." A third volume of sacred lyrics, from her pen, was published after her decease. She died at Broughton, in November, 1778, at the age of sixty-one. Her life was spent in works of benevolence. For many years she suffered from severe bodily pain, which she bore with exemplary patience.

THE EXCELLENCY OF HOLY SCRIPTURE.

FATHER of mercies, in Thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines.

Here mines of heavenly wealth disclose
Their bright unbounded store;
The glittering gem no longer glows,
And India boasts no more.

Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

Here may the blind and hungry come,
And light and food receive;
Here shall the meanest guest have room,
And taste and see and live.

Amidst these gloomy wilds below,
When dark and sad we stray,
Here beams of heaven relieve our woe,
And guide to endless day.

Here springs of consolation rise,
To cheer the fainting mind;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

When guilt and terror, pain and grief,
United, rend the heart,
Here sinners meet Divine relief,
And cool the raging smart.

Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

But when His painful sufferings rise,—
Delightful, dreadful scene!
Angels may read with wondering eyes
That Jesus died for men.

Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

CHRIST EXALTED.

Now let us raise our cheerful strains,
And join the blissful choir above;
There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And there they sing His wondrous love.

While seraphs tune th' immortal song,
Oh, may we feel the sacred flame;
And every heart and every tongue
Adore the Saviour's glorious name.

Jesus, who once upon the tree
In agonizing pains expir'd,—
Who died for rebels—yes, 'tis He!
How bright! how lovely! how admired!

Jesus, who died that we might live,—
Died in the wretched traitor's place;
Oh, what returns can mortals give
For such immeasurable grace!

Were universal nature ours,
And art, with all her boasted store,—
Nature and art, with all their powers,
Would still confess the offerer poor.

Yet, though for bounty so Divine
We ne'er can equal honours raise,
Jesus, may all our hearts be Thine,
And all our tongues proclaim Thy praise.

MORNING.

LORD of my life, O may Thy praise
Employ my noblest powers;
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours.

Preserv'd by Thy almighty arm,
I pass'd the shades of night,
Serene and safe from every harm,
And see returning light.

While many spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
And undisturb'd repose.

When sleep, death's semblance, o'er me spread,
And I unconscious lay,
Thy watchful care was round my bed,
To guard my feeble clay.

Oh, let the same almighty care
My waking hours attend ;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let Thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

THE VOICE OF THE CREATURES.

THERE is a God, all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and seas, and skies ;
See, from the clouds His glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise !

The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

Diffusing life, His influence spreads,
And health and plenty smile around ;
The fruitful fields and verdant meads
Are with a thousand blessings crown'd.

Almighty goodness, power Divine,
The fields and verdant meads display,
And bless the hand which made them shine
With various charms, profusely gay.

For man and beast, here daily food
In wide extensive plenty grows ;
And there, for drink, the crystal flood
In streams, sweet winding, gently flows.

By cooling streams and softening showers
The vegetable race are fed ;
And trees, and plants, and herbs, and flowers
Their Maker's bounty smiling spread.

The flowery tribes all blooming rise
Above the faint attempts of art;
Their bright, inimitable dyes
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.

Ye curious minds, who roam abroad
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of the God,
And bow before Him, and adore.

WEARY SOULS INVITED TO REST.

COME, weary souls, with sin distress'd,
The Saviour offers heavenly rest;
The kind, the gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
Oh come and spread your woes abroad;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace—
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,
The hope Thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice
And bless the kind inviting voice.

Dear Saviour, let Thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove,
And sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

THE CONTRITE HEART.

O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh,
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye!

See, low before Thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn!
Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?
Hast Thou not said, Return?

And shall my guilty fears prevail,
To drive me from Thy feet?
Oh let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

Absent from Thee, my Guide, my Light,
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!

O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let Thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys Divine.

Thy presence only can bestow
Delights which never cloy;
Be this my solace here below,
And my eternal joy.

THE PROMISED LAND.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

Fair, distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its joys explore,
How would our spirits long to rise
And dwell on earth no more.

There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.

From discord free, and war's alarms,
And want, and pining care,
Plenty and peace unite their charms,
And smile unchanging there.

There rich varieties of joy
Continual feast the mind;
Pleasures which fill but never cloy,
Immortal and refin'd.

No factious strife, no envy there
The sons of peace molest;
But harmony and love sincere
Fill every happy breast.

No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint, sickly ray;
But glory from the sacred throne
Spreads everlasting day.

The glorious Monarch there displays
His beams of wondrous grace:
His happy subjects sing His praise,
And bow before His face.

O may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above.

Prepare us, Lord, by grace Divine,
For Thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our spirits rise and join
The chorus of the sky.

SAMUEL STENNETT, D.D.

SAMUEL STENNETT was born at Exeter, in 1727. His father, Dr. Joseph Stennett, was pastor of the Baptist congregation in that city; he subsequently became minister of the Baptist chapel, Little Wild Street, London. In this pastorate, Samuel succeeded his father in 1758. He was privileged with the friendship of George III., who employed him in some literary concerns. He died on the 24th August, 1795, in his sixty-eighth year. Dr. Samuel Stennett is author of several doctrinal works. These were republished with a memoir in 1824. Thirty-four hymns of his composition are appended. Dr. Stennett contributed five hymns to Dr. Rippon's Selection.

EXCELLENCY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

LET avarice from shore to shore
Her fav'rite god pursue;
Thy word, O Lord, we value more
Than India or Peru.

Here mines of knowledge, love, and joy
Are open'd to our view;
The purest gold without alloy,
And gems of brightest hue.

The counsels of redeeming grace
These sacred leaves unfold;
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptur'd eyes behold.

Here light, descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.

Our numerous griefs are here redrest,
And all our wants supplied;
Nought we can ask to make us blest
Is in this book denied.

For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind,
Oh may we search with eager pains,
Assur'd that we shall find.

THE PROMISED LAND.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields, array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight.

There generous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales
With milk and honey flow.

All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

No chilling winds, or poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death
Are felt and fear'd no more.

When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?

Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

JOHN STOCKER.

THE personal history of this hymn-writer is unknown. He lived at Honiton, Devonshire, and contributed several hymns to *The Gospel Magazine* in 1776 and 1777. The following hymn is much esteemed.

THE DIVINE MERCY.*

THY mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue;
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
Hath won my affections, and bound my soul fast.

Without Thy sweet mercy I could not live here,
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair;
But through Thy free goodness my spirits revive,
And He that first made me still keeps me alive.

Whene'er I mistake, Thy kind mercy begins
To melt me, and then I can mourn for my sins;
And, led by Thy Spirit to Jesus's blood,
My sorrows are dried and my strength is renew'd.

Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart;
Dissolv'd by Thy sunshine, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.

Thy mercy is endless, most tender and free;
No sinner need doubt, since 'tis given to me;
No merit will buy it, nor sin stop its course;
Good works are the fruits of its freeness and force.

The doors of Thy mercy are open all day
To the poor and the needy who knock by the way;
But those that bring cash in the mouth of their sack,
The rich and the proud, shall be empty sent back.

Dear Father, Thy merciful word is my all;
Thy promise supports me when ready to fall:
When enemies crowd, to cause doubt and despair,
I conquer them all by the spirit of prayer.

* From *The Gospel Magazine*, vol. iii., pp. 143-4, London, 1776, 8vo.

Thy mercy, in Jesus, exempts me from hell;
Of Thy mercy I'll sing, of Thy mercy I'll tell;
'Twas Jesus, my Friend, when He hung on the tree,
That open'd the channel of mercy for me.

Great Father of mercies, Thy goodness I own,
And the covenant-love of Thy crucified Son;
All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper Divine
Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness MINE.

HUGH STOWELL.

THE REV. HUGH STOWELL was born on 3rd of December, 1799, at Douglas, Isle of Man. His father was Rector of Ballaugh, near Ramsey. In 1818, he entered St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford, where he graduated in 1822. In 1823, he took orders. After labouring as curate of Shapscombe, Gloucestershire, and of Trinity Church, Huddersfield, for two years, he accepted the charge of St. Stephen's Church, Salford. The large and elegant structure of Christchurch, Salford, was subsequently reared by subscription for his constantly increasing congregation. In 1845, he was nominated to an honorary canonry of Chester; subsequently he was appointed Rural Dean of Salford.

Mr. Stowell published "Tractarianism Tested," 2 vols., 8vo; "A Model for Men of Business," 8vo; and "Pleasures of Religion, and other Poems." In 1831 he issued "A Collection of Psalms and Hymns suited to the services of the Church of England." He contributed to several religious serials. His pulpit prelections were of a high order. He died at Salford, on the 8th October, 1865. The Bible Society's Jubilee Hymn was contributed by the reverend canon for insertion in this work some time before his death.

THE DAY OF REST.

HAIL! hallow'd day of heavenly rest,
To man in Eden given;
The day which the Creator bless'd,
A type and pledge of heaven.

When fallen man, forlorn and reft,
Was wrapp'd in sorrow's shroud,
This sign of mercy still was left,—
A rainbow in the cloud.

Memorial of blessings fled,
It bade the banish'd mourn;
Prophet of good, it likewise said,
Ye banish'd ones, return.

And now a richer light is shed
On thee, sweet day of grace;
Creation hides her lowly head,
Before redemption's face.

We little children hail the day
Which breathes of peace and love,
Which bids our toils and cares away,
And tells of rest above.

We love the soothing Sabbath bell;
We love the house of prayer;
Sweet thoughts and hopes within us swell,
Whilst we are gathered there.

Lord, for Thy day we bless Thy name;
Thy law has made it sure;
It stands from age to age the same,
The birthright of the poor.

Oh, may these first-fruits of our time,
These Sabbath seasons, be
Bright steps up which our souls may climb,
Till they are safe in Thee.

HYMN FOR CHILDREN.

Jesus is our Shepherd,
Wiping every tear;
Folded in His bosom,
What have we to fear?
Only let us follow
Whither He doth lead,
To the thirsty desert,
Or the dewy mead.

Jesus is our Shepherd:
Well we know His voice;
How its gentlest whisper
Makes our heart rejoice;

Even when He chideth,
Tender is its tone;
None but He shall guide us,
We are His alone.

Jesus is our Shepherd:
For the sheep He bled;
Every lamb is sprinkled
With the blood He shed;
Then on each He setteth
His own secret sign,—
"They that have my Spirit,
"These," saith He, "are mine."

Jesus is our Shepherd:
Guarded by His arm,
Though the wolves may raven,
None can do us harm;
When we tread death's valley,
Dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil—
Victors o'er the tomb.

THE MERCY-SEAT.

FROM ev'ry stormy wind that blows,
From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
"The oil of gladness" on our heads,
A place than all beside more sweet;
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Though sundered far; by faith they meet
Around the common mercy-seat.

Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd—
Or how the hosts of hell defeat—
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

There! there on eagle wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down, our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

O may my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat!

BIBLE SOCIETY'S JUBILEE HYMN.

(*Contributed.*)

LORD of all power and might,
Father of Love and Light,
Speed on Thy Word!
O, let the Gospel sound
All the wide world around,
Wherever man is found:
God speed His Word.

On this high Jubilee,
Thine let the glory be:
Hallelujah!
Thine was the mighty plan,
From Thee the work began;
Away with praise of man,
Glory to God.

Lo! what embattled foes
Stern in their hate oppose
God's holy Word;
One for His truth we stand,
Strong in His own right hand,
Firm as a martyr band.
God shield His Word!

Onward shall be our course,
Despite of fraud or force;
God is before:
His Word ere long shall run,
Free as the noonday sun;
His purpose must be done:
God bless His Word.

RESIGNATION.

MEEK Lamb of God, on Thee
In sorrow I repose;
But for Thy tenderness and grace,
How hopeless were our woes!

Though bitter is my cup,
Yet how can I repine?
It stills my every restless thought
To think that cup was Thine.

Since Thou hast hallow'd woe,
I would not shun the rod,
But bless the chastening hand that seeks
To bring me to my God.

Distress and pain I hail,
If these conform to Thee;
Be but Thy peace, Thy patience mine,
And 'tis enough for me.

CHARLES SWAIN.

CHARLES SWAIN was born at Manchester, in 1803. In 1827, appeared his "Metrical Essays," a volume of poems, which attracted considerable attention. Mr. Swain has since published "The Mind, and other Poems," 1831; "Dryburgh Abbey," 1832; "Dramatic Chapters," 1847; "English Melodies," 1849; "The Letters of Laura d'Auverne, and other Poems," 1853; and "Art and Fashion," 1863. Several of his compositions have been translated into French and German. Mr. Swain resides in his native city, and prosecutes the business of an engraver.

THE TRUEST FRIEND.

THERE is a friend, a secret friend,
In every trial, every grief,
To cheer, to counsel, and defend;
Of all *we ever had* the chief!
A friend who, watching from above,
Whene'er in error's path we trod,
Still sought us with reproving love;
That friend, that secret friend, is GOD!

There is a friend, a faithful friend,
In every chance and change of fate,
Whose boundless love doth solace send,
When other friendships come too late!
A friend that, when the world deceives,
And wearily we onward plod,
Still comforts every heart that grieves;
That true, that faithful friend, is GOD!

How blest the years of life might flow,
In one unchanged, unshaken trust,
If man this truth would only know,
And love his Maker, and be just!
Yes, there's a friend, a constant friend,
Who ne'er forsakes the lowliest sod,
But, in each need, His hand doth lend;
That friend, that truest friend, is GOD!

THERE IS A WREATH.

(*Contributed.*)

THERE is a wreath for him whose hand
The crimson tide of battle leads ;
The triumph of the victor's brand,
Death with its slaughter'd thousands feeds :
Is there no wreath for Christian worth,
For him that fights for Truth on earth?

The monarch dons his robe of state,
The jewell'd symbol of his power :
Is there no robe for those that wait
Christ's coming at the promised hour ;
No robe of state that shall endure ;
No garb of light to clothe the poor?

Is *time* the treasury of life,
And nothing to be won beyond?
Is earth alone with riches rife,
And heavenly wealth a broken bond?
No: hearts that have with Jesus trod
Shall find robe, crown, and wealth with God!

JOSEPH SWAIN.

JOSEPH SWAIN was born at Birmingham, in 1761. Deprived of his parents early in life, he was apprenticed to an engraver. He proceeded to London, and there united himself with gay associates. He became suddenly awakened to a sense of his spiritual danger, procured a Bible, and, under the influences of Divine grace, found peace. He studied for the ministry, and, in 1792, became pastor of the Baptist congregation in East Street, Walworth. In the same year, he published his "Walworth Hymns," 32mo. His other publications are "Redemption," a poem in eight books; and "Experimental Essays on Divine Subjects." He died on the 14th April, 1796.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil His word!

When each can feel his brother sigh,
And with him bear a part ;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love.

When love, in one delightful stream,
Thro' every bosom flows :
When union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows.

Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above ;
And he's an heir of heav'n that finds
His bosom glow with love.

RANSOMED SOULS.

RANSOM'D souls, in every station,
Join to praise your glorious King ;
We who taste a full salvation
Should the Saviour's honours sing :
Hallelujah !
Glory be to Christ our King.

Perfect praise we soon shall render,
On the blissful plains above,
When, in all His dazzling splendour,
We behold the God of love ;
To His glory
Every passion then will move.

But, since none in heaven denies Him
Any honour He can claim,
Here on earth, where men despise Him,
Let us glory in His name :
'Tis our honour,
In His cause to suffer shame.

While the great and wise reject Him,
Fond of outward pomp and show;
Oh, let none of us neglect Him
In His members mean and low,
But as princes
Treat the poorest saints we know.

Think (at the last trumpet's sounding,
When the creatures all appear,
Christ on His white throne surrounding),
What delight 'twill be to hear
Him confessing
Us as those that served Him here!

"Come, ye bless'd, whom tribulation,
Sin, and Satan could not move
From embracing my salvation;
Come, enjoy my perfect love:
Live for ever
With me on my throne above."

This to hear, before the Father
And the bright, angelic train,
When all worlds are met together,
Is the glory we would gain:
This is honour;
Crowns, compared with this, are vain.

CHRIST'S UNPARALLELED LOVE.*

A FRIEND there is,—your voices join,
Ye saints, to praise His name,—
Whose truth and kindness are Divine,
Whose love 's a constant flame.

When most we need His helping hand,
This friend is always near;
With heav'n and earth at His command,
He waits to answer prayer.

* Written on the occasion of the death of the author's only son.

His love no end nor measure knows ;
No change can turn its course ;
Immutably the same it flows,
From one eternal source.

When frowns appear to veil His face,
And clouds surround His throne,
He hides the purpose of His grace
To make it better known.

And if our dearest comforts fall,
Before His sov'reign will,
He never takes away our all ;
Himself He gives us still !

Our sorrows in the scale He weighs,
And measures out our pains ;
The wildest storm His word obeys,
His word its rage restrains.

No hand can move in earth or hell
Against the soul He loves,
But as directed by His will,
But as His love approves.

Then let Him raise His chastening hand;
We bend beneath His rod,
Resign His gifts at His command,
And still adore our God.

Silent be all my anxious fears ;
My heart, no more repine,
Since Jesus in His bosom wears
The flow'r that once was mine.

I'll love the Lord, and trust His word,
Though He thinks fit to frown,
And kiss the hand that holds the sword
Which cuts my comforts down.

MERCY IN JESUS.

COME, ye souls by sin afflicted,
Bowed with fruitless sorrow down;
By the broken law convicted,
Through the cross behold the crown!
Look to Jesus,
Mercy flows through Him alone.

Take His easy yoke, and wear it;
Love will make obedience sweet;
Christ will give you strength to bear it,
While His wisdom guides your feet
Safe to glory,
Where His ransom'd captives meet.

Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,
Light to newly opened eyes,
Or full springs in deserts dreary,
Is the rest the cross supplies;
All who taste it
Shall to rest immortal rise.

Blessèd are the eyes that see Him,
Blest the ears that hear His voice;
Blessèd are the souls that trust Him,
And in Him alone rejoice;
His commandments
Then become their happy choice.

But to sing the rest of glory
Mortal tongues far short must fall;
Tongues celestial strive to reach it;
But it soars beyond them all:
Faith believes it—Hope expects it—Love desires it;
But it overwhelms them all.

JANE TAYLOR.

THE sister of Mrs. Gilbert, previously noticed, JANE TAYLOR was born at Islington, London, on the 23rd September, 1783. By her father she was initiated in the art of engraving. In 1811, she abandoned engraving for a literary career. She published, conjointly with her sister Ann afterwards Mrs. Gilbert, a series of volumes of sacred lyrics for youthful readers. She died in April, 1823. Her "Poetical Remains" were published in 1825, by her brother, Isaac Taylor, in two volumes, 8vo.

THE HEAVENLY PATH.

THERE is a path that leads to God;
All others go astray:
Narrow, but pleasant, is the road,
And Christians love the way.

It leads straight through this world of sin,
And dangers must be pass'd;
But those who boldly walk therein
Will get to heaven at last.

How shall an infant pilgrim dare
This dangerous path to tread?
For on the way is many a snare,
For youthful travellers spread;

While the broad road, where thousands go,
Lies near and opens fair,
And many turn aside, I know,
To walk with sinners there.

But, lest my feeble steps should slide
Or wander from the way,
Lord, condescend to be my guide,
And I shall never stray.

HYMN FOR CHILDREN.

JESUS, our gentle Shepherd, see
These tender lambs of Zion's fold:
Lo! we are come to follow Thee;
Gather and guard us as of old;
While through the desert world we stray,
Preserve us in the narrow way.

Where Thy refreshing pastures grow,
Where all Thy chosen flock is fed,
Where living waters gently flow,
There may our wandering feet be led :
Direct us towards the heavenly hill,
And bear us in Thy bosom still.

Much do we need Thy watchful care,
Through every day and every hour ;
For life is set with many a snare,
And Satan wanders to devour :
But we are safe from all alarms,
Within our heavenly Shepherd's arms.

Here in the gospel we are told
What great compassion was in Thee,
When mothers brought their babes of old—
Poor helpless children, such as we—
E'en to Thy tender bosom brought,
And Thou didst say "Forbid them not."

And thus, encouraged by Thy grace,
To those still open arms we fly ;
And, though we cannot see Thy face,
Yet Thou canst bless us from on high ;
For still Thy gracious word, we see,
Says, "Suffer them to come to me."

THOMAS RAWSON TAYLOR.

THE early years of THOMAS RAWSON TAYLOR, eldest son of the Rev. Thomas Taylor, of Bradford, Yorkshire, may be chronicled in his own words. "I was born at Ossett, near Wakefield [9th May, 1807], and am still called by a host of linty clothiers their *awn barn*. When I was about a year old, my father removed to Bradford, where I subsequently became the brother of three brothers and three sisters, most of whom remain till this present, but some have fallen asleep in Jesus. I was educated, as it is called, at Leaf Square, near Manchester, where I abode three years. At the age of fifteen, I entered a merchant's counting-house as clerk, and a year after I became an apprentice to Mr. Dunn, of Nottingham. My sojourn there was, on many accounts, the most important period of my life." This Nottingham family resembled, in piety and domestic virtues, that of his father, and hence the religious tastes and tendencies acquired at home were here still more strengthened. Three years afterwards, by the cheerful consent of all parties, he gave up his secular occupation, that of printing, for the ministry, and entered as a student of Airedale College. Here he remained till 1830, preaching occasionally in many villages of the neighbourhood, and giving evidence of rare talents and still rarer gifts of the Spirit. But his days were numbered. He had been already summoned to join those of his family who had gone before him. In July, 1830, he became, at the earnest and repeated request of the congregation of Haward Street Chapel, Sheffield, their minister, but in January of the following year was compelled by his failing health to resign his duties amongst them. From this time his health gradually sunk, with occasional pauses of temporary recovery, till on March 7th, 1835, he too fell asleep. A volume of his "Remains," with a memoir, has been published, London, 1836, 8vo.

LIFE A PILGRIMAGE.

I'M but a stranger here,
  Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
  Heaven is my home.
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
  Heaven is my home.

What though the tempest rage,
  Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
  Heaven is my home.
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon shall be overpast;
I shall reach home at last,
  Heaven is my home.

There, at my Saviour's side,
  Heaven is my home ;
I shall be glorified,
  Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best;
And there I too shall rest—
  Heaven is my home.

Therefore I murmur not,
  Heaven is my home ;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
  Heaven is my home.
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand ;
Heaven is my fatherland,
  Heaven is my home.

FOR A SABBATH-SCHOOL.

Yes ! it is good to worship Thee,
  To tread Thy courts, O Lord !
To raise the voice, to bend the knee,
  To hear Thy holy word ;
We praise Thee that another year
Has brought this blest assembly here.

'Tis sweet, O God, to sing Thy praise,
  Till all our spirits glow,
And we could almost seem to raise
  The notes of heaven below ;
Hearts all on fire, and feelings strong,
And our souls melting in our song.

'Tis sweet when every voice is heard,
  The aged and the young;
Sweeter when every soul is stirred
  To feel what we have sung,
And thoughts of heaven the hearts engage
Of smiling youth and hoary age.

But oh! if songs like ours be sweet,
How sweet that song must be,
Where all the ransom'd ones shall meet,
From sin and sorrow free,
Where nought of sorrow can intrude
To mar that mighty multitude.

How vast that heavenly temple is,
How ravishing the song!
Oh how unspeakable the bliss
Of that exulting throng,
Waking for evermore the strain
Of praise to Him who once was slain!

Ours, Saviour, may these raptures be,
When other joys are past;
And, having lived on earth to Thee,
May we exchange at last
This house, these hours, of praise and prayer
For holier, happier worship there.

GODFREY THRING.

THE REV. GODFREY THRING is son of the Rev. John Gale Dalton Thring, formerly Rector of Alford. He was born at Alford, and was educated at Shrewsbury school. In 1842, he entered Baliol College, Oxford, and graduated in 1846. He was ordained, in 1847, as curate of Stratfield Turgis. He now holds the living of Alford with Hornblotton. Mr. Thring is a contributor of sacred lyrics to Morrell and How's Collections, and to Chope's Hymnal.

AFTERNOON HYMN.

(*Contributed.*)

THE radiant morn hath died away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

Our life is but a fading dawn,
Its glorious noon how quickly past:
Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone,
Safe home at last.

Oh, by Thy soul-inspiring grace,
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky,

Where light, and life, and joy, and peace,
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain,—

Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, eternal Light of light,
Art Lord of all.

A HYMN OF PRAISE.

LORD of power, Lord of might,
God and Father of us all,
Lord of day and Lord of night,
Listen to our solemn call;
Listen, whilst to Thee we raise
Songs of prayer and songs of praise.

Light, and love, and life are Thine,
Great Creator of all good;
Fill our souls with light Divine;
Give us, with our daily food,
Blessings from Thy heavenly store,
Blessings rich for evermore.

Craft within our heart of hearts
Love undying for Thy name;
Bid us, ere the day departs,
Spread afar our Maker's fame.
Young and old together bless;
Clothe our souls with righteousness.

Full of years, and full of peace,
May our life on earth be blest;
When our trials here shall cease,
And at last we sink to rest,
Fountain of eternal love,
Call us to our home above.

PATRICK HUNTER THOMS.

PATRICK HUNTER THOMS is a native of Dundee. He is editor of Professor Moses Stuart's Letters to Dr. Channing on the Divinity of Christ, to which he has prefixed an introductory essay. Several fugitive pieces, both in prose and verse, have proceeded from his pen.

THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.

(Contributed.)

WHEN Adam dwelt in Eden's bowers,
And view'd creation young and fair,
His footsteps press'd the stainless flowers,
As still he sought the house of prayer.

When Abel drew the firstling's blood,
And drained it on the altar bare,
The spot which drank the crimson flood
Was owned of God a house of prayer.

When Jacob lay at dead of night,
And angels scal'd the mystic stair,
Its top was lost in glory bright,
The base a pillar'd house of prayer.

When Hebrew captives named the name
Of Him who made them aye His care,
They walk'd unscath'd amidst the flame
That glow'd around their house of prayer.

So when the loving Saviour knelt
On Olivet, mid evening air,
And told His God the woes He felt,
That mountain brow His house of prayer,—

Or in Gethsemane's dark shade,
When tears of blood His form did wear,
By foes beset, by friends betrayed,
His solace was the house of prayer.

When contrite souls to God draw nigh,
And at His feet disburden care,
Or tell their grief in bursting sigh,
Their refuge is the house of prayer.

In lonely cot or silent glen,
The spirit of devotion there,
Unknown, unseen by eye of men,
God dwells within that house of prayer.

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY.

THE son of Richard Toplady, a major in the army, who died at the siege of Carthagena, the subject of this sketch was born at Farnham, Surrey, on the 4th November, 1740. He was educated at Westminster school. After a further period of desultory study, he took orders in June, 1762. Soon after he was instituted in the living of Blagdon, Somersetshire. In 1768, he became vicar of Broadhembury, Devonshire, an office which he retained till his death. He died on the 11th August, 1778, in his 38th year. His writings, which are chiefly theological, have been collected and published in six volumes 8vo. His "Poems on Sacred Subjects," were published anonymously at Dublin in 1759. The whole of his hymns and poems, 133 in number, were reprinted by Mr. Daniel Sedgwick, in 1860.

A PRAYER, LIVING AND DYING.*

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,—
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

* This hymn has been erroneously assigned to Charles Wesley. It originally appeared in *The Gospel Magazine*, signed "A. T.," in March, 1776, when Toplady was editor.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

Whilst I draw this fleeting breath;
When my eye-strings break in death;
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

FOR THE DIVINE GUIDANCE.

O THAT my ways were made so strait,
And that the lamp of faith
Would, as a star, direct my feet
To find the narrow path.

O that Thy strength might enter now,
And in my heart abide,
To make me as a faithful bow
That never starts aside.

O that I all to Christ were given,
From sin and earth set free;
Who kindly laid aside His heaven
And gave Himself for me!

No more the panting hart desires
The cool, refreshing stream,
Than my dry, thirsty soul aspires
At being one with Him.

Set up Thine image in my heart,
Then let Thy kingdom come;
Bid every idol now depart,
Thy temple and Thy home.

Still keep me in the heavenly path ;
Bestow the inward light ;
And lead me by the hand till faith
Is ripened into sight.

TO THE SOUL.*

Deathless principle, arise!
Soar, thou native of the skies!
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To His glorious likeness wrought,
Go, to shine before His throne,
Deck His mediatorial crown ;
Go, His triumphs to adorn ;
Made for God, to God return.

Lo, He beckons from on high!
Fearless, to His presence fly ;
Thine the merit of His blood,
Thine the righteousness of God!
Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering, round thy pillow bend ;
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven.

Is thy earthly house distrest,
Willing to retain her guest?
'Tis not thou, but she must die—
Fly, celestial tenant, fly!
Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay ;
Sweetly breathe thyself away.
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love.

Shudder not to pass the stream ;
Venture all thy care on Him,—
Him, whose dying love and power
Still'd its tossing, hush'd its roar ;

* This hymn was written by the author when he was under affliction ; it was sent by him to Lady Huntingdon.

Safe is the expanded wave,
Gentle as a summer's eve;
Not one object of His care
Ever suffered shipwreck there.

See the haven full in view,
Love Divine shall bear thee through;
Trust to that propitious gale,
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail!
Saints in glory, perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade!
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See they throng the blissful shore!

Mount, their transports to improve;
Join the longing choir above;
Swiftly to their wish be given,
Kindle higher joy in heaven!
Such the prospects that arise
To the dying Christian's eyes!
Such the glorious vista faith
Opens through the shades of death!

FULL ASSURANCE.*

A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear, with Thy righteousness on,
My person and offering to bring.
The terrors of law and of God
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

The work which His goodness began
The arm of His strength will complete;
His promise is Yea and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet.
Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below nor above,
Can make Him His purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from His love.

* From Toplady's Collection, 1776.

My name from the palms of His hands
Eternity will not erase;
Impress'd on His heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace.
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given:
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven.

PRAISE FOR CONVERSION.*

Not to myself I owe,
That I, O Lord, am Thine;
Free grace hath all the shades broke through,
And caused the light to shine.
Me Thou hast willing made
Thy offers to receive;
Called by the voice that wakes the dead,
I come to Thee and live.

Why am I made to see,
Who am by nature blind?
Why am I taken home to Thee,
And others left behind?
Because Thy sov'reign love
Was bent the worst to save;
Jesus, who reigns enthroned above,
The free salvation gave.

Though once far off I stood,
Nor knew myself Thy foe,
Brought nigh by the Redeemer's blood,
Myself and Thee I know:
No more a child of wrath,
Thy graciousness I see:
And praise Thee for the work of faith
Which Thou hast wrought in me.

* From "Poems on Sacred Subjects," 1759.

In sins and trespasses,
When more than dead I lay,
Drew near my tomb the Prince of peace,
And rolled the stone away.
With me His Spirit strove,
Almighty to retrieve;
He saw me in a time of love,
And said unto me—Live.

By Him made free indeed,
I felt His gracious words;
His mantle over me was spread,
And I became the Lord's.
Jesus, Thy son, by grace
I to the end shall be;
Made perfect through Thy comeliness
Which I received from Thee.

I drink the living stream,
To all believers given,
A fellow-citizen with them
Who dwell in yonder heaven.
With all Thy chosen band,
I trust to see Thee there,
And in Thy righteousness to stand
Undaunted at Thy bar.

SAMUEL PRIDEAUX TREGELLES, LL.D.

ONE of the most accomplished of living biblical scholars, SAMUEL PRIDEAUX TREGELLES, was born at Wodehouse Place, near Falmouth, on the 30th January, 1813. He is the only son of the late Samuel Tregelles the younger (who died in 1828), the eldest son of Samuel Tregelles, Esq., of Ashfield, near Falmouth. His education was conducted at the Falmouth Classical School. In 1850, he received the degree of LL.D. from the University of St. Andrews. Dr. Tregelles has published "History of the Printed Text of the Greek Testament;" "Introduction to the Criticism of the New Testament;" "Remarks on the Prophetic Visions in the Book of Daniel;" and the "Greek New Testament from Ancient Authorities."

THE FOLLOWING OF CHRIST.

THOU, Lord of all, on earth hast dwelt,
Rejected and unknown;
What bitter grief Thy heart hath felt,
Endured by Thee alone.

But, oh ! how full of truth and grace
Through all Thou dost appear ;
And thus with wonder we retrace
Thy path of sorrow here.

Thou on the cross didst suffer too
More than man's eye could see ;
For then the wrath that was our due
Was poured, O Lord, on Thee.

But Thou art risen ; and now we know
That Thou, in heaven above,
For all God's children here below
Dost feel a brother's love.

Oh may we ever look to Thee,
For needed grace and strength,
Till we Thy face in glory see,
And reign with Thee at length.

Till then may we, who bear Thy name,
Thy blest example take,
And count the world's reproach and shame
As glory, for Thy sake.

Since Thou the cup of wrath didst drain,
None now for us is there ;
The drops of sorrow that remain,
Shall we refuse to share ?

HYMN TO THE SAVIOUR.

Holy Saviour, we adore Thee !
Seated on the throne of God ;
All heaven's host bow down before Thee,
And we sing Thy praise aloud.
Thou art worthy !
We were ransomed by Thy blood.

Saviour, though the world despised Thee,
Though Thou here wast crucified,
Yet the Father's glory raised Thee,
Lord of all creation wide;
Thou art worthy!
We shall live, for Thou hast died.

And though here on earth rejected,
'Tis but fellowship with Thee;
What besides could be expected,
Than like Thee, our Lord, to be?
Thou art worthy!
Thou from earth hast set us free.

Haste the day of Thy returning,
With Thy ransomed Church to reign;
Then shall end our days of mourning;
We shall sing with rapture then,
"Thou art worthy!"
Come, Lord Jesus, come. Amen.

PEACE IN BELIEVING.

Lord Jesus! we believing,
In Thee have peace with God;
Eternal life receiving,
As given us through Thy blood;
Our curse and condemnation
Thou barest in our stead;
Secure is our salvation,
In Thee, our risen Head.

The Holy Ghost, revealing
Thy work, has made us blest;
Thy stripes have given us healing;
Upon Thy love we rest.
In Thee the Father sees us
Accepted and complete;
Thy blood, from sin which frees us,
For glory makes us meet.

We know that nought can sever
Our souls, O Lord, from Thee;
And thus united ever
To all Thy saints are we.
We know Thy word declaring
The Father's wondrous love,
In which we all are sharing
With Thee our Head above.

May we this love be showing
To all Thy members here,
For Thy sake freely flowing,
Until Thou shalt appear;
Till all the Church, in union
Around the Father's throne,
Shall stand in blest communion,
For ever joined in one.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D.D.

THE RIGHT REVEREND RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, Archbishop of Dublin, is second son of the late Richard Trench, Esq., brother of the first Lord Ashtown. He was born the 9th September, 1807. After studying at Harrow, he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1829. In 1832, he took orders. Having held for some years the incumbency of Curdridge Chapel, Hants, he was, in 1845, presented to the rectory of Itchin Stoke. He was appointed examining chaplain to the present Bishop of Oxford, and in 1845 and 1846 was Hulsean Lecturer at Cambridge. In 1856, he was preferred to the deanery of Westminster. He was consecrated Archbishop of Dublin on the 1st January, 1864. Archbishop Trench has published numerous works, both in prose and verse. His more esteemed prose works are "Notes on the Parables;" "Notes on the Miracles;" and "The Study of Words." His poetical works bear these titles, "Sabbation, Honor Neale, and other Poems;" "The Story of Justin Martyr;" "Genoveva;" "Elegiac Poems;" and "Poems from Eastern Sources."

THE DAY OF DEATH.

THOU inevitable day,
When a voice to me shall say—
"Thou must rise and come away;

"All thine other journeys past,
Gird thee, and make ready fast
For thy longest and thy last."

Day, deep-hidden from our sight
In impenetrable night,
Who may guess of thee aright?

Art thou distant, art thou near?
Wilt thou seem more dark or clear,
Day with more of hope or fear?

Wilt thou come, not seen before
Thou art standing at the door,
Saying light and life are o'er?

Or with such a gradual pace
As shall leave me largest space
To regard thee face to face?

Shall I lay my drooping head
On some loved lap? round my bed
Prayer be made, and tears be shed?

Or, at distance from mine own,
Name and kin alike unknown,
Make my solitary moan?

Will there yet be things to leave,
Hearts to which this heart must cleave,
From which parting, it must grieve?

Or shall life's best ties be o'er,
And all loved things gone before
To that other happier shore?

Shall I gently fall on sleep,
Death, like slumber, o'er me creep,
Like a slumber sweet and deep?

Or the soul long strive in vain
To get free with toil and pain,
From its half-divided chain?

Little skills it when or how,
If thou comest then or now,
With a smooth or angry brow;

Come thou must, and we must die :
Jesus, Saviour, stand Thou by,
When that last sleep seals our eye.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Oh that day, that day of ire,
Told of prophet, when in fire
Shall a world dissolved expire !

Oh what terror shall be then,
When the Judge shall come again,
Strictly searching deeds of men !

When a trump, of awful tone,
Through the cave sepulchral blown,
Summons all before the throne.

What amazement shall o'ertake
Nature, when the dead shall wake,
Answer to the Judge to make !

Open then the book shall lie,
All o'erwrit for every eye
With a world's iniquity.

When the Judge His place has ta'en,
All things hid shall be made plain,
Nothing unavenged remain.

What then, wretched ! shall I speak ?
Or what intercessor seek,
When the just man's cause is weak ?

Jesus, Lord, remember pray,
I the cause was of Thy way :
Do not lose me on that day.

King of awful majesty,
Who the saved dost freely free,
Fount of mercy, pity me.

Tired Thou satest, seeking me—
Crucified to set me free:
Let such pain not fruitless be.

Terrible Avenger, make
Of Thy mercy me partake,
Ere that day of vengeance wake.

As a criminal I groan;
Blushing deep, my fault I own;
Grace be to a suppliant shown.

Thou who Mary didst forgive,
And who bad'st the robber live,
Hope to me dost also give.

Though my prayer unworthy be,
Yet oh set me, graciously,
From the fire eternal free.

'Mid Thy sheep my place command;
From the goats far off to stand,
Set me, Lord, at Thy right hand.

And when them who scorn'd Thee here
Thou hast judged to doom severe,
Bid me with Thy saved draw near.

Lying low before Thy throne,
Crush'd my heart in dust, I groan:
Grace be to a suppliant shown.

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, D.C.L., F.R.S.

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER was born in London, in 1810. He was educated at the Charterhouse, and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated M.A. and D.C.L. He entered at Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the bar, but never practised. Mr. Tupper is author of many works in prose and verse. His "Proverbial Philosophy" has passed through upwards of forty editions.

A HYMN FOR ALL NATIONS.*

GLORIOUS God! on Thee we call,
Father, Friend, and Judge of all;
Holy Saviour, heavenly King,
Homage to Thy throne we bring.

In the wonders all around,
Ever is Thy Spirit found;
And of each good thing we see,
All the good is born of Thee.

Thine the beauteous skill that lurks
Everywhere in nature's works;
Thine is art, with all its worth,
Thine each master-piece on earth.

Yea, and foremost in the van
Springs from Thee the mind of man;
On its light, for this is Thine,
Shed abroad the love Divine!

Lo, our God! Thy children here
From all realms are gather'd near;
Wisely gather'd—gathering still—
For peace on earth, towards men good-will.

May we, with fraternal mind,
Bless our brothers of mankind;
May we, through redeeming love,
Be the blest of God above.

* Written for the Great Exhibition, 1851, and translated into thirty languages.

TRUST IN GOD.

Psalm xx.

GOD, in time of trouble, hear thee,
And the name of Jacob's Lord,
From His sanctuary near thee,
Out of Zion help afford!
Crown thy sacrifice with fire,
All thy gifts remember still,
Grant thee all thy heart's desire,
And thy choicest wish fulfil!

We will joy in Thy salvation,
And will set our banners high,
In our God!—thy supplication
Be accomplished at thy cry.
Now I know the Lord of heaven
Saveth still His Christ from harm;
Now to Him will strength be given,
By the might of His right arm.

Some in chariots, some in horses,
We in God Jehovah trust;
And while He our sure resource is,
They are fallen in the dust.
Save, Jehovah! save, and hear us,
King of glory, King of might!
When we call, be ever near us;
Ever for Thy servants fight.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

O FATHER of mercies! O Spirit of love!
O Son of the Blessèd, who reignest above,
Thou good one and great One, in homage to Thee,
We bring the glad heart, and we bend the true knee.

Thy people would praise Thee, O Thou beyond praise
For wondrous in love are Thy works and Thy ways;
Thy children would pour, from the heart and the voice,
Their psalm of thanksgiving, in God to rejoice;

Because Thou hast heard us, and answer'd the prayer
We made in the season of death and despair;
Because over judgment and terror and pain,
Thy mercy hath triumph'd and saved us again.

Ah, well we remember how dark and how dread
The pestilence brooded o'er living and dead!
And can we forget with what mercy and might
The prayer which Thou blessest hath scatter'd the blight?

Yet more! for the fulness of plenty and peace
Hath made us in wealth as in health to increase;
And so would we thank Thee, because Thou hast given
The fatness of earth and the favour of heaven.

Then, Father of mercies, accept what we bring—
Our incense of praise to the Saviour and King!
Hosanna! to Thee let us gratefully live!
Hallelujah! O Lord, when Thou hearest, forgive!

ELLIN ISABELLE, MARY FRANCES, AND MARGARET ELENORE TUPPER.

THESE three daughters of Martin F. Tupper, Esq., the preceding writer, have published a volume of original poems with some translations from the Swedish, entitled "Poems by Three Sisters," London, 1864. They have each kindly contributed to the present work.

ELLIN ISABELLE TUPPER.

THANKFULNESS.

1 Thessalonians v. 1.

(*Contributed.*)

FOR all that God in mercy sends,
For health and children, home and friends,
For comfort in the time of need,
For every kindly word or deed,
For happy thoughts and holy talk,
For guidance in our daily walk,—
In everything give thanks!

o o

For beauty in this world of ours,
For verdant grass and lovely flowers,
For song of birds, for hum of bees,
For the refreshing summer breeze,
For hill and plain, for streams and wood,
For the great ocean's mighty flood,—
In everything give thanks!

For the sweet sleep which comes with night,
For the returning morning's light,
For the bright sun that shines on high,
For the stars glittering in the sky,
For these and everything we see,
O Lord! our hearts we lift to Thee,—
In everything give thanks!

SALVATION.

John iii. 16.

(*Contributed.*)

LISTEN to the wondrous story,
How upon the Christmas morn
Jesus left the realms of glory,
As a little babe was born;
Left those bright and happy regions
Of His Father's home above,
And the glorious angel legions,
In His great and boundless love!

Came into a lowly manger,
Dwelt beneath a humble shed,
And among His own a stranger
Knew not where to lay His head;
Went from city unto city,
All His life was doing good,
Weeping o'er His friend with pity,
When beside the grave He stood.

Love all human love exceeding
Brought Him to a cruel death,
Even then, though hanging, bleeding
On the cross, His latest breath

Spent He for His murderers, praying
To His Father to forgive ;
To the thief repentant saying
"Thou in Paradise shalt live !"

Oh ! what love in God the Father
To bestow His only Son ;
Oh ! what love in Christ, who rather
Than the world should be undone,
Came Himself to seek and save us,
Came to claim us for His own ;
Freely all our sins forgave us,
Raised us to His glorious throne !

MARY FRANCES TUPPER.

CHARITY.

(*Contributed.*)

CHARITY never faileth ! O thought beyond compare,
That He whose very name is Love, is with us everywhere ;
That, though the troubled waves of life around us toss and foam,
With Jesus in the vessel, we are safely steering home.

Charity never faileth ! all earth-born things must die,
But this sweet well, refreshing earth, flows ever from on high ;
The brightest worldly gifts may cease, the fairest flower decay,
But charity which springs from love can never pass away.

Charity never faileth ! yea, and they shall be blest,
Who undismayed by frowns or sneers, for heaven essay their best ;
Who, working in their daily rounds, scorn every thought of ill,
And, bearing sunshine in their hearts, reflect its gladness still.

Charity never faileth ! ah, life were little worth,
If the petty strifes and jealousies which vex our lovely earth
Had not their gracious antidote sent down from God above
Healing the hidden poisons in a stream of "perfect love."

MARGARET ELENORE TUPPER.

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

(*Contributed.*)

Son of God! all-glorious Saviour,
Coming to us from above!
What were we to find such favour?
What were we to gain such love?

We had sinned,—Thy laws forsaken,
All Thy just commands withstood:
Evil for our choice had taken
When Thou freely gavest good.

In our darkness we were lying
From Thy glorious presence hurled;
Alien from Thy light, a dying,
Guilty, cursed, and ruined world!

When the voice came down from heaven,
Woke once more a holy morn,—
"Unto you a Son is given,
Unto you a Child is born.

"All alone, with love far-spreading,
He shall bear the wrath of God,
All alone the winepress treading,
Clothed in garments dyed with blood;

"All alone in mortal anguish
Wrestle down and conquer sin,
Death and hell shall taste and vanquish,
And eternal life shall win."

By His grace and love victorious,
Up that path the Saviour trod,
We are brought again all-glorious
To the presence of our God.

What are we, that Thou shouldst love us
With such wondrous love as this?
Leaving all Thy heavens above us,
Worlds of purity and bliss!

For this blot upon creation,
For this wandering sinful one,
Freely giving us salvation
For the evil we had done!

Shield us, Lord! as Thou hast pardoned,
Help us through this daily strife,
Keep us from the world unhardened,
Living Thy true life in life.

Till from earth in light and glory,
Dangers, death, and shadows past,
Purified we stand before Thee,
Unto Thee made like at last.

STARS.

(*Contributed.*)

O Lord! we look upon Thy night,
And watch Thy wondrous worlds arise,
To roll in glory through the skies,
And shine in soft, mysterious light.

Then back upon ourselves we turn,
How sinful, poor, and weak we seem,
How far from Thee our fairest dream,
How small the wisdom we can learn.

We strive to gain those worlds afar,
Yet all the knowledge man can teach
Climbs not a mountain's height to reach
The silence of the nearest star.

We class them by hard words, and claim
To count them,—yet we fail before
Thee, who canst tell their numbers o'er,
And call'st each one by its own name!

Creator of the boundless space!
Creator of each grain of dust!
We cannot know, we only trust
Until we see Thee face to face.

We cannot comprehend the love
That guides each wandering thought of ours,
That guards the sparrows and the flowers,
As surely as vast worlds above.

Lord! by Thy grace so freely given,
Lord! Thou hast shown that in Thy plan
More precious is one soul of man
Than all these mighty orbs of heaven.

O help our frail and darkened sight,
Let Thy day-star of love Divine
Along our earthly pathway shine,
And guide us to Thy perfect light!

LAURENCE TUTTIETT.

THE REV. LAURENCE TUTTIETT is son of John Tuttiett, Esq., surgeon R.N. He was born at Colyton, Devonshire, in the year 1825; and was educated at Christ's Hospital and King's College, London. Intending to follow his father's profession, he some time studied medicine, but subsequently resolved to enter the Church. He was ordained by the Bishop of London, in 1848. In 1854, he was presented to the perpetual curacy of Lea Marston, Warwickshire. Mr. Tuttiett has published "Germs of Thought on the Sunday Services;" "Counsels of a Godfather;" "Plain Forms of Household Prayers;" and several other works on practical religion. The following hymns from his pen are printed under his revision.

"GRANT US LIGHT."

O grant us light, that we may know
The wisdom Thou alone canst give;
That truth may guide where'er we go,
And virtue bless where'er we live!

O grant us light, that we may see
Where error lurks in human lore,
And turn our doubting minds to Thee,
And love Thy simple Word the more.

O grant us light, that we may learn
How dead is life, from Thee apart;
How sure is joy for all who turn
To Thee an undivided heart.

O grant us light, in grief and pain,
To lift our burden'd hearts above,
And count the very cross a gain,
And bless our Father's hidden love.

O grant us light, that we may trace
A pledge of life in seeming death;
And own the grave a resting-place,
Nor dread at last to sleep beneath.

O grant us light, when, soon or late,
All earthly scenes shall pass away,
In Thee to find the open gate
To deathless home and endless day.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

Go forward, Christian soldier,
Beneath His banner true!
The Lord Himself, thy Leader,
Shall all thy foes subdue.
His love foretells thy trials;
He knows thine hourly need;
He can with bread of heaven
Thy fainting spirit feed.

Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the secret foe;
Far more o'er thee are watching
Than human eyes can know:
Trust only Christ, thy Captain;
Cease not to watch and pray;
Heed not the treach'rous voices
That lure thy soul astray.

Go forward, Christian soldier!
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished
And heaven is all possest;
Till Christ Himself shall call thee
To lay thine armour by,
And wear in endless glory
The crown of victory.

Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the gathering night;
The Lord has been thy shelter,
The Lord will be thy light:
When morn his face revealeth,
Thy dangers all are past:
Oh, pray that faith and virtue
May keep thee to the last.

FAMILY MORNING HYMN.

Come, let us sing together
Our Father's worthy praise,
Who guards our nightly slumbers,
Who guides our daily ways.
Tell forth His love unfailing,
Tell forth His wondrous might,
Whose presence more than morning
Should faithful souls delight.

Come, let us stand together
Before that hidden throne,
Where every heart is open,
And every heart is known.
Be all our sins dissolvèd,
Like shadows of the night;
Rise up, each sweet affection,
Like flowers to greet the light.

Come, let us seek together
The work our Master sends,
The prize He holds before us,
The strength His Spirit lends.

One hope in Him we cherish,
  One aim in Him pursue,
Each mind to plan the wisest,
  Each hand the best to do.

Come, let us learn together
  The foes we all must meet,—
The fall for souls presuming,
  The snare for careless feet.
Oh weak is mortal virtue!
  Oh mad is mortal pride!
The Lord is our salvation,
  The Lord shall be our guide.

Come, let us know together
  What trials soon may come,
What shadows ere the noon-day
  May fall on heart and home.
But best the lot, though bitter,
  A Father's love provides;
And best the way, though darksome,
  Wherein a Saviour guides.

MRS. WALKER.

MARY JANE DECK is daughter of the late John Deck, Esq., of Bury St. Edmunds, and sister of James George Deck, whose name occurs in an earlier portion of this work. In 1848, she married the Rev. Edward Walker, rector of Cheltenham. To an interesting collection of "Psalms and Hymns for Public and Social Worship," edited by her husband, Mrs. Walker has contributed several compositions. The following hymn, from her pen, is especially esteemed.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

THE wanderer no more will roam,
The lost one to the fold hath come,
The prodigal is welcom'd home,
  O Lamb of God, in Thee.

Though cloth'd with shame, by sin defil'd,
The Father hath embrac'd His child,
And I am pardon'd, reconcil'd,
  O Lamb of God, in Thee.

It is the Father's joy to bless ;
His love provides for me a dress,
A robe of spotless righteousness,
O Lamb of God, in Thee.

Now shall my famish'd soul be fed ;
A feast of love for me is spread ;
I feed upon the "children's bread,"
O Lamb of God, in Thee !

Yea, in the fulness of His grace,
He puts me in the children's place,
Where I may gaze upon His face,
O Lamb of God, in Thee !

I cannot half His love express ;
Yet, Lord, with joy my lips confess
This blessèd portion I possess,
O Lamb of God, in Thee.

It is Thy precious name I bear,
It is Thy spotless robe I wear ;
Therefore the Father's love I share,
O Lamb of God, in Thee.

And when I in Thy likeness shine,
The glóry and the praise be Thine
That everlasting joy is mine,
O Lamb of God, in Thee.

BENJAMIN WALLIN.

BENJAMIN WALLIN was born at London, in 1711. His father was Edward Wallin, pastor of the Baptist congregation at Maze Pond, London. He was educated under the superintendence of John Needham and Dr. Stennett. In October, 1741, he became pastor of the Baptist Church, Maze Pond, and he continued to minister in the same place till his death, which took place on the 19th February, 1782. In 1750, he published an 8vo volume of "Evangelical Hymns and Songs," from which the following hymn has been transcribed. Mr. Wallin is the author of several works on practical religion.

JESUS A CONQUEROR.

HAIL, mighty Jesus, how Divine
Is Thy victorious sword!
The stoutest rebel must resign
At Thy commanding word.

The strongest holds of Satan yield
To Thine all-conquering hand;
When once Thy glorious arm's reveal'd,
No creature can withstand.

Deep are the wounds Thine arrows give,
They pierce, they kill the heart;
Thy living words Thy slain revive,
And love unknown impart.

Gird now Thy sword upon Thy thigh,
Most mighty Prince of peace;
Ride forth in full prosperity,
Nor let Thy conquests cease.

RALPH WARDLAW, D.D.

AN eminent theological writer, RALPH WARDLAW, was born at Dalkeith, Mid-Lothian, on the 22nd December, 1779. In his twelfth year he entered the University of Glasgow; he subsequently became a student of the Secession Church. He joined the Congregationalists, under the Brothers Haldane, and was, in 1803, ordained to the pastorate of a chapel in Albion Street, Glasgow. In 1811, he was appointed Professor of Divinity in the Glasgow Theological Academy of the Congregationalist Church. He died at Glasgow, on the 17th December, 1853. Dr. Wardlaw edited a collection of hymns for the use of the Scottish Congregationalists. Memoirs of his life and writings have been published by the Rev. Dr. Lindsay Alexander, Edinburgh, 1856. From this work the following hymns, composed by Dr. Wardlaw, have been transcribed.

PRAISE FOR DIVINE GOODNESS.

LIFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud and more loud the anthem raise,
With grateful ardour fired.

Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose tender care sustains
Our feeble frame, encompass'd round
With death's unnumber'd pains.

Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every minute as it flies,
With benefits unsought.

Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows;
Who sent His Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.

Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
Which lights through darkest shades of death
To realms of endless day.

"BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD."

CONTEMPLATE, saints, the Source Divine
Whence all your joys have flow'd:
With wond'ring minds, and praising hearts,
"Behold the Lamb of God!"

Redeem'd from wrath, and from the stroke
Of Heaven's avenging rod,
Pouring His precious blood for you,
"Behold the Lamb of God!"

Freed from the pangs of conscious guilt,
And sin's afflicting load,
To Jesus' blood you owe your peace:
"Behold the Lamb of God!"

With holy mind, and heart renew'd,
Run ye the narrow road?
His sprinkled blood has cleansed your souls,
"Behold the Lamb of God!"

Each heavenly blessing ye receive
Through Jesus is bestow'd;
In every good your souls possess
"Behold the Lamb of God!"

Hope ye in heaven with God at last
To find your bless'd abode?
Still, as the ground of all your hopes,
"Behold the Lamb of God!"

REMEMBRANCE OF CHRIST.

REMEMBER Thee! remember Christ!
While memory holds her place,
Can we forget the Lord of life,
Who saves us by His grace?

The Lord of life, with glory crown'd
On heaven's exalted throne,
Forgets not those for whom, on earth
He heaved His dying groan.

The promised joy He then obtain'd,
When He ascended hence,
Up from the grave to God's right hand,
A Saviour and a Prince!

His glory now no tongue of man
Or seraph bright can tell;
Yet still the chief of all His joys
That souls are saved from hell.

For this He came and dwelt on earth;
For this His life was given;
For this He fought and vanquish'd death;
For this He pleads in heaven.

Join, all ye saints beneath the sky,
Your grateful praise to give;
Sing loud hosannas to the Lord
Who died that you might live.

ANNA LETITIA WARING.

ANNA LETITIA WARING was born at Neath, Glamorganshire, where she continues to reside. Her father, Elijah Waring, was brother of Samuel Miller Waring, the subject of our next sketch. Miss Waring is author of a volume entitled "Hymns and Meditations, by A. L. W.," London, 1853, 12mo. The following hymn has been copied from that volume, with the author's permission.

SUPPLICATION.

"My times are in Thy hand."—*Ps.* xxxi. 15.

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portion'd out for me;
And the changes that are sure to come,
I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathise.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied;
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit fill'd the more
With grateful love to Thee;
More careful—not to serve Thee much,
But to please Thee perfectly.

There are briars besetting every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me;
For my inmost heart is taught "the truth"
That makes Thy children "free;"
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

SAMUEL MILLER WARING.

SAMUEL MILLER WARING was son of Jeremiah Waring, Esq., of Alton, Hampshire. He was born in 1792. In 1826, he published a duodecimo volume of "Sacred Melodies." From that volume the following hymn has been transcribed. Mr. Waring died on the 19th September 1827, in his thirty-fifth year.

PLEAD THOU MY CAUSE.

PLEAD Thou, O plead my cause,
Each self-excusing plea
My trembling soul withdraws,
And flies to Thee.
When justice rears her throne,
Ah, who, save Thee alone,
May stand, O spotless One?
Plead Thou my cause.

Ah, plead not aught of mine,
Before Thine altar thrown:
Fragments, when all is Thine,
All, all Thy own!
Thou seest what stains they bear;
Oh, since each tear, each prayer
Hath need of pardon there,
Plead Thou my cause.

With lips that dying breathed
Blessings for words of scorn;
With brow where I had wreath'd
The piercing thorn;
With breast to whose pure tide
He did the weapon guide,
Who hath no home beside,
Plead Thou my cause.

Plead, when the tempter's art
To each fond hope of mine
Denies this faithless heart
Can e'er be Thine.
If slander whisper, too,
The sin I never knew,
Thou who wouldst urge the true,
Plead Thou my cause.

Oh plead my cause above;
Plead Thine within my breast,
Till there Thy peaceful Dove
Shall build her nest.
Thou know'st this will—how frail;
Thou know'st, though language fail,
My soul's mysterious tale:
Plead Thou my cause.

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

ONE of the most justly celebrated of British hymn-writers, ISAAC WATTS, was born at Southampton, on the 17th July, 1674. In childhood he evinced a remarkable precocity: he began to study Latin in his fourth year, and at the age of seven produced respectable verses. With a view to the ministry in the Independent Church, he was placed by his father at a theological academy in connection with that body. In 1698, he became assistant in the Independent Chapel, Mark Lane, London, and at the expiry of four years was, on a vacancy, appointed to the charge. In 1712, being seized with a fever which much enfeebled his constitution, formerly impaired by a course of ministerial exertion, he accepted an invitation from Sir Thomas Abney, an alderman of the city, to visit him at his residence of Abney Park. The visit was prolonged to a residence of thirty years. He died on the 25th November, 1748, in his seventy-fifth year. Of Dr. Watts' prose works, his Logic and Improvement of the Mind retain their popularity. His psalms and hymns have been largely included in nearly every hymn-book intended for congregational or social use. His hymns for children have attained universal acceptance. A monumental statue of Dr. Watts has been reared at Southampton.

THE LAMB OF GOD.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power Divine;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air and earth and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

FOR SABBATH EVENING.

(CHILDREN'S HYMN.)

LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship Thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little heaven below:
Not all my pleasure and my play
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

Oh write upon my memory, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of Thy word;
That I may break Thy laws no more,
But love Thee better than before!

With thoughts of Christ, and things Divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That, hoping pardon thro' His blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

THE HEAVENLY CANAAN.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes!

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

OUR SAVIOUR'S RESURRECTION.

BLEST morning, whose young dawning rays
Beheld our rising God,
That saw Him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave His dark abode!

In the cold prison of a tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our God, in vain;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

To Thy great name, almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King;
Let heaven, and earth, and rocks, and seas
With glad hosannas ring.

THE GLORY OF THE LAMB.

Behold the glories of the Lamb
Amidst His Father's throne;
Prepare new honours for His name,
And songs before unknown.

Let elders worship at His feet,
The Church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet
And harps of sweeter sound.

Those are the prayers of the saints,
And these the hymns they raise;
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

Eternal Father, who shall look
Into Thy sacred will?
Who but the Son should take that book,
And open every seal?

He shall fulfil Thy great decrees:
The Son deserves it well;
Lo, in His hand the sov'reign keys
Of heaven and death and hell!

Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on Thy head.

Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee.

The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath Thy power;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promised hour.

THE PROTECTION OF THE CHURCH.

How honourable is the place
Where we adoring stand,—
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land!

Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell;
The walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.

Lift up the everlasting gates;
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations, that obey
The statutes of our King.

Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace;
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventur'd on His grace.

Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as His years.

What though the rebels dwell on high,
His arm shall bring them low;
Low as the caverns of the grave
Their lofty heads shall bow.

On Babylon our feet shall tread
In that rejoicing hour;
The ruins of her walls shall spread
A pavement for the poor.

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST.

Lo, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and sea are pass'd away,
And the old rolling skies.

From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorn'd with shining grace.

Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

The God of glory down to men
Removes His blest abode;
Men the dear objects of His grace,
And He the loving God.

His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye,
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die."

How long, dear Saviour! oh, how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

ADOPTION.

BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

'Tis no surprising thing
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

A hope so much Divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down Thy Spirit like a dove
To rest upon my heart.

We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath Thy throne;
My faith shall "Abba, Father," cry,
And Thou the kindred own.

LIFE, THE DAY OF GRACE.

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t'insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

Life is the hour that God has given,
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heaven,—
The day of grace,—and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their memory and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy buried in the dust;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.

Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

There are no acts of pardon pass'd
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there.

VANITY OF HUMAN HOPE.

VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths
Without a murmuring word,
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now,
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

Jesus, how glorious is Thy grace!
When in Thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

SALVATION BY GRACE.

LORD, we confess our numerous faults,
How great our guilt has been!
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

But, O my soul, for ever praise,
For ever love His name,
Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.

'Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done,
But we are sav'd by sovereign grace
Abounding through His Son.

'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the water and the blood
Our souls are wash'd from sin.

'Tis thro' the purchase of His death,
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

Raised from the dead, we live anew;
And, justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

THE REPENTING PRODIGAL.

BEHOLD the wretch whose lust and wine
Had wasted his estate;
He begs a share amongst the swine,
To taste the husks they eat!

"I die with hunger here," he cries;
"I starve in foreign lands;
My father's house has large supplies,
And bounteous are his hands.

I'll go, and with a mournful tongue
Fall down before his face:
'Father, I've done thy justice wrong,
Nor can deserve thy grace.'"

He said, and hasten'd to his home,
To seek his father's love;
The father saw the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.

He ran, and fell upon his neck,
Embrac'd, and kiss'd his son;
The rebel's heart with sorrow brake
For follies he had done.

"Take off his clothes of shame and sin,"
The father gives command;
"Dress him in garments white and clean,
With rings adorn his hand.

A day of feasting I ordain,
Let mirth and joy abound;
My son was dead, and lives again,
Was lost, and now is found."

CHRIST'S COMPASSION.

With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same.

But spotless, innocent, and pure
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts He bore,
And did resist to blood.

He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out His cries and tears,
And in His measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruisèd reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and His power,
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

THE EXAMPLE OF CHRIST.

My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in Thy word;
But in Thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so Divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervour of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and Thy victory too.

Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

FAITH IN CHRIST OUR SACRIFICE.

Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood, than they.

My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine;
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear
When hanging on the cursèd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

GLORYING IN THE CROSS.

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God!
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

His dying crimson like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so Divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

GREAT GOD, WITH WONDER AND WITH PRAISE.

GREAT God, with wonder and with praise,
On all Thy works I look;
But still Thy wisdom, power, and grace
Shine brighter in Thy book.

The stars that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction given;
But Thy good word informs my soul
How I may climb to heaven.

The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In Thy most holy word.

Here are my choicest treasures hid;
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And hence my hopes arise.

Lord, make me understand Thy law,
Show what my faults have been,
And from Thy gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

Here would I learn how Christ has died
To save my soul from hell;
Not all the books on earth beside
Such heavenly wonders tell.

Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

CHRIST'S KINGDOM AMONG THE GENTILES.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

Behold the islands with their kings,
And Europe her best tribute brings;
From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at His feet.

There Persia, glorious to behold,
There India shines in eastern gold;
And barb'rous nations at His word,
Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.

For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

THE SPIRIT IMPLORED.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quick'ning powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannahs languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

Dear Lord! and shall we ever lie
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great!

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

THE GOSPEL INVITATION.

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind.

Eternal Wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

To perishing and naked poor
Who work with mighty pain,
To weave a garment of your own
That will not hide your sin.

Come naked, and adorn your souls
In robes prepared by God,
Wrought by the labours of His Son,
And dyed in His own blood.

Dear God! the treasures of Thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins.

The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

CHRISTIAN ASSURANCE.

2 Timothy i. 12.

I'm not asham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause;
Maintain the honour of His word,
The glory of His cross.

Jesus, my God; I know His name;
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

Firm as His throne His promise stands;
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.

Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

1 Peter i. 3—5.

BLEST be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord!
Be His abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd!

When from the dead He rais'd His Son,
And call'd Him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

What though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust,
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all His followers must.

There's an inheritance Divine,
Reserved against that day,
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot waste away.

Saints, by the power of God, are kept
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

CHARLES WESLEY.

CHARLES WESLEY was third son of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, sen., rector of Epworth, Lincolnshire, a man of superior scholarship, and possessed of no inconsiderable share of poetical genius. He was born at Epworth, on the 18th December, 1708. Having studied at Westminster School, he entered Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated in 1732. By a gentleman of his own name, resident in Ireland, the earlier portion of his educational expenses was provided, and he was offered by the same individual the succession to his large fortune, if he would consent to establish his abode in Ireland. He rejected the offer, which was accepted by another, who became first Earl of Mornington, and was grandfather of the Duke of Wellington. Charles Wesley proceeded to Georgia (as secretary to the governor), whither his brother John also went as missionary. Returning to England, he preached to large congregations at Blackheath, Kent, and afterwards itinerated in different parts of England. Having married in his forty-first year, he henceforth led a domestic life. His death took place on the 29th March, 1788. Charles Wesley has been described as the poet of Methodism. He published 4100 hymns, and left upwards of 2000 others in manuscript. The following selections have been made from original editions of his poetical works.

MORNING HYMN.*

SEE the day-spring from afar,
Usher'd by the morning star!
Haste to Him who sends the light,
Hallow the remains of night.

Souls, put on your glorious dress,
Waking into righteousness;
Clothed with Christ, aspire to shine,
Radiance He of light Divine;

Beam of the eternal Beam,
He in God, and God in Him!
Strive we Him in us to see,
Transcript of the Deity.

Burst we then the bands of death,
Raised by His all-quickening breath;
Long we to be loosed from earth,
Struggle into second birth.

Spent at length is nature's night:
Christ attends to give us light,
Christ attends Himself to give;
God we now may see, and live.

* From "Hymns and Sacred Poems." 1739.

Though the outward man decay,
Form'd within us day by day
Still the inner man we view,
Christ creating all things new.

Turn, O turn us, Lord, again,
Raiser Thou of fallen man;
Sin destroy, and nature's boast,
Saviour Thou of spirits lost.

Thy great will in us be done,
Crucified and dead our own;
Ours no longer let us be,
Hide us from ourselves in Thee.

Thou the life, the truth, the way,
Suffer us no more to stray:
Give us, Lord, and ever give,
Thee to know, in Thee to live.

EVENING HYMN.*

OMNIPRESENT God, whose aid
No one ever ask'd in vain,
Be this night about my bed,
Every evil thought restrain;
Lay Thy hand upon my soul,
God of my unguarded hours,
All mine enemies control,
Hell, and earth, and nature's powers.

Frail, alas! my nature is,
Ever sinking into sin;
I cannot from sinning cease,
All unholy, all unclean;
Yet to Thee for help I seek,
Perfect, Lord, Thy strength in me;
I am strong, when I am weak—
Weak myself, but strong in Thee.

* From "Hymns and Sacred Poems." 1749.

Keep me, then, my Saviour, keep,
Till my soul is all renew'd;
Thou, whose eyelids never sleep,
Guard the future house of God:
Let not evil enter in,
Every selfish thought avert;
Stop the avenues of sin,
Keep the issues of my heart.

O Thou jealous God, come down,
God of spotless purity;
Claim, and seize me for Thine own,
Consecrate my heart to Thee.
Under Thy protection take,
Songs in the night-season give;
Let me sleep to Thee, and wake,
Let me die to Thee, and live.

Only tell me I am Thine,
And Thou wilt not quit Thy right;
Answer me in dreams Divine—
Dreams and visions of the night.
Bid my soul in sleep go on,
Restlessly its God desire;
Mourn for God in every groan,
God in every thought require.

Loose me from the chains of sense,
Set me from my body free,
Draw with stronger influence
My unfetter'd soul to Thee;
In me, Lord, Thyself reveal,
Fill me with a sweet surprise;
Let me Thee when waking feel,
Let me in Thine image rise.

Let me of Thy life partake,
Thy own holiness impart;
Oh that I might sweetly wake,
With my Saviour in my heart!

Oh that I might know Thee mine!
Oh that I might Thee receive!
Only live the life Divine,
Only to Thy glory live!

Or, if Thou my soul require
E'er I see the morning light,
Grant me, Lord, my heart's desire,
Perfect me in love to-night;
Finish Thy great work of love,
Cut it short in righteousness;
Fit me for the realms above,
Change, and bid me die in peace.

HYMN FOR THE NATIVITY OF OUR LORD.*

All glory to God in the sky,
And peace upon earth be restored;
O Jesus, exalted on high,
Appear our omnipotent Lord!
Who, meanly in Bethlehem born,
Didst stoop to redeem a lost race,
Once more to Thy creature return,
And reign in Thy kingdom of grace.

When Thou in our flesh didst appear,
All nature acknowledged Thy birth;
Arose the acceptable year,
And heaven was open'd on earth:
Receiving its Lord from above,
The world was united to bless
The Giver of concord and love,
The Prince and the Author of peace.

O wouldst Thou again be made known,
Again in Thy Spirit descend,
And set up in each of Thine own
A kingdom that never shall end.
Thou only art able to bless,
And make the glad nations obey,
And bid the dire enmity cease,
And bow the whole world to Thy sway.

* From "Hymns for the Nativity of our Lord." 1744.

Come then to Thy servants again,
Who long Thy appearing to know;
Thy quiet and peaceable reign
In mercy establish below:
All sorrow before Thee shall fly,
And anger and hatred be o'er,
And envy and malice shall die,
And discord afflict us no more.

No horrid alarum of war
Shall break our eternal repose;
No sound of the trumpet is there,
Where Jesus's Spirit o'erflows:
Appeased by the charms of Thy grace,
We all shall in amity join,
And kindly each other embrace,
And love with a passion like Thine.

HYMN FOR EASTER DAY.*

"CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,"
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell!
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ has open'd Paradise.

Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save:
Where thy victory, O grave?

* From "Hymns and Sacred Poems." 1739.

Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

What though once we perish'd all,
Partners in our parents' fall?
Second life we all receive,
In our heavenly *Adam* live.

Risen with Him, we upward move;
Still we seek the things above;
Still pursue and kiss the Son,
Seated on His Father's throne;

Scarce on earth a thought bestow,
Dead to all we leave below;
Heaven our aim and loved abode,
Hid our life with Christ in God!

Hid, till Christ our life appear,
Glorious in His members here;
Join'd to Him, we then shall shine,
All immortal, all Divine!

Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given;
Thee we greet triumphant now!
Hail, the resurrection Thou!

King of glory, Soul of bliss!
Everlasting life is this,
Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love!

FOR ASCENSION DAY.*

HAIL the day that sees Him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends His native heaven.

* From "Hymns and Sacred Poems." 1739.

There the pompous triumph waits:
"Lift your heads, eternal gates,
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the King of glory in!"

Circled round with angel powers,
Their triumphant Lord and ours,
Conqueror over death and sin;
Take the King of glory in!

Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

See, He lifts His hands above!
See, He shows the prints of love!
Hark, His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His Church below!

Still for us His death He pleads;
Prevalent He intercedes;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

Master (will we ever say),
Taken from our head to-day,
See Thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to Thee.

Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies.

Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, gasping after home.

There we shall with Thee remain,
Partners of Thy endless reign ;
There Thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee.

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.*

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound :
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Jesus, our great High-priest,
Hath full atonement made :
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mournful souls, be glad :
The year, etc.

Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption through His blood
Throughout the world proclaim :
The year, etc.

Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive ;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live :
The year, etc.

Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesu's love :
The year, etc.

* From "Hymns for New Year's Day." 1750.

The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year, etc.

FUNERAL HYMN.*

COME, let us join our friends above
That have obtain'd the prize,
And on the eagle-wings of love
To joys celestial rise:
Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

One family we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death:
One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host hath cross'd the flood,
And part is crossing now.

Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly,
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die:
His militant embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach that heavenly land.

Our old companions in distress
We haste again to see,
And eager long for our release
And full felicity:

From "Funeral Hymns." 1759.

E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crown'd,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear His trumpet sound.
O that we now might grasp our Guide!
O that the word were given!
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven!

DIVINE LOVE.*

Love Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesu, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest:
Take away our power of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, almighty to deliver!
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.

* From "Hymns for those that seek and those that have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ." 1746.

Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and sinless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

FOR THE TIME OF TROUBLE.*

Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

The waves of the sea have lift up their voice,
Sore troubled that we in Jesus rejoice;
The floods they are roaring, but Jesus is here;
While we are adoring, He always is near.

Men, devils engage; the billows arise,
And horribly rage, and threaten the skies;
Their fury shall never our steadfastness shock,
The weakest believer is built on a Rock.

God ruleth on high, almighty to save,
And still He is nigh, His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

Salvation to God, who sits on the throne!
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son!
Our Jesus's praises the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

* From "Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution." 1745.

Then let us adore, and give Him His right,
All glory, and power, and wisdom, and might,
All honour, and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

HYMN ON CONVERSION.*

O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of Thy name.

Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace!

He breaks the power of cancell'd sin;
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,—
His blood avail'd for me.

He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

Hear Him, ye deaf! His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ!
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

* This hymn, as published by Charles Wesley in his "Hymns and Sacred Poems," 1740, extends to eighteen verses. The first six and last four verses have not been reproduced, and are here omitted.

Look unto Him, ye nations; own
  Your God, ye fallen race!
Look, and be saved, through faith alone;
  Be justified by grace!

See all your sins on Jesus laid!
  The Lamb of God was slain;
His soul was once an offering made
  For every soul of man.

WRESTLING JACOB.*

Come, O Thou Traveller unknown,
  Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
  And I am left alone with Thee:
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell Thee who I am,
  My misery, or sin declare:
Thyself hast call'd me by my name,
  Look on Thy hands, and read it there;
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now?

In vain Thou strugglest to get free,
  I never will unloose my hold;
Art Thou the Man that died for me?
  The secret of Thy love unfold.
Wrestling I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
  Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell!
  To know it now resolved I am.
Wrestling I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

* From "Hymns and Sacred Poems." 1742.

'Tis all in vain to hold Thy tongue,
Or touch the hollow of my thigh:
Though every sinew be unstrung,
Out of my arms Thou shalt not fly;
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long!
I rise superior to my pain;
When I am weak then I am strong,
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

My strength is gone, my nature dies,
I sink beneath Thy weighty hand,
Faint to revive, and fall to rise;
I fall, and yet by faith I stand.
I stand, and will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
Be conquer'd by my instant prayer;
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if Thy name is Love.

'Tis Love, 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me;
I hear Thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure, universal Love Thou art.
To me, to all Thy bowels move,
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive.
Through faith I see Thee face to face;
I see Thee face to face, and live.
In vain I have not wept and strove,
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art—
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend;
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end;
Thy mercies never shall remove,
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

The Sun of righteousness on me
Hath rose with healing in His wings,
Wither'd my nature's strength; from Thee
My soul its life and succour brings;
My help is all laid up above,
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

Contented now, upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end;
All helplessness, all weakness I
On Thee alone for strength depend,
Nor have I power, from Thee, to move;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

Lame as I am, I take the prey,
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And as a bounding hart fly home,
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

AFTER A RELAPSE INTO SIN.*

Depth of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

I have long withstood His grace;
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

* From "Hymns and Sacred Poems." 1740.

I my Master have denied,
I afresh have crucified,
Oft profaned His hallow'd name,
Put Him to an open shame.

I have spilt His precious blood,
Trampled on the Son of God;
Fill'd with pangs unspeakable,
I—and yet *am not in hell.*

Lo, I cumber still the ground!
Lo, an Advocate is found,—
"Hasten not to cut him down,
Let this barren soul alone."

Jesus speaks, and pleads His blood,
He disarms the wrath of God;
Now my Father's bowels move,
Justice lingers into love.

Kindled His relentings are;
Me He now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

Whence to me this waste of love?
Ask my Advocate above;
See the cause in Jesu's face,
Now before the throne of grace.

There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, but loves me still.

Jesus, answer from above,—
Is not all Thy nature love?
Wilt Thou not the wrong forget?
Suffer me to kiss Thy feet?

If I rightly read Thy heart,
If Thou all compassion art,
Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Pardon and accept me now.

Pity from Thine eye let fall;
By a look my soul recall;
Now the stone to flesh convert;
Cast a look, and break my heart.

Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my fall lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore;
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

HYMN FOR THE WATCH-NIGHT.*

THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear;
Our caution'd souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.

To pray and wait the hour,
The awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
The immortal Son of man,
To judge the human race,
With all Thy Father's dazzling train,
With all His glorious grace.

To damp our earthly joys,
To increase our gracious fears,
For ever let the archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears:

* From "Hymns and Sacred Poems," vol. ii. 1749.

The solemn midnight cry—
"Ye dead, the Judge is come;
Arise, and meet Him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom."

Oh may we thus be found,
Obedient to His word!
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord!
Oh may we thus insure
Our lot among the blest!
And watch a moment, to secure
An everlasting rest.

IN TEMPTATION.*

JESU, lŏvĕr of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stay'd;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Wilt Thou not regard my call?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall:
Lo! on Thee I cast my care.
Reach me out Thy gracious hand;
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live!

* From "Hymns and Sacred Poems." 1740.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness:
False, and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

DESIRING TO LOVE.*

O Love Divine, how sweet Thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
I thirst, and faint, and die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me!

Stronger His love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable:
The firstborn sons of light
Desire in vain its depth to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

God only knows the love of God:
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part!

* First printed in "Lamp's Hymns on the Great Festivals," &c., 1746 and next in Charles Wesley's "Hymns and Sacred Poems." 1749.

O that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

O that, with humbled Peter, I
Could weep, believe, and thrice reply,
My faithfulness to prove;
Thou know'st (for all to Thee is known),
Thou know'st, O Lord, and Thou alone,
Thou know'st that Thee I love.

O that I could, with favour'd John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast;
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee
My everlasting rest.

Thy only love do I require,
Nothing in earth beneath desire,
Nothing in heaven above;
Let earth, and heaven, and all things go;
Give me Thy only love to know,
Give me Thy only love.

IN A STORM.*

Glory to Thee, whose powerful word
Bids the tempestuous wind arise:
Glory to Thee, the sovereign Lord
Of air, and earth, and seas, and skies.

Let air, and earth, and skies obey,
And seas Thy awful will perform:
From them we learn to own Thy sway,
And shout to meet the gathering storm.

* From "Hymns and Sacred Poems." 1740.

What though the floods lift up their voice !
Thou hearest, Lord, our louder cry ;
They cannot damp Thy children's joys,
Or shake the soul, when God is nigh.

Headlong we cleave the yawning deep,
And back to highest heaven are borne,
Unmoved, though rapid whirlwinds sweep
And all the watery world upturn.

Roar on, ye waves ! our souls defy
Your roaring to disturb our rest ;
In vain to impair the calm ye try,
The calm in a believer's breast.

Rage, while our faith the Saviour tries,
Thou sea, the servant of His will !
Rise, while our God permits thee, rise ;
But fall when He shall say, "*Be still !*"

HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.*

Hark, how all the welkin rings,
"Glory to the King of kings ;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled !"

Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
Universal nature, say,
"Christ, the Lord, is born to-day !"

Christ, by highest heaven adored !
Christ, the everlasting Lord !
Late, in time, behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.

Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead see ;
Hail, the incarnate Deity ;
Pleased as man with men to appear,
Jesus, our *Immanuel* here !

* From "Hymns and Sacred Poems." 1739.

Hail, the heavenly Prince of peace!
Hail, the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.

Mild He lays His glory by;
Born, that man no more may die;
Born, to raise the sons of earth;
Born, to give them second birth.

Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.

Now display Thy saving power,
Ruin'd nature now restore;
Now in mystic union join,
Thine to ours, and ours to Thine.

Adam's likeness, Lord, efface,
Stamp Thy image in its place;
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in Thy love.

Let us Thee, though lost, regain,
Thee, the life, the heavenly man;
Oh to all Thyself impart,
Form'd in each believing heart!

GLORY TO GOD.*

GLORY be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man the well-beloved of Heaven.

Sovereign Father, heavenly King,
Thee we now presume to sing;
Glad Thine attributes confess,
Glorious all and numberless.

* From "Hymns and Sacred Poems." 1739.

Hail! by all Thy works adored;
Hail! the everlasting Lord;
Thee with thankful hearts we prove
Lord of power and God of love.

Christ our Lord and God we own—
Christ, the Father's only Son,
Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.

Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's Atonement Thou;
Jesu, in Thy name we pray,
Take, oh, take our sins away!

Powerful Advocate with God,
Justify us by Thy blood;
Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's Atonement Thou!

Hear; for Thou, O Christ, alone,
Art with Thy great Father one;
One the Holy Ghost with Thee,
One supreme, eternal Three.

HYMN FOR CHILDREN.*

GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

Fain I would to Thee be brought;
Dearest God, forbid it not;
Give me, dearest God, a place
In the kingdom of Thy grace.

Put Thy hands upon my head,
Let me in Thine arms be stay'd;
Let me lean upon Thy breast,
Lull me, lull me, Lord, to rest.

* From "Hymns and Sacred Poems." 1742.

Hold me fast in Thy embrace,
Let me see Thy smiling face;
Give me, Lord, Thy blessing give,
Pray for me, and I shall live.

I shall live the simple life,
Free from sin's uneasy strife,
Sweetly ignorant of ill,
Innocent, and happy still.

Oh that I may never know
What the wicked people do;
Sin is contrary to Thee,
Sin is the forbidden tree.

Keep me from the great offence,
Guard my helpless innocence;
Hide me from all evil, hide
Self, and stubbornness, and pride.

Lamb of God, I look to Thee,
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild;
Thou wast once a little child.

Fain I would be as Thou art;
Give me Thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have Thy loving mind.

Meek and lowly may I be,
Thou art all humility;
Let me to my betters bow,
Subject to Thy parents Thou.

Let me above all fulfil
God my heavenly Father's will,
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.

Thou didst live to God alone,
Thou didst never seek Thine own,
Thou Thyself didst never please,
God was all Thy happiness.

Loving Jesu, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
Live Thyself within my heart.

I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me.

THE JUDGMENT HYMN.*

Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain!
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train:
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign!

Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

The dear tokens of His passion
Still His dazzling body bears,
Cause of endless exultation
To His ransom'd worshippers;
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars!

Yea, amen, let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own;
Jah, Jehovah!
Everlasting God, come down.

* See Note.

JOHN WESLEY.

JOHN WESLEY, second son of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, and brother of the preceding writer, was born at Epworth, on the 17th June, 1703. When a child, he narrowly escaped being burned to death, when his father's rectory was set on fire by some hostile parishioners. He was educated at the Charterhouse, and in his seventeenth year became a student of Christ Church, Oxford. When at the university, he joined some other earnest young men in forming a religious society. The members met for social prayer, visited the poor, relieved the destitute, and fasted twice a week. He declined being nominated as assistant and successor to his father, but accepted an invitation to proceed to the new colony of Georgia as a missionary. He was accompanied by his brother Charles and others of his Oxford associates. He settled at Savannah, but the strictness of his discipline led to a popular outburst and to his return to England. On his way to Georgia he had met with several pious Moravians, and on his return in 1738, he became acquainted with Peter Boehler, the Moravian, whose converse led to an entire change in his religious views. Wesley attached himself to Mr. Whitefield; but their ministerial union was speedily broken up by the adherence of the former to Arminian tenets, and the strong espousal of Calvinistic doctrines by the latter. By a course of indefatigable itinerancy, with the aid of lay preaching, he effected a remarkable revival of evangelical religion, and founded the religious community which bears his name. He died on the 2nd March, 1791, in his eighty-ninth year.

"The Rev. John Wesley," says one of his biographers, "had a pure taste for poetry, and himself wrote many of our hymns, but he told me that he and his brother agreed not to distinguish their hymns from each other's." On this account it is impossible to determine what hymns were written by him. Tradition assigns to him six or seven original hymns, and it is known that he translated twenty-nine hymns from the German, two from the French, and one from the Spanish.

THE BELIEVER'S SUPPORT.*

O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for Thee;
Oh, burst these bonds and set it free!

Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.

If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my light, be Thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while Thou, my God, art near.

When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head and cheer my heart.

* Translated from the German of Gerhard Tersteegen.

Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee;
Oh, let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill!

If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil and grief and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm and joy and peace.

A PARAPHRASE ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.*

FATHER of all, whose powerful voice
Call'd forth this universal frame,
Whose mercies over all rejoice,
Through endless ages still the same.
Thou, by thy word, upholdest all;
Thy bounteous love to all is show'd;
Thou hear'st Thy every creature's call,
And fillest every mouth with good.

In heaven Thou reign'st, enthroned in light,
Nature's expanse beneath Thee spread;
Earth, air, and sea before Thy sight,
And hell's deep gloom, are open laid.
Wisdom, and might, and love are Thine;
Prostrate before Thy face we fall,
Confess Thy attributes Divine,
And hail Thee sovereign Lord of all.

Thee, sovereign Lord, let all confess,
That moves in earth, or air, or sky,
Revere Thy power, Thy goodness bless,
Tremble before Thy piercing eye.
All ye who owe to Him your birth,
In praise your every hour employ;
Jehovah reigns! be glad, O earth,
And shout, ye morning stars, for joy!

* From "Hymns and Sacred Poems." 1739.

Son of Thy Sire's eternal love,
Take to Thyself Thy mighty power;
Let all earth's sons Thy mercy prove,
Let all Thy bleeding grace adore;
The triumphs of Thy love display,
In every heart reign Thou alone,
Till all Thy foes confess Thy sway,
And glory ends what grace begun.

Spirit of grace and health and power,
Fountain of light and love below,
Abroad Thine healing influence shower,
O'er all the nations let it flow.
Inflame our hearts with perfect love,
In us the work of faith fulfil;
So not heaven's host shall swifter move,
Than we on earth, to do Thy will.

Father, 'tis Thine each day to yield
Thy children's wants a fresh supply;
Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field,
And hearest the young ravens cry.
On Thee we cast our care; we live
Through Thee, who know'st our every need;
Oh, feed us with Thy grace, and give
Our souls this day the living bread!

Eternal, spotless Lamb of God,
Before the world's foundation slain,
Sprinkle us ever with Thy blood;
Oh, cleanse and keep us ever clean.
To every soul (all praise to Thee),
Our bowels of compassion move;
And all mankind by this may see
God is in us, for God is love.

Giver and Lord of life, whose power
And guardian care for all are free,
To Thee, in fierce temptation's hour,
From sin and Satan let us flee.

Thine, Lord, we are, and ours Thou art;
In us be all Thy goodness show'd;
Renew, enlarge, and fill our heart
With peace, and joy, and heaven, and God.

Blessing and honour, praise and love,
Co-equal, co-eternal Three,
In earth below and heaven above,
By all Thy works, be paid to Thee.
Thrice Holy, Thine the kingdom is,
The power omnipotent is Thine;
And when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

THE PILGRIM.*

How happy is the pilgrim's lot!
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

His happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from self design,
From every creature-love!
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.

The things eternal I pursue,
A happiness beyond the view
Of those that basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

* From "Hymns for those that seek and those that have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ." 1746.

I have no sharer of my heart,
To rob my Saviour of a part
And desecrate the whole :
Only betroth'd to Christ am I,
And wait His coming from the sky,
To wed my happy soul.

I have no babes to hold me here,
But children more securely dear
For mine I humbly claim :
Better than daughters or than sons,
Temples Divine of living stones
Inscribed with Jesu's name.

No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness :
A poor wayfaring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

Nothing on earth I call my own,
A stranger to the world, unknown,
I all their goods despise :
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight,
A country in the skies.

There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home :
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

I come, Thy servant, Lord, replies,
I come to meet Thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest :
Now let the pilgrim's journey end ;
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to Thy breast.

GOD'S LOVE TO MANKIND.*

O God, of good the' unfathom'd Sea!
Who would not give his heart to Thee?
Who would not love Thee with his might,
O Jesu, Lover of mankind?
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength, to Thee unite?

Thou shin'st with everlasting rays:
Before the' insufferable blaze
Angels with both wings veil their eyes;
Yet, free as air Thy bounty streams
On all Thy works; Thy mercy's beams,
Diffusive as Thy sun's, arise.

Astonish'd at Thy frowning brow,
Earth, hell, and heaven's strong pillars bow:
Terrible majesty is Thine!
Who then can that vast love express,
Which bows Thee down to me, who less
Than nothing am, till Thou art mine!

High throned on heaven's eternal hill,
In number, weight, and measure still
Thou sweetly orderest all that is:
And yet Thou deign'st to come to me,
And guide my steps, that I, with Thee
Enthroned, may reign in endless bliss.

Fountain of good, all blessing flows
From Thee; no want Thy fulness knows:
What but Thyself canst Thou desire?
Yes: self-sufficient as Thou art,
Thou dost desire my worthless heart:
This, only this, dost Thou require.

Primeval Beauty! in Thy sight,
The first-born fairest sons of light
See all their brightest glories fade:
What then to me Thine eyes could turn,
In sin conceived, of woman born,
A worm, a leaf, a blast, a shade?

* Translated from the German of Johan Scheffler.

Hell's armies tremble at Thy nod,
And, trembling, own the' almighty God,
Sovereign of earth, air, hell, and sky :
But who is this that comes from far,
Whose garments roll'd in blood appear ?
'Tis God made man, for man to die.

O God, of good the' unfathom'd Sea !
Who would not give his heart to Thee ?
Who would not love Thee with his might,
O Jesu, Lover of mankind ?
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength, to Thee unite ?

SAMUEL WESLEY.

THE eldest brother of the two preceding writers, SAMUEL WESLEY was born in London, on the 10th February, 1690. He studied at Westminster School, and, in 1711, was elected to Christ Church, Oxford. Having graduated A.M., he became usher in Westminster School, and took orders. In 1732, he was appointed Head Master of Blundell's School, Tiverton, Devonshire. His death took place on the 6th November, 1739. The following hymns are transcribed from a quarto volume, bearing title "Poems on Several Occasions, by Samuel Wesley, A.M.," London, 1736.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG PERSON.

THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold ;
As careless of the noon-day heats,
And fearless of the evening cold.

Nipp'd by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

So blooms the human face Divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows ;
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

Or worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day;
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

Let sickness blast, and death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains;
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

HYMN TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

HAIL, Holy Ghost, Jehovah, third
In order of the Three;
Sprung from the Father and the Word
From all eternity!

Thy Godhead brooding o'er the' abyss
Of formless waters lay,
Spoke into order all that is,
And darkness into day.

In lowest hell, or heaven's height,
Thy presence who can fly?
Known is the Father to Thy sight,
The depths of Deity.

Thy power through Jesu's life display'd
Quite from the virgin's womb,
Dying, His soul an offering made,
And raised Him from the tomb.

God's image, which our sins destroy,
Thy grace restores below;
And truth, and holiness, and joy,
From Thee their Fountain flow.

Hail, Holy Ghost, Jehovah, third
In order of the Three;
Throned with the Father and the Word
Through all eternity!

A HYMN FOR SUNDAY.

THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest;
Who, joyful in harmonious lays,
Employ an endless rest.

Thus, Lord, while we remember Thee,
We blest and pious grow;
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd,
By God, the eternal Word, than when
This universe was made:

He rises, who mankind has bought
With grief and pains extreme;
'Twas great to speak the world from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE was born at Nottingham, on the 21st March, 1785. His father was a butcher. For a period apprenticed to a stocking-weaver, he subsequently obtained less irksome employment in an attorney's office. In his eighteenth year, he published a volume of poems, which attracted attention and commanded the admiration of the poet Southey. His views were now directed towards the Church, and Mr. Simeon, to whom his talents became known, procured him a sizarship in St. John's College, Cambridge. During two years at the university, he greatly distinguished himself, but the severity of his application overcame a constitution originally feeble. He died on the 19th October, 1806, in his twenty-first year. His "Remains" have been edited by Southey, accompanied with an interesting memoir.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

WHEN, marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem ;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode ;
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze ;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all ;
It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now, safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever, and for evermore,
The star, the star of Bethlehem !

THE HIDING-PLACE.

AWAKE, sweet harp of Judah, wake !
Retune thy strings for Jesus' sake ;
We sing the Saviour of our race,
The Lamb, our shield and hiding-place.

When God's right arm is bared for war,
And thunders clothe His cloudy car ;
Where, where, oh where shall man retire,
To escape the horrors of His ire ?

'Tis He, the Lamb ; to Him we fly,
While the dread tempest passes by ;
God sees His well-belovèd's face,
And spares us, in our hiding-place.

Thus, while we dwell in this low scene,
The Lamb is our unfailing screen ;
To Him, though guilty, still we run,
And God still spares us for His Son.

While yet we sojourn here below,
Pollutions still our hearts o'erflow ;
Fallen, abject, mean, a sentenced race,
We deeply need a hiding-place.

Yet, courage ; days and years will glide,
And we shall lay these clods aside ;
Shall be baptized in Jordan's flood,
And wash'd in Jesus' cleansing blood.

Then pure, immortal, sinless, freed,
We, through the Lamb, shall be decreed ;
Shall meet the Father face to face,
And need no more a hiding-place.

A HYMN FOR FAMILY WORSHIP.

O LORD, another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before Thy throne,
To bless Thy fostering hand.

And wilt Thou lend a listening ear
To praises low as ours ?
Thou wilt, for Thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

And, Jesus, Thou Thy smile wilt deign,
As we before Thee pray ;
For Thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are less than they.

Oh let Thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease ;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace !

Thus chasten'd, cleansed, entirely Thine,
A flock by Jesus led,
The sun of holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.

And Thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
And Thou must bless our way,
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

THE REV. WILLIAM WILLIAMS was born in 1717, at Cefn-y-coed, near Llandovery, Carmarthenshire. He originally studied medicine, but abandoned it for theology. Relinquishing his connection with the Church of England, in which he had procured deacon's orders, he attached himself to the Calvinistic Methodists. For half a century he travelled in Wales, preaching the gospel. His ministrations were universally acceptable. His death took place on the 11th January, 1791. Williams composed his hymns chiefly in the Welsh language; they are still much used by all denominations in the principality. His English hymns have been collected and published by Mr. Sedgwick, along with a sketch of his life by the Rev. T. Morgan.

THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM'S HYMN.*

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim thro' this barren land:
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven! bread of heaven!
Feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer! strong Deliv'rer!
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

* From the Welsh of Williams, but whether translated by himself or by William Evans, the translator of Prickard's "Divine Poems," is uncertain.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises, songs of praises,
I will ever give to Thee.

Musing on my habitation,
Musing on my heav'nly home,
Fills my soul with holy longing;
Come, my Jesus, quickly come.
Vanity is all I see;
Lord, I long to be with Thee!

MISSIONARY HYMN.

O'ER those gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul; be still, and gaze;
All the promises do travel
On a glorious day of grace;
Blessed Jubilee,
Let Thy glorious morning dawn.

Let the Indian, let the negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That Divine and glorious conquest
Once obtain'd on Calvary;
Let the gospel
Word resound from pole to pole.

Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Let them have the glorious light,
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night,
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

May the glorious days approaching
From eternal darkness dawn,
And the everlasting gospel
Spread abroad Thy holy name.
Thousand years,
Soon appear; make no delay.

Lord, I long to see that morning,
When Thy gospel shall abound,
And Thy grace get full possession
Of the happy promis'd ground;
All the borders
Of the great Immanuel's land.

Fly abroad, eternal gospel;
Win and conquer, never cease;
May Thy eternal wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase;
May thy sceptre
Sway th' enlighten'd world around.

Oh, let Moab yield and tremble,
Let Philistia never boast,
And let India proud be scattered
With their 'numerable host;
And the glory,
Jesus, only be to Thee.

THE PROMISED REST.

Jesus, lead us with Thy power
Safe into the promis'd rest;
Hide our souls within Thy bosom;
Let us slumber on Thy breast;
Feed us with the heav'nly manna,
Bread that angels eat above;
Let us drink from the holy fountain
Draughts of everlasting love.

Throughout the desert wild conduct us
With a glorious pillar bright:
In the day a cooling comfort,
And a cheering fire by night;
Be our guide in every peril;
Watch us hourly, night and day;
Otherwise we'll err and wander
From Thy Spirit far away.

In Thy presence we are happy ;
In Thy presence we're secure ;
In Thy presence all afflictions
We will easily endure ;
In Thy presence we can conquer,
We can suffer, we can die ;
Far from Thee, we faint and languish ;
Lord, our Saviour, keep us nigh.

MRS. WILSON.

WE have placed the following hymn under the name of MRS. WILSON, on account of our finding it so associated in the Collections. We have failed to verify the authorship. In one Collection the date of 1837 is assigned to the composition. We have printed from one of the earlier copies.

HEAVEN.

WE speak of the realms of the bless'd,
Of that country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confess'd ;
But what must it be to be there ?

We speak of its pathways of gold,
Of its walls deck'd with jewels so rare,
Of its wonders and treasures untold ;
But what must it be to be there ?

We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within ;
But what must it be to be there ?

We speak of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear,
The Church of the first-born above ;
But what must it be to be there ?

Do Thou, Lord, midst pleasure and woe,
Still for heaven my spirit prepare ;
And shortly I also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there.

MRS. CAROLINE WILSON.

MRS. WILSON, *nee* CAROLINE FRY, was born at Tunbridge Wells, on the 31st December, 1787. Her father was a farmer in easy circumstances. In 1821, she published "A Poetical Catechism," which passed through several editions. Her next publication was "Serious Poetry," a thin duodecimo, which likewise obtained public favour. Her other publications are "The Assistant of Education," 10 vols., 8vo: "The Listener," 2 vols., 8vo; "Christ our Example;" and "Daily Readings." She was married in 1821, and died at Tunbridge Wells, on the 17th September, 1846. A volume containing her "Autobiography, Letters, and Remains," was published in 1848. Mrs. Wilson was a person of deep religious earnestness.

BLESSINGS IN AFFLICTION.

OFTEN the clouds of deepest woe
So sweet a message bear;
Dark though they seem, 'twere hard to find
A frown of anger there.

Yes! often has adversity
A richer boon bestowed,
Has oft bequeath'd a purer joy,
Than all that men call good.

Our spirits are too closely bound
To earth's delusive toys;
Poor baubles we are loath to leave
For everlasting joys.

It needs our hearts be weaned from earth;
It needs that we be driven,
By loss of every earthly stay,
To seek our joys in heaven.

And what is sorrow, what is pain,
To that eternal care
That breaks the conscious heart for sin,
When sin is hated there?

Kind, loving is the Hand that strikes,
However keen the smart,
If sorrow's discipline can chase
One evil from the heart.

He was a Man of sorrows ! He,
Who loved and saved us thus ;
And shall the world that frown'd on Him
Wear only smiles for us ?

No ! we must follow in the path
Our Lord and Saviour run ;
We must not find a resting place,
Where He we love had none.

PRAISE IN AFFLICTION.*

For what shall I praise Thee, my God and my King ?
For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring ?
Shall I praise Thee for plenty, for health, and for ease,
For the spring of delight, and the sunshine of peace ?

Shall I praise Thee for flowers that bloom'd on my breast,
For joys in perspective, or pleasures possess'd ?
For the spirits that heighten'd my days of delight,
And the slumber that sat on my pillow at night.

For all this should I praise Thee, and only for this,
I should leave half unsung Thy donation of bliss :
I praise Thee for sorrow, for sickness, for care,
For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish I bear.

For my nights of anxiety, watching, and tears,
A present of pain, a perspective of fears ;
I praise Thee, I bless Thee, my King and my God,
For the good and the evil Thy hand has bestow'd.

The flowers were sweet ; but their fragrance is flown,
They left me no fruit, they are wither'd and gone ;
The thorn it is poignant, but precious to me,
As the message of mercy that led me to Thee.

* This hymn has been frequently assigned to Mrs. Elizabeth Fry.

GEORGE WITHER.

ONE of the most fervid of the older sacred poets, GEORGE WITHER, was born at Bentworth, Hampshire, on the 11th June, 1588. He studied at Magdalen College, Oxford, and afterwards entered at Lincoln's Inn. He attached himself to the Puritans, raised a troop of horse on behalf of the Long Parliament, and had conferred on him by Cromwell the rank of major-general. At the Restoration, he was committed to Newgate, and subsequently to the Tower: he remained in confinement about three years. He died on the 2nd May, 1667. Wither composed several volumes of religious poetry, but his verses are frequently disfigured by quaint phrases and conceits. His hymns have been often reprinted.

INVITATION TO PRAISE.

COME, O come in pious lays,
Sound we God Almighty's praise;
Hither bring, in one consent,
Heart and voice and instrument.
Music add of every kind,
Sound the trump, the cornet wind;
Strike the viol, touch the lute;
Let no tongue nor string be mute,
Nor a creature dumb be found,
That hath either voice or sound.

Let those things which do not live,
In still music praises give;
Lowly pipe, ye worms that creep,
On the earth, or in the deep;
Loud aloft your voices strain,
Beasts and monsters of the main;
Birds, your warbling treble sing;
Clouds, your peals of thunders ring;
Sun and moon, exalted higher,
And bright stars, augment the choir.

Come, ye sons of human race,
In this chorus take your place;
And, amid the mortal throng,
Be you masters of the song.
Angels and supernal powers,
Be the noblest tenor yours;
Let in praise of God the sound
Run a never-ending round,
That our song of praise may be
Everlasting as is He.

From earth's vast and hollow womb,
Music's deepest bass may come ;
Seas and floods, from shore to shore,
Shall their counter-tenors roar.
To this concert, when we sing,
Whistling winds, your descants bring ;
That our song may over-climb
All the bounds of place and time,
And ascend, from sphere to sphere,
To the great Almighty's ear.

So, from heaven, on earth He shall
Let His gracious blessings fall ;
And this huge wide orb we see
Shall one choir, one temple be ;
Where, in such a praiseful tone
We will sing what He hath done,
That the cursèd fiends below
Shall thereat impatient grow.
Then, O come, in pious lays,
Sound we God Almighty's praise !

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D.

THE VEN. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D., was born in 1807, and was educated at Winchester, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was elected a Fellow of his College, and Public Orator of the University. In 1836, he became Head Master of Harrow. In 1844, he was promoted to a canonry in Westminster Abbey. Dr. Wordsworth has published an edition of the Greek Testament, and portions of the Old Testament, with notes, and many theological and several historical works and volumes of travels in Greece, Italy, and France. The following hymns, from his pen, are transcribed from his Collection entitled "The Holy Year," or "Hymns for Sundays and Holydays."

SUNDAY.

O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright ;
On thee, the high and lowly,
Through ages join'd in tune,
Sing Holy, holy, holy,
To the great God Triune.

On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth ;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth ;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven ;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

Thou art a port, protected
From storms that round us rise ;
A garden, intersected
With streams of Paradise ;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand ;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

Thou art a holy ladder,
Where angels go and come ;
Each Sunday finds us gladder,
Nearer to heaven our home.
A day of sweet refection
Thou art, a day of love ;
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls ;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son ;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

INTERCESSION FOR CHILDREN.

HEAVENLY Father, send Thy blessing
On Thy children gather'd here;
May they all, Thy name confessing,
Be to Thee for ever dear.
May they be, like Joseph, loving,
Dutiful, and chaste, and pure,
And their faith, like David, proving,
Steadfast unto death endure.

Holy Saviour, who in meekness
Didst vouchsafe a child to be,
Guide their steps, and help their weakness;
Bless, and make them like to Thee;
Bear Thy lambs, when they are weary,
In Thine arms and at Thy breast:
Through life's desert, dry and dreary,
Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.

Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them,
Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove;
Guide them, lead them, go before them,
Give them peace, and joy, and love.
Temples of the Holy Spirit,
May they with Thy glory shine,
And immortal bliss inherit,
And for evermore be Thine.

A HARVEST HYMN.

OUR hearts and voices let us raise
In songs of thankfulness and praise,
Our heavenly Father's love to bless,
Which crowns the year with fruitfulness.

Cheered by Thy sun and fostering rain,
The valleys wave with golden grain;
The corn-fields teem with ripen'd shocks,
The stalls with herds, the folds with flocks.

For what Thy bounteous hand imparts,
Give us the grace of thankful hearts;
Teach us our thankfulness to prove,
By hymns of praise and gifts of love.

To Thee we pray, the harvest's Lord,
Send forth the sowers of Thy word;
And may we speed them on the wings
Of prayers and cheerful offerings.

May distant climes Thy word receive,
Land after land, till all believe
And bear the fruit that never dies,
Till earth shall bloom like paradise.

Shine on us with Thy glorious face,
Refresh us with Thy gifts of grace;
The gifts which by the Holy Ghost
Were shed from heaven at Pentecost.

O may we, like a fruitful field,
To Thee a rich abundance yield;
And, as the fields with harvest wave,
Rise from the furrows of the grave.

So when the angel-reapers come,
And Thou shalt keep Thy harvest home,
We in Thy barn may garner'd be,
Thy heavenly barn, eternally.

Praise to our God and Father give,
The Source of love in whom we live,
Praise to the Son and Spirit be,
One only God, and Persons three.

MORNING.

Son of God, Eternal Word,
Glorious Dayspring, Christ the Lord,
Shine upon us with Thy rays,
While we celebrate Thy praise.

When Thou madest heaven and earth,
Angels shouted at their birth;
Morning stars in chorus sang,
When the world from darkness sprang.

When in sin and death we lay,
Thou didst wake us into day;
Thou, in human nature born,
Wast to us a glorious morn.

When Thou didst arise from death,
We were quicken'd by Thy breath;
We arose with Thee our Head,
First-begotten from the dead.

Look on all with pitying eye
Who in heathen darkness lie;
Scatter, Lord, their shades of night,
Dawn upon them with Thy light.

Send to us the Holy Ghost,
Give the light of Pentecost;
That we may for ever bless
Thee, the Sun of Righteousness.

Keep us safe from harm and sin,
Foes around us and within;
May we know Thee ever nigh,
Ever walk as in Thine eye.

Lead us onward, Lord, we pray,
To the pure and perfect day,
Where we may the glory see
Of the blessed Trinity.

Glory to the Father be,
Glory, Light of Light, to Thee;
With the Father and the Son
Praise the Spirit, Three in One.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, the distinguished poet, and uncle of the preceding writer, was born at Cockermouth, Cumberland, on the 7th April, 1770. He studied at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took B.A. in 1791. He early devoted himself to a literary career. His first poetical efforts were published in 1793. The first volume of his "Lyrical Ballads" appeared in 1798. In 1814, he gave to the world his great poem, "The Excursion." From his thirtieth year, he resided amidst the beautiful scenery of the Cumberland lakes. In 1813, he was appointed distributor of stamps for Westmoreland, which yielded him £500 a year. In 1842, he received a civil list pension of £300, and in the year following was appointed Poet-Laureate. He died at his residence of Rydal Mount, near Grasmere, on the 20th April, 1850.

HYMN FOR NOONDAY.

Up to the throne of God is borne
The voice of praise at early morn;
And He accepts the punctual hymn,
Sung as the light of day grows dim.

Nor will He turn His ear aside,
From holy offerings at noontide:
Then, here reposing, let us raise
A song of gratitude and praise.

What though our burden be not light,
We must not toil from morn to night;
The respite of the midday hour
Is in the thankful creature's power.

Blest are the moments, doubly blest,
That, drawn from this one hour of rest,
Are with a ready hand bestowed
Upon the service of our God.

Each field is then a hallow'd spot,
An altar is in each man's cot,
A church in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads.

Look up to heaven! the industrious sun
Already half his race hath run;
He cannot halt nor go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.

Lord, since his rising in the east,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from Thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course.

Help with Thy grace, through life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

ANDREW YOUNG.

ANDREW YOUNG is a native of Edinburgh. His father, David Young, was upwards of fifty years one of the most successful teachers in that city. The subject of this notice passed through a literary and theological course of study at the University of Edinburgh. In 1830, he was elected by the Edinburgh Town-Council to the Head-Mastership of the Niddry Street School. In this situation he remained eleven years. In 1840, he was preferred to the English Mastership in Madras College, St. Andrews, an appointment which he held for thirteen years. Since his retirement from public duty, Mr. Young has resided in Edinburgh. The following Sunday-school hymn, which he composed many years ago, appears anonymously in the Collections. A correct copy has been kindly supplied to us by the author.

THE HAPPY LAND.

THERE is a happy land,
  Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
  Bright, bright as day.
Oh how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King;
Loud let His praises ring—
  Praise, praise for aye.

Come to this happy land,
  Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand—
  Why still delay?

T T

Oh we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee—
  Blest, blest for aye.

Bright in that happy land
  Beams every eye:
Kept by a Father's hand,
  Love cannot die.
On then to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun
  Reign, reign for aye.

APPENDIX.

WILLIAM BALL.

WILLIAM BALL was originally engaged in legal pursuits. In 1835, he purchased the beautiful estate of Glen Rothay, near Rydal, Westmoreland. He has employed a portion of his time in poetical composition. Among a number of volumes which he has printed, intended chiefly for private circulation, are "Hymns or Lyrics," 1864, 12mo; "Notices of Kindred and Friends Departed," 1865; and "The Story of James Beattie, the Aberdeenshire Schoolmaster, versified," 1866. Mr. Ball is a member of the Society of Friends. The two following lyrics, from his pen, have been inserted with his permission.

"THE WORD WAS MADE FLESH."

PRAISE to Jesus! Praise to God
For the love He sheds abroad,
Lightening o'er a world of sin—
Glowing in the heart within.

For the pristine promise made
E'en in Eden's darken'd shade,
For the light of sacrifice,
Till the Morning Star should rise.

For the harp of prophecy,
Singing of redemption nigh;
For the Branch of Jesse's stem;
For the birth at Bethlehem.

For the sacred standard spread;
For the life our Pattern led;
For His precept pure and true;
For His doctrine, like the dew.

For His love's inviting call,
All embracing, seeking all;
For the grace and truth He brought,
For the ransom He hath wrought.

For the crown of thorns He wore ;
For the painful cross He bore ;
For the dying word He said,
Seal'd with "blood of sprinkling" shed.

For the radiant rising dawn,
For the sting of death withdrawn ;
For the victory gain'd so well
O'er the grave, and over hell.

For His glorious reign on high,
When He rose from Bethany ;
For the heavenly peace He leaves ;
For the Comforter He gives.

For His parting promise dear
Of His presence, alway near ;
For the blest assurance made
Of His intercessory aid.

For the pledge that we shall rise,
In His likeness, to the skies ;
For the merciful decree
That our Friend our Judge shall be.

All redeeming bounty gives :
All that humble faith receives :
All that rising doubt restrains :
All that drooping hope sustains.

Saviour ! these to Thee we owe,
From Thy dying love they flow ;
And we praise, for grace so free,
Thee, Jehovah-Jesus, Thee.

STREAMS IN THE DESERT.

"He showed me a pure river of water of life."—*Rev.* xxii. 1.

THERE is a pure and tranquil wave
That rolls around the throne of love,
Whose waters gladden, as they lave,
The peaceful shores above ;

While streams, which on that tide depend,
  Steal from the heavenly shores away,
And on this desert world descend,
    O'er weary lands to stray.

They cheer the pilgrim, nigh to sink,
  Who, bending 'neath his load of woe,
Delays beside the verdant brink
    Where these still waters flow.

There, fainting soul! do thou repair,
  And hover o'er the hallow'd spring,
To drink the crystal wave, and there
    To lave thy wearied wing.

There droop thy wing, when far it flies
  From earth's vain toil and ceaseless strife,
And feed by these still streams, that rise
    Beneath the Tree of Life.

It may be that the breath of love
  Some leaves on their pure tide hath driven,
Which, floated from the shores above,
    Are sent to thee from heaven.

So shall thy pains and griefs be heal'd,
  By the blest virtue that they bring;
So thy parch'd lips shall be unsealed,
    Thy Saviour's praise to sing.

MRS. COWPER.

MRS. COWPER was only daughter of Colonel Martin Madan, of the Guards, and his wife, Judith Cowper, daughter of the Hon. Spencer Cowper. Her eldest brother, the Rev. Martin Madan, is the subject of a separate notice. She became the wife of her cousin, Major William Cowper. With her cousin, William Cowper, the celebrated poet, she maintained a religious correspondence; several of her letters are included in the poet's memoirs. She inherited a taste for poetical composition from her mother, who is also introduced in the present work. In 1792, she published a thin duodecimo volume, entitled "Original Poems on Various Occasions, by a Lady, revised by William Cowper, Esq., of the Inner Temple." In her preface she remarks, "These poems are the genuine fruits of retirement, and were occasioned by such a series of adverse events as led the author to a peculiar habit of contemplating the ways of an all-wise, overruling Providence, and to the experience of that solid happiness in the present life which often begins where worldly prosperity ends." The work reached a third edition.

DIVINE COMPANIONSHIP.

WHETHER in solitude I stray,
Or walk the city's busy way,
O Thou, my heavenly Guide,
With unremitting care attend;
My God, my everlasting Friend,
O'er all my steps preside.

Though various dangers wait around,
And enemies my peace confound,
Thou art my refuge still;
Though oft my weak and slacken'd pace
Prevents me in the heavenly race,
I wait Thy sovereign will.

From Pisgah's top, with earnest eye,
The sweet inheritance I spy,
Bequeath'd me from above;
The promise sounds, my Saviour's voice
Makes all my inward soul rejoice,
And fills me with His love.

HYMN IN SICKNESS.

SINFUL and vile my nature, Lord,
I come before Thy throne:
Pity my low and languid state,
And seal me for Thine own.

When, through the force of my disease,
I cannot think on Thee,
O Saviour, still my faith renew;
For Thou hast died for me.

Justly I feel Thy chastening rod,
And bow my conscious head:
Whilst Thou with sweet compassion, Lord,
Dost smooth my mournful bed.

At every quick returning pain,
Thou giv'st the balm that heals;
What pangs soe'er the body pierce,
All that the spirit feels.

O Father! to Thy sovereign grace
I every comfort owe:
One glimpse of Thy paternal face
Disperses all my woe.

MRS. CREWDSON.

MRS. JANE CREWDSON, *nee* JANE FOX, was second daughter of George Fox, Esq., of Perraw, Cornwall. She was born in October, 1809. Of remarkably studious habits, she became early conversant with classical learning, and familiar with the modern languages. In 1836, she married Thomas D. Crewdson, Esq., of Manchester. Delicate from childhood, Mrs. Crewdson became at length a confirmed invalid. For many years she was confined to her bed-chamber. She bore her affliction with Christian patience. "Now as a constant sufferer," communicates Mr. Crewdson, "the spiritual life deepening, and the intellectual life retaining all its power, she became well prepared to testify as to the all-sufficiency of her Saviour's love. Many felt that her sick room was the highest place to which they could resort for refreshment of spirit, and even for mental recreation. From that apartment came many a letter of earnest sympathy, or of charming playfulness." During her period of illness, she produced four volumes of genuine poetry—"The Singer of Eisenach," "Aunt Jane's Verses for Children," "Lays of the Reformation," and "A Little While, and other Poems." She died at Summerlands, near Manchester, on the 14th September, 1863, in her fifty-fourth year.

"A LITTLE WHILE."

"What is this that He saith, A little while?"—*John* xvi. 18.

Oh for the peace which floweth as a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and smile!
Oh for the faith to grasp heaven's bright "for ever,"
Amid the shadows of earth's "little while!"

"A little while," for patient vigil-keeping,
To face the stern, to wrestle with the strong;
"A little while," to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves, and sing the harvest song.

"A little while," to wear the weeds of sadness,
To pace with weary step through miry ways;
Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
And clasp the girdle round the robe of praise.

"A little while," 'midst shadow and illusion,
To strive, by faith, love's mysteries to spell;
Then read each dark enigma's bright solution,
Then hail sight's verdict, "He doth all things well."

"A little while," the earthen pitcher taking
To wayside brooks, from far-off fountains fed;
Then the cool lip its thirst for ever slaking
Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.

"A little while," to keep the oil from failing,
"A little while," faith's flickering lamp to trim;
And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
To haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn.

And He, who is Himself the Gift and Giver,—
The future glory and the present smile,
With the bright promise of the glad "for ever,"
Will light the shadows of the "little while."

THE EXILE.

"How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"—*Ps.* cxxxvii. 4.

How shall an exile sing
The songs of Zion in a foreign land?
How shall the notes of joy and gladness ring
Beneath his trembling hand?

And hath the willow flung
Her shade so long across thy mournful brow
And hath thy silent harp so long been hung
Upon her drooping bough;

That thou hast lost thy skill,
And hast forgot the tuneful melody?—
Thy hand hangs feeble, and thy heart is chill,
And thou hast lost the key?

Exile, take down the lyre!
Shake off the dust from every tuneless string!
Pass thy hand softly o'er each fragile wire,
Look Zionward—and sing!

Heavenward—till, one by one,
The notes of joy thy silent shell o'erflow;
The song they sing before the Saviour's throne,
Must first be learned below.

Thou canst not join their throng,
Till thou hast caught the key-note of their strain;
The foreign land must echo the home-song,
"Worthy the Lamb once slain."

The music of one Name
O'erflows the courts of heaven with melody;
And pilgrim-lips reply,—"Worthy the Lamb,
For He was slain for me!"

PILGRIM DISCOVERIES.

I've found a joy in sorrow,
A secret balm for pain,
A beautiful to-morrow
Of sunshine after rain.
I've found a branch of healing,
Near every bitter spring;
A whisper'd promise stealing
O'er every broken string.

I've found a glad hosanna
For every woe and wail,
A handful of sweet manna,
When grapes from Eshcol fail.
I've found a Rock of ages,
When desert wells were dry;
And, after weary stages,
I've found an Elim nigh.

An Elim, with its coolness,
Its fountains and its shade!
A blessing in its fulness,
When buds of promise fade!
O'er tears of soft contrition,
I've seen a rainbow light;
A glory and fruition,
So near!—yet out of sight.

My Saviour! Thee possessing,
We have the joy, the balm,
The healing, and the blessing—
The sunshine and the psalm;
The promise for the fearful,
The Elim for the faint,
The rainbow for the tearful,
The glory for the saint.

"BLESS THE LORD AT ALL TIMES."

O THOU whose bounty fills my cup
With every blessing meet,
I give Thee thanks for every drop,
The bitter and the sweet.

I praise Thee for the desert road,
And for the river-side;
For all Thy goodness hath bestow'd,
And all Thy grace denied.

I thank Thee both for smile and frown,
And for the gain and loss;
I praise Thee for the future crown,
And for the present cross.

I thank Thee for the wing of love,
Which stirr'd my worldly nest,
And for the stormy clouds that drove
The flutterer to Thy breast.

I bless Thee for the glad increase,
And for the waning joy;
And for this strange, this settled peace,
Which nothing can destroy.

JONATHAN EVANS.

THE REV. JONATHAN EVANS was born at Coventry, about the year 1749. He was originally employed in a ribbon manufactory. Receiving serious impressions, he became a member of the Rev. George Burder's Church, at Coventry. His thoughts having been directed towards the ministry, he purchased a building at Foleshill, in 1784, and there commenced preaching. A congregation was formed, and in April, 1799, he was ordained to their pastoral superintendence. His death took place on the 31st August, 1809. Mr. Evans composed several hymns. The following, which first appeared in Dr. Rippon's Selection, 1787, is there headed E——. A preponderance of evidence seems in favour of Mr. Evans' claims to the authorship. See Note.

FINISHED REDEMPTION.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky;
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

"It is finished!" O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford;
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
"It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.

Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished all that God had promis'd,
Death and hell no more shall awe.
"It is finished!"
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

Happy souls, approach the table,
Taste the soul-reviving food;
Nothing half so sweet and pleasant
As the Saviour's flesh and blood:
"It is finished!"
Christ has borne the heavy load.

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name!
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

SELINA, COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON, the most extraordinary woman of her age, was the second of the three daughters and co-heiresses of Washington, second Earl Ferrers, and was born on the 24th August, 1707. Early impressed with a sense of Divine things, she became deeply interested in the labours of Whitefield and the Wesleys. Along with her husband, the Earl, she attended the ministrations of Mr. Whitefield; she afterwards selected him as her chaplain. Subsequent to the death of Lord Huntingdon, which took place in 1746, her ladyship established her residence in London, and began to devote her entire energies to the spread of the Gospel. At first, she invited her friends to listen to the preaching of earnest ministers in her own house; she subsequently negotiated the erection of chapels in the principal towns. The College at Trevecca for preparing an agency for her evangelistic work, was opened in August, 1768. In 1772, she sent seven missionaries to America, on which occasion the Hon. and Rev. Walter Shirley composed the hymn inserted under his name in this work, beginning, "Go, destined vessel,' etc. Lady Huntingdon's efforts were strongly opposed by many of the clergy, which led to her retirement from the Church of England. Her ladyship closed her life of devoted usefulness on the 17th June, 1791. Lady Huntingdon's Hymn-book, compiled for the use of the congregations in her Connexion, was first published in 1764. It was prepared, under her direction, by Mr. Shirley. Her ladyship composed several hymns for that and future editions, but the list has been lost. Mr. A. C. Hobart Seymour, the Countess's biographer, is of opinion that the two following compositions should be included under her ladyship's name. Mr. Robinson's hymn, commencing, "Come, Thou Fount of every blessing," has been erroneously attributed to her ladyship. See Note to "Robert Robinson."

SALVATION SOUGHT.

OH, when my righteous Judge shall come,
To fetch His ransom'd people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
So sinful and unfit to die,
Be found at Thy right hand?

I love to meet among them now,
Before Jehovah's feet to bow,
  Though viler than them all;
But who can bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When He for them shall call?

Dear Lord, prevent it by Thy grace;
Oh, let me see Thy smiling face,
  In this my gracious day.
Thy pardoning voice oh let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear;
  Nor let me fall away.

Among Thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
  To see Thy smiling face.
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
Till heaven's resounding mansions ring
  The riches of Thy grace.

COMFORT OF GOD'S LOVE. *

The world can neither give nor take,
  Nor can they comprehend
That peace of God, which Christ hath bought,
  That peace which knows no end.

The burning bush was not consum'd
  Whilst God remained there;
The three, when Jesus made the fourth,
  Found fire as soft as air.

God's furnace doth in Zion stand;
  But Zion's God sits by,
As the refiner views his gold
  With an observant eye.

* This cento was composed by Lady Huntingdon from Nos. 23 and 28 of John Mason's Songs of Praise, 1683.

His thoughts are high, His love is wise ;
His wounds a cure intend ;
And though He doth not always smile,
He loves unto the end.

His love is constant as the sun,
Though clouds come oft between ;
And could my faith but pierce these clouds,
It might be always seen.

Yet I shall ever, ever sing,
And Thou for ever shine ;
I have Thine own dear pledge for this;
Lord, Thou art ever mine.

MARTIN MADAN.

THE REV. MARTIN MADAN was born in 1726. He was the eldest son of Colonel Martin Madan, of the Guards, by his wife Judith, daughter of the Hon. Spencer Cowper, and the subject of our next notice. He was intended for the bar, but subsequently adopted the clerical profession. From a youth of licentiousness, he was converted on hearing a sermon by John Wesley, from the text "Prepare to meet thy God." He had gone to hear Wesley in order to "take him off," for the amusement of his gay associates, who awaited his return in a coffee-house. He returned to inform them that Mr. Wesley "had taken him off;" and he henceforth withdrew from their companionship. At this period he sought the counsel of Lady Huntingdon, who afforded him the needful encouragement. Through her ladyship's influence, he obtained orders, some difficulty having arisen owing to his doctrinal views. He declined preferment in the Church, living on his private fortune, which was considerable. He founded and became chaplain of the Lock Hospital, Hyde Park Corner. His preaching was powerful and impressive, and drew large audiences. He was eminent as a musical composer. A list of his compositions is contained in the Dictionary of Musicians. He published "A Commentary on the Articles of the Church of England," and "A Treatise on the Christian Faith," and translated Juvenal and Persius. He ultimately entertained an opinion in favour of polygamy, which he embodied in a work, entitled "Thelyphthora." He now retired from his pulpit duties. His death took place in 1790.

Mr. Madan's claims as an original hymn-writer have been disputed. He is believed to have amended several of the older hymns. From data stated in a note, Mr. A. C. Hobart Seymour is inclined to attribute to him the composition beginning, "Come, Thou Almighty King." We have, accordingly, subjoined the hymn to this sketch. We are likewise inclined to ascribe to Mr. Madan the hymn beginning, "Now begin the heavenly theme." The history of this lyric is detailed in a Note. Mr. Madan's cento on Wesley and Cennick's Judgment Hymns is also given in a Note on the Judgment Hymn. Mr. Madan published, in 1760, a collection of 170 hymns. To this work he added, in 1763, an appendix containing twenty-four others.

HYMN TO THE TRINITY.

COME, Thou almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!

Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall:
Let Thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on Thee be stay'd:
Lord, hear our call!

Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword:
Our prayer attend!
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour;
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in ev'ry heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

To the great One in Three
Eternal praises be
Hence, evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

REDEEMING LOVE.

Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesu's name;
Ye, who Jesu's kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears ;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

Ye, alas ! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove ;
Stop, and taste redeeming love.

Welcome, all by sin opprest,
Welcome to His sacred rest ;
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

He subdued th' infernal powers,
His tremendous foes and ours,
From their cursèd empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.

Hither then your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string ;
Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

MRS. MADAN.

MRS. MADAN, *nee* JUDITH COWPER, was only daughter of the Hon. Spencer Cowper, one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas, and niece of Lord Chancellor Cowper. She became the wife of Colonel Martin Madan, of the Guards, and was mother of the Rev. Martin Madan, the subject of the preceding notice, and of Dr. Spencer Madan, Bishop of Peterborough. Her daughter, Mrs. Cowper, composed verses; she is likewise introduced in this work. Mrs. Madan was considerably gifted as a poetess. Several sacred lyrics proceeded from her pen. The following hymn, composed by her, was published in the appendix to the second edition of the Collection used in the chapel of the Lock Hospital (1763).

A FUNERAL HYMN.

In this world of sin and sorrow,
Compass'd round with many a care,
From eternity we borrow
Hope that can exclude despair.
Thee, triumphant God and Saviour,
In the glass of faith we see:
Oh assist each faint endeavour,
Raise our earth-born souls to Thee.

Place that awful scene before us
Of the last tremendous day,
When to life Thou shalt restore us;
Lingering ages, haste away!
Then this vile and sinful nature
Incorruption shall put on;
Life-renewing, glorious Saviour,
Let Thy gracious will be done.

ANONYMOUS.

THE HUNDREDTH PSALM.*

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

Oh, enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

PRECIOUS PROMISES.†

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said?—
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.

In every condition,—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand shall thy strength ever be.

Fear not; I am with thee: oh be not dismay'd!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

* See Note. † See Note.

When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow ;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply ;
The flames shall not hurt thee ; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love ;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes ;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

REJOICING IN HOPE.*

Rejoice, though storms assail thee ;
Rejoice, when skies are bright ;
Rejoice, though round thy pathway
Is spread the gloom of night ;
If the good hope be in thee
That all at last is well,
Then let thy happy spirit
With joyful feelings swell !

Look back on early childhood,
And let thy soul rejoice !
Who then upheld thy goings,
And tuned thy feeble voice ?
Look back on youth's gay visions,
When life one glory seem'd !
Who pour'd those rays of gladness,
Which on thy prospect beam'd ?

* See Note.

Recall the hours of anguish,
And let thy soul rejoice,
Though wave on wave of sorrow
Rush on with fearful noise:
Was not the bow of promise
Still seen amidst the gloom,
Shedding its hallow'd lustre
E'en round the silent tomb?

Yes, midst the notes of sorrow
A still small peaceful voice
Mingled its heavenly accents,
And bade thy soul "Rejoice!"
Raise then thy downcast vision
To yon far sacred tree,
Where One, thine "Elder Brother,"
Wept, bled, and died for thee.

Rejoice, rejoice for ever,
Though earthly friends be gone!
For silently and swiftly
The wheels of time roll on;
And still they bear thee forward
Nearer that happy shore,
While the triumphant song is
"Rejoice for evermore."

NOTES.

Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams, pp. 1—3.

The personal history of Mrs. Adams has hitherto been unknown to hymnologists. Collectors of hymns, on both sides of the Atlantic, have described her as an American. In a sketch of her life, an American hymnist has claimed her as a native of New York state, and has entered into some particulars as to the children of her district having, on her decease, chanted some of her hymns over her bier. Dr. Belcher, the respectable author of "Historical Sketches of Hymns," (1859, 8vo) has ascribed to her the authorship of "Adoration, Aspiration, and Belief," a work composed by her sister. Mrs. Adams is enrolled among the American poets in "Lyra Americana," a collection of transatlantic hymns, published by the Religious Tract Society, Lond., 1865, 12mo. In that work, and in other collections, her hymn commencing "Nearer, my God, to Thee," has been altered in the first line of the second stanza—the indefinite article, "a," being substituted for the definite, "the." Thus, while the poetess is referring to the journey of the patriarch Jacob, when he rested on his stone pillow at Bethel, and dreamed of the ladder of God, she is made to refer to an imaginary dream by a homeless mendicant. The force and beauty of the simile are lost.

Joseph Addison, pp. 3—7.

Addison published his hymns as sequels to his essays in the *Spectator*. The hymn beginning "The Lord my pasture shall prepare," is appended to No. 441. The hymn which we have entitled "The Firmament" was attached to No. 465. "How are Thy servants blest," appeared at the conclusion of No. 489. The composition commencing "When all Thy mercies," accompanied No. 453.

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander, pp. 9—11.

Mrs. Alexander's hymn, commencing "When, wounded sore, the stricken soul," appeared in "Hymns Descriptive and Devotional, for the use of Schools" (1858), and in the "Legend of the Golden Prayer" (1859). The "Hymn for Advent" was originally published in "Verses for Holy Seasons" (1846). A version of the hymn entitled "Faith and Heaven" appeared in "Hymns Descriptive and Devotional," as an "Evening Hymn." The first stanza proceeds—

> "The crimson of the sunset sky,
> The last gold lines of day;
> Along the mountain's rosy verge
> How fast they fade away:
> Oh for the pearly gates," etc.

In its present form the hymn was published in the "Legend of the Golden Prayer."

Henry Alford, D.D., pp. 15—19.

In the last edition of "Harvest Home" (Poetical Works, 1865), Dean Alford has substituted, in the third stanza, the third and fourth lines contained in the text, for the following, which appear in all former editions—

> "From His field shall purge away
> All that doth offend that day."

James Allen, pp. 20, 21.

The hymn "Worthy the Lamb" is contained in the appendix to "A Collection of Hymns for the use of those that seek and those that have Redemption in the Blood of Christ" Second edition, Kendal, 1761). The compilers were James Allen, and William and Christopher Batty. Mr. Allen's private copy of the work is in the possession of Mr. C. D. Hardcastle, and this hymn is denoted as his composition by his initials, "J. A.," in his own handwriting. Collectors have generally ascribed the hymn to Christopher Batty. The following composition, by Mr. Allen, was the prototype of Mr. Shirley's hymn commencing "Sweet the moments, rich in blessing," inserted at pp. 498, 499. It is numbered Hymn 54 in the Kendal Collection. The authorship is denoted by Mr. Allen's initials—

WHILE my Jesus I'm possessing,
Great's the happiness I know;
While His corpse I am caressing,
Sweetest odours round me flow.
Happy I'm in His embraces,
Proving all His kisses sweet;
Singing never-ceasing praises,
Mary-like, before His feet.

Oh, how happy are the moments
Which I here in transport spend!
Life deriving from His torments
Who remains the sinner's Friend.
Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
How the blood flows from each vein;
Every stream, my soul bedewing,
Mortifies the carnal flame.

Really blessed is the portion
Destined me by sovereign grace:
Still to view Divine compassion
In the Saviour's bruised face.
'Tis my fixed resolution,
Jesus Christ, my Lord, to love;
At His feet to fix my station,
Nor from thence a hair's-breadth move.

Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon my Lamb I gaze;
Love I much? I've more forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.
Fill'd with sinner-like contrition,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
Happy in the sweet fruition
Of my Saviour's painful death.

From His pierced and wounded body
Issued streams of sacred gore;
From His hands and feet, so bloody,
Flow'd a medicine for each sore;
From His side, that fountain precious,
Pardons with the blood did flow;
This to taste is most delicious,
Causing all within to glow.

May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove His wounds each day more healing,
And from hence salvation draw!
May I have the Spirit's unction,
Filling me with holy shame;
Still retain a close connection
With the person of the Lamb.

John Berridge, pp. 56—58.

The hymn which we have entitled "Prayer for Humility," was first published by Mr. Berridge, in "Sion's Songs" (1785). The first, second, and third stanzas are altered from a hymn of Charles Wesley, on Isaiah xxviii. 9, contained in his "Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures" (1762). In his recent work, "Hymn Writers and their Hymns" (Lond., 1866, 8vo), the Rev. S. W. Christophers complains that "Wesleyan hymn-menders have unhappily altered this composition of Mr. Berridge." The reverend hymnist has failed to remark that Wesley's hymn was published twenty-three years prior to the appearance of Berridge's composition. Many of Berridge's hymns are versions of older compositions. In the preface to his collection entitled "Divine Songs" (1760), Mr. Berridge writes: "All the hymns have been revised, and many of them almost new made. The greatest and best part of them has been selected from the hymns of the Rev. Mr. John and Charles Wesley."

Thomas Binney, pp. 63, 64.

"Eternal light! eternal light!"

The text of Mr. Binney's hymn is printed from a copy revised by the author. There are two slight variations from the version in the "New Congregational Hymn-book."

Hugh Blair, D.D., pp. 66, 67.

The hymn which we have placed under the name of Dr. Hugh Blair forms No. 57 of the "Paraphrases" of the Scottish Church. As stated in the sketch of his life, the composition was rendered in its present form by Dr. Blair, who

does not seem to have composed any original hymns. Two other paraphrases, which have been attributed to him, have also been adapted from older versions.

Respecting the authorship of the Scottish paraphrases, modern hymnists have entered into some unprofitable discussions. In *Notes and Queries*, May 21, 1859, appeared a list of authors of the paraphrases, communicated by a correspondent—"T. G. S.," and dated "Edinburgh." In this paper the fourth paraphrase is assigned to "Robert Blair, author of 'The Grave.'" The authorship of three other paraphrases is denoted by the name "Blair" being placed in juxtaposition with their respective numbers in the series. A London hymnologist, struck with the official aspect of the list, and probably unaware of Dr. Hugh Blair's connection with the paraphrases, hastened to make known the supposed discovery that Robert Blair, author of "The Grave," was also entitled to reputation as a hymn writer. The information was accepted, and the hymnist was congratulated, in a memoir of Robert Blair, on the importance of his discovery. There was error throughout. Robert Blair was mentioned in *Notes and Queries* as author of the fourth paraphrase only. The other "Blair" of the "list" was Dr. Hugh Blair, of Edinburgh. But error did not stop here. One of the paraphrases, the 44th, ascribed to "Blair," has proved to be a cento from the 43rd of Dr. Joseph Stennett's "Lord's Supper Hymns," and from Hymn 614 in the Wesleyan Hymn-book, one of Charles Wesley's compositions. The fourth paraphrase assigned in the list to Robert Blair consists of five verses, while in the original version of "Scriptural Translations," issued by the General Assembly in 1745, only three verses are given, and those much inferior to the present version, and totally unworthy of the ingenious author of "The Grave." Robert Blair died in 1746. We have now before us a letter from Robert Blair, Esq., of Avontown, grandson of the author of "The Grave," stating that his ancestor was not known to his descendants as having composed a single hymn!

With respect to the list of paraphrase writers, we have received a communication from T. G. S., who communicated it to *Notes and Queries*. He states that his information was not derived from original sources, but was chiefly drawn from an edition of the paraphrases, published at Edinburgh in 1836, with notes by Dr. Stebbing.

James Boden, pp. 67—69.

A doubt has been expressed as to whether Mr. Boden was the writer of the hymn commencing "Ye dying sons of men," owing to its insertion in the first edition of his collection (1801) apart from his acknowledged originals, but with the signature "B——." As the hymn was composed by him so early as his twentieth year, he may, at a maturer period, have hesitated to acknowledge it. That he was author of the hymn we are entirely satisfied. It appears in two different numbers of *The Gospel Magazine* in 1777; viz. at pp. 96 and 386. At both entries it is subscribed "J——s B——n," and dated "Chester," where Mr. Boden was then resident. That the skeleton signature did not represent the name of another would appear from the fact that his acknowledged composition—"Bright Source of everlasting love," is inserted in *The Evangelical Magazine*, in August, 1798, with the open signature "B——n," as on the former occasion.

Michael Bruce, pp. 97—106.

The hymn, entitled "The Millennium," which we have, on the authority of the latest editor of Bruce's poems, placed among his compositions, has been erroneously assigned to him. The hymn, with some slight variations, was included in the "Scriptural Translations and Paraphrases," issued by authority of the General Assembly, in 1745—the year before Bruce was born. The alterations on the original version, there is every reason to believe, were made by Logan.

George Burder, p. 107.

The Dismission Hymn has been so commonly assigned to Mr. Burder by collectors, that it seems necessary we should justify our assertion that he was not the writer. The hymn first appeared in the collections, in 1774. Mr. Burder

published a collection in 1784, in which he has inserted three hymns of his own composition, but he lays no claim to the authorship of the Dismission Hymn. By his son, the Rev. John Burder, of Clifton, we have been informed that he is certain his father was not the author. The late Rev. Dr. Henry Forster Burder, another of Mr. Burder's sons, and author of his "Memoirs," has borne similar testimony. The Dismission Hymn has been assigned in the text to the Hon. and Rev. Walter Shirley, on evidence which seems irresistible.

Thomas Campbell, pp. 123, 124.

"When Jordan hush'd his waters still."

This hymn is not contained in Mr. Campbell's poetical works. It was composed by him in early life, and he could not be persuaded to include it in his collected poems. We have presented the composition on the authority of our esteemed friend, Dr. William Beattie, the poet's biographer. A correspondent informs us that in one of the collections it is ascribed to "Duncan Campbell, 1756."

John Cennick, pp. 132—136.

Only six out of twelve verses of Cennick's hymn commencing "Children of the heavenly King" have been inserted in the text. The entire composition is subjoined.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways!

We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

Glory be to Jesus' name,
Glory be to Christ the Lamb;
Through Thy blood were we redeem'd,
When we justly were condemned.

O ye banished seed, be glad!
Christ our Advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes;
Brother to our soul becomes.

Shout, ye little flock and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There's your kingdom and reward.

Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,
Zion's city is in sight;
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

Lord! obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee!

For Thee all things we forsake,
We in better would partake;
We to greater blessings soar,
Unto joys for evermore.

Thither, Lord, us quickly bring,
There we with Thy host will sing;
Safely haven'd once in bliss,
We will praise Thy righteousness.

Daily us prepare and fit,
On Thy holy throne to sit!
More and more adorn Thy seed,
Meet to triumph with our Head.

Seal our love, our labours end,
Let us to Thy bliss ascend;
Let us to Thy kingdom come;
Lord, we long to be at home.

Joseph Cottle, pp. 153—155.

On the authority of the late Dr. Leifchild, we have ascribed to Joseph Cottle the hymn commencing "From every earthly pleasure." This is an error. The Rev. Dr. Belcher has shown that the author was the late Rev. Eliel Davis, an American minister. We quote Dr. Belcher's statement concerning Mr. Davis and his hymn:—"About the year 1824 we became acquainted with this young man, the son of a gentleman who held in the Church he served the office of a deacon and who was also the schoolmaster of John B. Gough, the popular lecturer on temperance. Soon after that period we commenced, for the young people of our congregation, a monthly magazine in manuscript, prepared chiefly by the young people themselves. While studying for the ministry, Eliel Davis often wrote for the *Mutual Instructor*, and among other papers was the hymn 'From every earthly pleasure.' The editor of a popular London magazine paying us a visit, we showed it to him, and he was so well pleased with it, that he copied it for his

own periodical; and, having thus attracted the attention of hymn-collectors, part of the composition has appeared in hymn-books both in Europe and America. Certainly neither its writer nor first editor imagined the honour to which it was destined. We are sorry to say that in early life our talented friend was suddenly called from his labours to his eternal rest, not, however, without several years' successful labour in the ministry of Divine truth."

William Cowper, pp. 157—166.

"God moves in a mysterious way."

This hymn was composed by Cowper, during a solitary walk, at a period when, according to Montgomery, he was "in the twilight of departing reason." Another account of the origin of the hymn is given by Dr. Belcher. He states that the mentally-afflicted poet had conceived it was the will of the Supreme that he should perish by his own act in the river Ouse. He ordered a post-chaise, and instructed the driver to convey him to a particular spot by the river's bank. The driver having failed, after a long search, to discover the place, Cowper, who believed that at that spot only was he permitted to deprive himself of life, ordered the driver to proceed homeward. On reaching his house, he sat down and composed the hymn. This, we agree with the editor of *Notes and Queries* No. 243 is an evident perversion of the story related by the poet himself, as to his ordering a man to drive him to the Tower Wharf, intending to throw himself into the Thames, and abandoning the intention on finding the wharf pre-occupied.

"Far from the world, O Lord, I flee:"

This hymn was composed by Cowper in his retirement at Huntingdon, in 1765, on his recovery from his first and severest mental attack.

James George Deck, pp. 179—182.

The Rev. Josiah Miller, in his recent work on the "New Congregational Hymn-book," supplies some particulars respecting the personal history of this esteemed hymn writer. Mr. Deck served as an officer in the Indian army. He returned from India to Britain in 1835. In 1843 he began to minister to a congregation of Plymouth Brethren, at Wellington, Somerset. He subsequently resided at Weymouth, and in 1852 emigrated to New Zealand. His work, "Joy in Departing," is a memoir of the conversion and last days of the son of a brother officer, whose dying testimony, in his fourteenth year, evinced the experience of the advanced believer. Mr. Deck has issued several works in connection with his denomination. In the "Wellington Hymn-book," 1857, there are twenty-seven hymns from his pen, and seventeen others in a volume entitled "Hymns and Spiritual Songs," edited by John U. Scobell.

David Dickson, pp. 187—189.

"O mother dear, Jerusalem."

A Latin hymn of the eighth century, commencing "*Urbs beata, Hierusalem*," has, like *Dies Iræ*, proved the foundation of several interesting modern compositions. A manuscript quarto volume in the British Museum, No. 15,225, contains (p. 72) a hymn of twenty-six stanzas, entitled "A Song mad by F. B. P. to the tune of Diana." Fourteen verses of this composition have been published by Sir Roundell Palmer, in his "Book of Praise." There is no date attached to it, but there is evidence to show that it was not written prior to 1616. Dickson's hymn is so far a variation on the Museum version, but extends to thirty-six additional stanzas. From the expression, "Our Ladie," which occurs in the latter, it would appear to have been composed by a Roman Catholic. Dickson had probably seen the Museum copy in the form of a tract, and, admiring its strain, had adopted it as the foundation of a hymn for Protestants. His version was printed in a broadsheet. In a valuable paper in *Excelsior*, a religious serial, the ingenious writer traces the original conception of the hymn to St. Augustine. See *Excelsior*, Lond., 1854, vol. i., pp. 267—276.

The Rev. Dr. Horatius Bonar has edited Dickson's hymn, accompanied with a valuable introduction. Dickson published, among other works, "A Brief Explication of the Psalms," in three separate parts. Lond., 1653—5; 8vo. "Truth's Victory over Error," Glasgow, 12mo; and "True Christian Love: a Poem." In the last, an address to the reader is contained in these quaint lines—

"Since Christ's fair truth needs no more art,
Take this rude song in better part."

A volume of his "Select Practical Writings" was issued by a Committee of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, in 1845. A memoir of the author is prefixed. A sketch of his life and writings, by the Rev. Robert Wodrow, accompanies an edition of "Truth's Victory," published in 1764.

The second version of the Jerusalem hymn, presented in the text, is transcribed from Williams and Boden's collection 1801. It is there described as having been copied from the *Eckington Collection*. As stated in the text, the first rendering of the hymn in its modern form is contained in Burkitt's "Help and Guide to Christian Families." We append Mr. Burkitt's version.

JERUSALEM! my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my labours have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

Thy gates are richly set with pearls,
Most glorious to behold;
Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

Thy gardens and thy pleasant fruits
Continually are green;
So sweet a sight by human eye
Has never yet been seen.

If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why must I keep from thence?
What folly is't that makes me loth
To die, and go from hence?

Stretch forth, reach down Thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end.

When wilt Thou come to me, O Lord?
O come, my Lord most dear;
Come, nearer, nearer, nearer still,
I'm well when Thou art near.

My dear Redeemer is above:
Him will I go to see;
And all my friends in Christ below
Shall soon come after me.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
O how I long for thee!
Then shall my labours have an end,
When once thy joys I see.

JOHN DRYDEN, pp. 209, 210.

"Creator Spirit, by whose aid."

In almost every collection, Dryden's hymn appears in an incorrect form. It is a successful effort of the poet to clothe in an English dress the well-known Latin hymn, "*Veni, Creator Spiritus.*" The original has been erroneously attributed to the Emperor Charlemagne. It was probably composed by Ambrose of Milan, who flourished in the fourth century. Archbishop Trench remarks that the original hymn was used by the Romish Church at the creation of popes, and the translation of the relics of saints. In a modified form it is used by the Church of England, at the coronations of princes, the consecration of bishops, the celebration of synods, and on other important occasions.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, pp. 218—223.

"My God, is any hour so sweet?"

This hymn of Miss Elliott has been inaccurately included in "Posthumous and other Poems, by Charlotte Elizabeth" (1846). It appears in two of Miss Elliott's acknowledged works.

"O holy Saviour, Friend unseen!"

This hymn was contributed by Miss Elliott to the "Invalid's Hymn-book" (1834).

"My God and Father, while I stray:"

This excellent composition originally appeared in the appendix to the "Invalid's Hymn-book" (1835). In Miss Elliott's "Hours of Sorrow" (1863), it is reprinted with the exception of the last stanza. The stanza so omitted is as follows:—

"Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mix'd with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore—
'Thy will be done.'"

Sir Robert Grant, pp. 246—251.

The hymns of Sir Robert Grant have been frequently attributed to his brother, the late Lord Glenelg. Dr. Belcher has described the brothers as one and the same individual. Lord Glenelg communicated to us, some time before his death, his anxious wish that full justice might be done to the memory of his gifted brother, as the author of these hymns. His lordship died in February, 1866.

Reginald Heber, D.D., pp. 291—296.

"From Greenland's icy mountains."

The following letter, addressed by the Rev. Dr. Raffles, of Liverpool, to Dr. Lowell Mason, the celebrated American composer, supplies some interesting particulars respecting the origin of Heber's "Missionary Hymn." The manuscript of the hymn is in the possession of Dr. Raffles' family.

"Heber," writes Dr. Raffles, "then rector of Hodnet, married the daughter of Dean Shipley, rector or vicar of Wrexham, in North Wales. On a certain Saturday, he came to the house of his father-in-law, who resided at the rectory or vicarage, to remain over Sunday, and preach, in the morning, the first sermon ever preached in that church for the Church Missionary Society. As they sat conversing after dinner in the evening, the dean said to Heber, 'Now, as you are a poet, suppose you write a hymn for the service to-morrow morning.' Immediately he took pen, ink, and paper, and wrote that hymn, which, had he written nothing else, would have immortalized him. He read it to the dean, and said, 'Will that do?' 'Aye,' he replied; 'and we will have it printed and distributed in the pews, that the people may sing it after the sermon.' 'But,' said Heber, 'to what tune will it go?' 'Oh,' he added, 'it will go to "'Twas when the seas were roaring."' And so he wrote in the corner, at the top of the page, '"Twas when the seas were roaring.' What that tune is I do not know, but it may be easily ascertained. The hymn was printed accordingly, and from the file of the printer I obtained the manuscript.

"I have seen another version of the story of the hymn, which states that it was on Whitsunday, 1819, and that it was for a sermon in aid of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. I cannot vouch for the correctness of either. 'I tell the tale as 'twas told to me.'

"The only correction in Heber's manuscript occurs in the seventh line of the second stanza, where he had originally written 'The savage, in his blindness,' which he altered to 'The heathen, in his blindness.' Below the stanzas is written in pencil: 'A hymn to be sung in Wrexham Church, after the sermon, during the collection.'"

Ottiwell Heginbotham, pp. 297—299.

We are again indebted to the Rev. Josiah Miller for some biographical particulars. Mr. Heginbotham was born in 1744. About the year 1762, he was elected by a majority of members to the pastorate of a Congregational Church at Sudbury; but the minority having protested, his settlement was deferred. Several years having elapsed without the prospect of a re-union, the neighbouring ministers advised that Mr. Heginbotham's settlement should be proceeded with. He was accordingly ordained to the ministry at Sudbury, on the 20th November, 1765. This event was followed by a separation, the minority electing another pastor, and forming themselves into a new congregation. These contentions greatly distressed Mr. Heginbotham, who fell into consumption. He died in 1768, in his 24th year.

Robert Herrick, pp. 306, 307.

Herrick's Litany to the Holy Spirit is one of the many modern compositions founded on the *Dies Iræ* of Thomas de Celano.

James Montgomery, pp. 415—421.

Mr. Montgomery repeated his version of the seventy-second Psalm, at the close of a speech at a missionary meeting held in the Wesleyan chapel, Liverpool, on the 14th April, 1822. Dr. Adam Clarke, who presided, begged the manuscript, and inserted it in his "Commentaries" in connection with the psalm. In the following June, Montgomery published his version in the "Songs of Sion." The hymns entitled "Glory to God," "Good Tidings," and "The Preparation of the Heart," were originally contributed to Cotterill's Collection 1819. "Prayer" was contributed to the Rev. John Bickersteth's Collection 1819. The hymn, "On opening a place for worship," was composed for the occasion of laying the foundation-stone of St. George's church, Sheffield, July 9th, 1821.

John Morrison, D.D., pp. 430, 431.

Since the text was printed, we have learned some further particulars respecting the personal history of Dr. Morrison. He was born in the county of Aberdeen, in 1749. He studied for the ministry, and was early distinguished for his ability and learning. In 1780, he was ordained to the pastoral care of the parish of Canisbay, Caithnesshire. Under the signature of "Musaeus," he had, in early life, contributed verses to the *Edinburgh Weekly Magazine*, and he was consequently, on the recommendation of the Rev. John Logan, placed on the General Assembly's committee for preparing the Church Paraphrases. He is understood to have composed paraphrases 19th, 21st, 29th, 30th, and 35th, and to have written, conjointly with Logan, Nos. 27 and 28. Those hymns which we have reproduced in the text are paraphrases 30th and 19th. The latter is founded on a hymn of Dr. Watts. See Watts's Hymns, Book I., Hymn 13. Dr. Morrison died in the manse of Canisbay, on the 12th June, 1798. In the text we have inaccurately stated that his death took place in 1799.

Thomas Olivers, pp. 450—452.

"The God of Abraham praise."

In 1770, Olivers visited John Bakewell, at Westminster. During his visit he happened to attend the Jews' synagogue, and was so much impressed with the grandeur and solemnity of the musical service, that on his return to his friend's house he composed this hymn, suited to the music which he had heard. He afterwards called on Signor Leoni, the Jewish priest, and obtained from him a copy of the ancient melody, to which he had written. Olivers received a preaching appointment to Nottingham, in August, 1770, and there remained two years. While resident at Nottingham, he printed the original edition of this hymn. It bears the imprint, "Nottingham: Printed by S. Creswell, Bookseller."

Alexander Pope, p. 462.

Pope's celebrated ode, "The Dying Christian," is founded on a poem composed by the Emperor Hadrian on his death-bed, A.D. 138. The emperor's composition begins—

"Animula vagula blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis."

Thomas Flatman, a poet of the seventeenth century, composed a version of the poem, which Pope had evidently seen. It begins thus—

"When on my sick-bed I languish,
Full of sorrow, full of anguish;
Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,
Panting, groaning, speechless, dying:
My soul just now about to take her flight
Into the regions of eternal night;
Oh tell me, you
That have been long below,
What shall I do?
What shall I think when cruel death appears,
That may extenuate my fears?
Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say,
Be not fearful, come away, etc."

Robert Robinson, pp. 479—481.

"Come, Thou Fount of every blessing."

The Religious Tract Society, and Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, in their recently published Hymnals, have attributed this hymn to the Countess of Huntingdon. In the preface to his compilation Mr. Spurgeon acknowledges that both in respect of the authorship and textual purity of his selected hymns, he has mainly relied on the authority of Mr. Daniel Sedgwick, bookseller, Sun Street, Bishopsgate. Mr. Sedgwick has stated his sentiments respecting the authorship of the hymn in several serial publications. As the question is of interest to every student of hymnody, and of no inconsiderable public importance, we purpose to enter into it fully.

Mr. Sedgwick is owner of a volume of Charles Wesley's "Hymns and Sacred Poems," published in 1749, which contains on a fly-leaf five manuscript stanzas of sacred verse, of which the three former form the hymn usually ascribed to Mr. Robinson. The volume is inscribed on the title-page, "Diana Bindon, 1759." It is admitted that this inscription proves that the volume was at the date 1759 the property of Mrs. Bindon, otherwise Mrs. Bindon Blood, *née* Miss Vandeleur, an intimate friend of Lady Huntingdon. Mr. Sedgwick maintains that the manuscript stanzas are also in the handwriting of Mrs. Bindon, who had copied them he believes from the original MS. of the countess. He holds that the stanzas were transcribed about ten years before the written date on the title-page, and that they were composed at that period by the countess, she being moved thereto by some adverse events in her family. At the period to which he refers, Mr. Robinson was an apprentice and unconverted.

The only written date on Mr. Sedgwick's volume is 1759. That date is attached to Mrs. Bindon's name. No doubt Mrs. Bindon placed her name upon the volume at the time of making purchase of it. The writing on the fly-leaf, it is therefore reasonable to conclude, took place in, or subsequent to, 1759, when the volume was obtained from the bookseller.

Mr. Robinson's hymn was printed at Norwich in 1758, a year before Mrs. Bindon seems to have made purchase of her volume. But Mr. Sedgwick pointed—at least on his first *discovery*—to the fact that the MS. contained five stanzas, while Mr. Robinson's hymn has no more than three. And the additional stanzas, both of them, have been pronounced by a hymnologist in the *Presbyterian Messenger* (May, 1861) to be "the finest of them all." Without these stanzas, this writer proceeds to remark, "the beauty" of the composition "is lost." We quote the fourth stanza—

> "Oh that day when, freed from sinning,
> I shall see Thy lovely face!
> Clothed then in *blood-washed linen*,
> How I'll sing Thy sovereign grace!
> Come, dear Lord, no longer tarry,
> Take my raptured soul away;
> Send Thy angels now to carry
> Me to realms of endless day."

Mr. Sedgwick had, like the *Presbyterian Messenger's* correspondent, arrived at an opinion most favourable to all the five stanzas. In *Notes and Queries* (Dec. 29, 1860), he suggests that Robinson had plundered the first three stanzas from Lady Huntingdon. This theory, he adds, is more reasonable than that Lady Huntingdon should have adopted Robinson's verses. Not so, according to his subsequent admission. For Mr. Sedgwick has been forced to acknowledge (*Presbyterian Messenger*, June, 1861) that the fifth verse of his MS. is a literal transcription from Charles Wesley! ("Hymns and Sacred Poems," vol. ii. Hymn 51, 1749.) So he has proved the writer of his MS. to be either a deliberate plagiarist, or the victim of one! That plagiarist was not Lady Huntingdon, for in the various editions of her hymn-book the three stanzas of the hymn ascribed to Robinson are inserted only. Nor did her ladyship, according to Mr. Sedgwick's more matured judgment, compose the fourth or doggerel stanza quoted above. It was, he thinks, "made by Miss Vandeleur herself, in order to introduce the fifth verse, and so form a link between her two favourite poets." Thus the entire narrative respecting the MS. crumbles into nought.

We shall now adduce direct testimony in favour of Mr. Robinson's claims. Memoirs of his life have been published by his nephew, the Rev. William Robinson, of Cambridge. There is in that reverend gentleman's possession "a Church

book," which belonged to Mr. Robinson, and which contains a catalogue of his works up to the year 1781. The three following extracts refer to his contributions to sacred verse. "While R. was among the Methodists, the Rev. George Whitefield published eleven hymns composed by him for a fast-day (1757)." "Mr. Wheatley, of Norwich, published a hymn, beginning,

'Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,—'

since reprinted in the hymn-books of Messrs. Madan, Wesley, Gifford, &c. 1758." "A Christmas hymn, set to music by Dr. Randall, and, with the notes engraven on a copper-plate half-sheet. It begins—

Mighty God, while angels bless Thee,' etc.

(1774)."

These entries are in Mr. Robinson's own handwriting. This is proved by his biographer. The accuracy of Robinson's claim to the hymn published in 1774 is admitted. The truthfulness of the first entry is attested by the fact that Whitefield did publish, in 1757, "Eleven Hymns for a Fast-day," which he describes in the preface as from "an unknown hand," the hymns being sent to him by Robinson anonymously. If these two statements have been correctly made, there is a strong probability that the third is well-founded. Mr. Robinson was residing at Norwich in 1758, the date at which Mr. Wheatley published this hymn.

Till the alleged discovery of Mr. Sedgwick, the hymn has universally been ascribed to Mr. Robinson, and never, in a single instance, to the Countess of Huntingdon. We have now before us "A Collection of Hymns adapted to Public Worship," third edition, 1778, in which Mr. Robinson is named as the author. This, let it be observed, was while Lady Huntingdon lived, when her ladyship or her friends had an opportunity of correcting the ascription of it, had it been erroneous.

The learned biographer of Lady Huntingdon positively repudiates the ascription of this hymn to her ladyship. We quote from a letter we have received from that gentleman:—"I expressed an opinion to Mr. Sedgwick several years ago," writes Mr. Seymour, "and this opinion I have repeated to him at intervals, that I do not believe Lady Huntingdon wrote the hymn in question. Now, after mature investigation and a close examination of all the facts on both sides, I firmly adhere to the opinion that the hymn was not composed by the countess." On the other hand, the nephew of Mr. Robinson advances a positive claim on his behalf. His memoir of Mr. Robinson has indeed appeared since the commencement of the present controversy.* But in 1807, Mr. Benjamin Flower, editor of the *Cambridge Intelligencer*, included the hymn, along with that commencing

"Mighty God, while angels bless Thee," etc.

in Mr. Robinson's miscellaneous works, then published under his superintendence. See Robinson's "Miscellaneous Works," vol. iv, pp. 346, 7. Harrow, 1807, 4 vols. 8vo.

And Mr. Dyer, in his memoirs of Mr. Robinson, published in 1796, just six years after his decease, writes as follows:—

"By a letter which our author received at this period (1784) from his esteemed friend Dr. Rippon, editor of *The Baptist Register* and of a hymn-book, it appears that one or two hymns in that collection were composed by Robinson. These had appeared before in Dr. Evans's and George Whitefield's hymn-books, and were written by him when among the Methodists: one is well known and much admired by the Methodists and such as, in contradistinction to the *rational* dissenters, call themselves evangelical. It begins thus:—

'Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune mine heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.'

"There is also a Christmas hymn in the same strain, which was set to music by his respected friend Dr. Randall, Professor of Music in the University of Cambridge." See "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of R. Robinson," by George Dyer, late of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. Lond., 1796, 8vo.

There is a universal tradition among the members of the Baptist Church, Cambridge, that Mr. Robinson was author of the hymn. An aged deacon of the

* Select Works of Rev. Robert Robinson, edited by Rev. William Robinson. 1861.

Church has communicated to Mr. A. C. Hobart Seymour, Lady Huntingdon's biographer, that his grandfather, who was one of Mr. Robinson's own deacons, had handed down in his family that the hymn was composed by his pastor. In his "Historical Sketches of Hymns," the Rev. Dr. Belcher relates a narrative, which, as bearing on Mr. Robinson's claims, we shall present entire. The reverend doctor states that he received it from a descendant of one of the parties concerned in it. "In the latter part of his life," writes Dr. Belcher, "when Mr. Robinson seemed to have lost much of his devotional feeling, and when he indulged in habits of levity, he was travelling in a stage-coach with a lady, who soon perceived he was well acquainted with religion. She had just before been reading the hymn of which we are writing, and asked his opinion of it—as she might properly do, as neither of them knew who the other was. He waived the subject, and turned her attention to some other topic; but after a short period she contrived to return to it, and described the benefits she had often derived from the hymn, and her strong admiration of its sentiments. She observed that the gentleman was strongly agitated, but, as he was dressed in coloured clothes, did not suspect the cause. This garb Robinson was compelled to assume in travelling, as wherever he was known, he was pressed to stay to preach. At length, entirely overcome by the power of his feelings, he burst into tears, and said,—'Madam, I am the poor, unhappy man who composed that hymn; and I would give a thousand worlds, if I had them, to enjoy the feelings I then had.'" To this narrative we attach no undue importance as a matter of evidence; but it bears the aspect of truth.

In Mr. Robinson's recent "Memoirs," there is a letter of his, bearing date, December 3, 1766, in which he writes, "Who could tell you I was an author? My works consist of eleven hymns, which Mr. Whitefield printed: besides these I have printed nothing." He refers of course to the eleven hymns formerly noticed. The omission of reference to the hymn of 1758 has furnished a ground of argument to Mr. Sedgwick. Mr Robinson did not *print* the hymn in question; it was *printed* by Mr. Wheatley. But, though the denial had been emphatic, would such denial invalidate a subsequent acknowledgment?

Mr. Sedgwick has latterly changed his course of argument. He has *discovered*, he communicates to *Notes and Queries*, that Mr. Robinson did write a hymn similar to that which he attributes to Lady Huntingdon; and so he now exempts him from the charge of directly appropriating her ladyship's verses! The hymn which he assigns to Mr. Robinson begins—

"Hail, Thou Source of every blessing."

This composition has not been traced beyond Mr. Bickersteth's Psalmody, 1833, *Robin.* being attached to the first line in the index of that work. No doubt Mr. Bickersteth meant *Robinson* by the abbreviated symbol; but as he has likewise ascribed Williams's "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah" to Mr. Robinson, and has made very many blunders in his statement of authors, his authority need scarcely be discussed.

The present controversy took origin in 1858. A query on the subject of the hymn, subscribed "D. S.," which appeared in *Notes and Queries* (vol. v., p. 171), was answered by Mr. Sedgwick, who ascribed the hymn to Lady Huntingdon. The history of the controversy since has just been stated. We trust that it has now closed, and that no further attempt will be made to do injustice to the memory of one of the most ingenious of our sacred poets.

Walter Shirley, pp. 498—502.

The personal history of Mr. Shirley has hitherto been imperfectly known. To Mr. A. C. Hobart Seymour we are indebted for the following particulars of his career: "Mr. Shirley," writes Mr. Seymour, "took a conspicuous part in the controversies of his day. His visits to the London residence of his relative, Lady Huntingdon, brought him into intimate relation with the leaders of the Methodists. He attributed his conversion to the Rev. Henry Venn, and delighted to describe himself as his 'son in the gospel.' He became one of Lady Huntingdon's chaplains, and entered courageously into the career which the great Methodists around him had begun. The clergy of the metropolis proceeded to exclude him from their pulpits, and, though carefully conforming to established rules, he became everywhere the object of reproach.

X X

"Mr. Shirley possessed an active intellect, a fervent heart, and an eloquent style. He went forth, preaching with remarkable success at Bath, Brighton, Bristol, and Norwich, and at many places in Ireland. He subsequently obtained the living of Loughrea, county Galway; but the hostility of his ecclesiastical superiors still continued to embarrass him. He met the oppositions with a magnanimous defiance. Dr. Cope, bishop of Clonfert, warned him to lay aside his 'exceptionable doctrines,' and threatened to 'proceed in the most effectual manner to suppress all such.' He answered promptly, 'Menaces, my lord, between gentlemen, are illiberal; but, when they cannot be put into execution, they are contemptible.' He enumerated his doctrines, and showed that they were not exceptionable. 'He preached,' he said, 'justification by faith alone, the Divinity of Christ, the Trinity, regeneration, the full assurance of faith as the privilege of God's believing people, whereby they know that their sins are forgiven them for Christ's sake, and the necessity of good works as the fruits of faith.' 'These,' he added, 'are the doctrines which I must and will preach, in defiance of the whole world.' Mr. Shirley expressed himself, in conclusion, desirous of the friendship of the bishop, while his Lordship's conduct toward him should be such as is 'due to a gentleman and minister of Christ; but,' he adds, 'I see no necessity for submitting to be trampled on by the first man in the kingdom.'

"Mr. Shirley numbered among his friends Whitefield, Romaine, Venn, Berridge, Toplady, the Wesleys, and many others, with whom he zealously co-operated in reviving the spirit of evangelical religion. His son, the late Rev. Walter Shirley father of the late bishop of Sodor and Man, was for some years a successful preacher in Dublin and other parts of Ireland."

William Shrubsole, Jun, pp. 503—506.

Two compositions of Mr. Shrubsole have been ascribed to others. The missionary hymn, beginning "Bright as the sun's meridian blaze," was assigned to the Rev. Matthew Wilks, minister of the Tabernacle, London, who died in 1829. The compilers of the New Congregational Hymn-book had ascertained the actual writer, and have attached his name to a mutilated version. The erroneous ascription of the hymn to Mr. Wilks has, however, been revived by Mr. Miller, in his recent work. Mr. Shrubsole's hymn, commencing "When streaming from the eastern skies," has been given by hymnists to Sir Robert Grant, whose own compositions have been ascribed in turn to Lord Glenelg.

Mrs. Simpson, pp. 507—509.

In "Hymns for Christian Worship," lately published by the Religious Tract Society, Mrs. Simpson's popular hymn, beginning "Go when the morning shineth," is attributed to Lord Carlisle.

For many years this hymn appeared in the collections in association with the names of various female writers. At length a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* announced in that serial (June 15th, 1860) that he had *discovered* the actual author in the person of the Earl of Carlisle. The *discovery* was accepted,—the name of Lord Carlisle was entered in the hymn-books, and his lordship was enrolled among the noble contributors to the British Lyre. When his lordship died, in 1865, several metropolitan journals adverted to the eminence of the departed peer as a sacred poet. One memoir of the earl specially adverted to him as author of the hymn "On Prayer."

When a member of Lord Carlisle's family communicated to the proprietor of a London newspaper, her belief that the deceased nobleman was not the author of the hymn, some original assertors of his lordship's claims proceeded with redoubled energy to *prove* their affirmations. A collection of hymns turned up, containing a composition commencing "Lord, when we creation scan," to which was attached the name of "Carlisle." The hymn was pronounced to be another production of the deceased nobleman.

At this stage of the discussion the editor of the present work was informed of the alleged discovery, and was not a little surprised to learn that his friend Mrs. Simpson's hymn was so dealt with by hymnologists. This hymn, the editor has ascertained, was originally contributed by Mrs. Simpson to *The Edinburgh Literary Journal*, which was edited by her brother, Mr. Henry Glassford Bell. It

appeared in the pages of that serial on February 26, 1831. It was included in her volume, entitled "April Hours" (Edin. 1838, 16mo). When this volume was made known to the hymnists, they discovered the omission of a stanza in Mrs. Simpson's original, and hence proceeded to contend that the hymn had certainly been completed by the earl. It proved otherwise. The stanza, it was found had appeared in the original copy, and had been simply omitted in the volume.

The hymnists did not readily yield their position. Lord Carlisle *having written* the hymn beginning "Lord, when we creation scan," was, they maintained, still entitled to an honourable place in British hymnody. But his lordship *did not* compose this lyric. The writer is the late Dr. James Dacre Carlyle, Congregational minister at Woolwich. A blundering collector, in transferring the hymn from the doctor's volume, had spelt his name "Carlisle"!

Charles Wesley, pp. 594—618.

The *Judgment Hymn* of Charles Wesley, p. 618, is one of the most effective renderings of the celebrated *Dies Iræ*, by Thomas de Celano. It constituted *Part Second* of a hymn in three parts, entitled, "Thy Kingdom Come," published by Wesley in his "Hymns of Intercession for all Mankind," 1758.

Another rendering of the *Dies Iræ*, composed in the same striking measure, was published by the Rev. John Cennick, in 1752. It proceeds as follows:—

LO! He cometh, countless trumpets
Blow before the bloody sign,
Midst ten thousand saints and angels,
See the glorified shine.
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome bleeding Lamb.

Now His merit by the harpers
Through the eternal deep resounds;
Now resplendent shines His nail-prints,
Every eye shall see His wounds;
They who pierced Him
Shall at His appearance wail.

Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate Him must ashamed
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to judgment,
Stand before the Son of man.

Now who love Him view His glory,
Shining in His bruised face;
His dear person on the rainbow,
Now His people's head shall raise.
Happy mourners!
Now in clouds He comes, He comes.

Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear;
All His people, once despised,
Now shall meet Him in the air.
Hallelujah!
Now the promised kingdom's come.

View Him smiling, now determined
Every evil to destroy:
All the nations now shall sing Him
Songs of everlasting joy.
O come quickly,
Hallelujah, come, Lord, come!

In 1760, the Rev. Martin Madan compiled a *Judgment Hymn*, by an amalgamation of the compositions of Wesley and Cennick. Madan, it will be remarked, has adapted, with few alterations, the first, second, and fourth stanzas of Wesley, and the third and fifth verses of Cennick. His cento proceeds as follows:—

LO! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain;
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train:
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah, Amen!

Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
They who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment, come away!

Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear;
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air;
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

Answer Thine own Bride and Spirit;
Hasten, Lord, the general doom;
The new heaven and earth t' inherit,
Take Thy pining exiles home:
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids Thee come.

Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine exalted throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdoms for Thine own:
O come quickly!
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come!

About 1758, Thomas Olivers published a hymn on the Last Judgment, commencing—

"Come, Immortal King of glory,
Now in majesty appear;
Bid the nations stand before Thee,
Each his final doom to hear;
Come to judgment,
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come."

Olivers composed for his hymn the tune *Helmsley*. To the twenty stanzas, of which it was originally composed, he afterwards added sixteen others. In its new form, the fourth stanza proceeded :—

"Lo! He comes with clouds descending:
Hark, the trump of God is blown,
And the archangel's voice, attending,
Makes the high procession known.
Sons of Adam,
Rise, and stand before your God."

The similarity of the stanza and the use of a line of Wesley's composition have led many collectors to assign the original of these versions of the Judgment Hymn to Olivers.

The following is believed to be a correct list of the poetical works of the Rev. Charles Wesley. Several volumes in the list were issued in connection with his brother John.

A Collection of Psalms and Hymns. 1738.
Hymns and Sacred Poems. 1739.
Hymns and Sacred Poems. 1740.
A Collection of Psalms and Hymns. 1741.
Hymns on God's Everlasting Love. 1741.
Hymns and Sacred Poems. 1742.
An Elegy on the Death of Robert Jones, Esq., etc. 1742.
Hymns for the Nativity. 1744.
Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution. 1744.
A Collection of Moral and Sacred Poems, from the most celebrated English Authors, 3 vols. [Vol. iii. contains 23 original hymns and poems by John and C. Wesley.] 1744.
A Confession of Faith, sung by all the Brethren and Sisters at the general Lovefeast, September 4th, 1744, in the Tabernacle, London. 1744.
Funeral Hymns. 1744.
Hymns for Times of Trouble for the Year. 1745.
Hymns for the Lord's Supper. 1745.
Hymns for those that seek and those that have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ. 1746.
Hymns for Ascension Day. 1746.
Hymns for our Lord's Resurrection. 1746.
Hymns of Petition and Thanksgiving for the Promise of the Father. 1746.
Hymns for the Public Thanksgiving-Day, October 9, 1746.
Gloria Patri, etc.; or, Hymns to the Trinity. 1746.
Graces before and after Meat. 1746.
Hymns and Sacred Poems, 2 vols. 1749.
Hymns for New Year's Day. 1750.
Hymns occasioned by the Earthquake, March 8th, 1750. Second Edition, enlarged. 1756.
An Epistle to the Reverend Mr. John Wesley, by Charles Wesley. Presbyter of the Church of England. 1755.
An Epistle to the Reverend Mr. George Whitefield, by Charles Wesley, A.M. 1755.
Hymns for the year 1756, particularly for the Fast-Day, February 6th, 1756.
Hymns of Intercession for all Mankind. 1758.
Funeral Hymns. 1759.
Hymns on the Expected Invasion. 1759.
Hymns to be used on the Thanksgiving Day, November 29th, 1759, and after it.
Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures. 1762.
Hymns for Children. 1763. The second edition 1768, is entitled, "Hymns for Children, and others of Riper Years." It does not contain any additional hymns.
Hymns on the Trinity. 1767.
Hymns for the use of Families and on various Occasions. 1767.
Hymn on the death of the Rev. George Whitefield. 1770.
An Elegy on the late Reverend George Whitefield, M.A., who died September 30th, 1770, in the 56th year of his age: by Charles Wesley, M.A. 1771.
Preparation for Death in several Hymns. 1772.
A Prayer for the Life of the Rev. John Wesley. 1778.

Hymns written in the Time of the Tumults, June, 1780.
Hymns for the Nations in 1782.
Prayers for Condemned Malefactors. 1785.

Of this remarkable list of publications in sacred verse, some occupy only a few pages, others are volumes of considerable bulk. The work entitled "Short Hymns on Select Passages, etc.," contains, in the first edition, no fewer than 2146 compositions. Besides these works solely confined to sacred poetry, C. Wesley has published hymns in the following prose works, issued by himself and his brother John:—"A Short View of the Difference with the Moravian Brethren" (1741): *six hymns*. "A Word in Season" (1745): *two hymns*. A Word to a Protestant" (1747): *three hymns*. "Sermon, the Catholic Spirit" (1755): *one hymn*. "Reasons against a Separation from the Church of England" (1758): *seven hymns*, entitled "Hymns for the Use of the Methodist Preachers." Many hymns by Charles Wesley have been published, since his death, in Methodist Magazines and other periodicals, besides his version of nearly the whole of the Psalms of David, edited by Rev. H. Fish, 1854.

The following selections from his other works were issued by Charles Wesley.

A Collection of Hymns. 1742.
Hymns for the Watchnight. About 1750.
Hymns and Spiritual Songs, intended for the use of real Christians of all denominations. 1753.
Hymns for those to whom Christ is all in all. 1761.
Select Hymns, with tunes annexed, designed chiefly for the use of the people called Methodists. 1761.
A Collection of Hymns for the use of the people called Methodists. 1780. (Supplement, with a few originals, 1831.)
A Pocket Hymn-book, for the use of Christians of all denominations. 1785.
Another volume with the same title. 1787.
A Small Pocket Hymn-book for the use of Children. 1788.

Such is the list of C. Wesley's published works, containing sacred verse; and if we take into account that upwards of 2000 hymns from his pen are still in manuscript, it will be admitted that such capacity in the composition of religious poetry has not been approached in any age.

Jonathan Evans, pp. 653, 654.

"Hark! the voice of love and mercy."

The authorship of this hymn has not been fully determined, but on the whole we are inclined to assign it to Mr. Evans. It first appeared in Rippon's Selection (1787), where its origin is indicated thus "F——." Consequent on the initial, collectors at first attributed the authorship to the Rev. Benjamin Francis, Baptist minister, Horsley, Gloucestershire, who died in 1799. But Mr. Francis contributed hymns to the same edition of Rippon's Selection, accompanied with his name; and, in the preface, the editor awards him special acknowledgments. Besides, Mr. Francis' son has stated that his father never mentioned to him the hymn as his composition. Respecting the claims of Mr. Evans, there is a tradition at Foleshill, where he resided, that he composed the hymn. The authorship is assigned him by Dr. John Styles, one of his successors (*Evangelical Magazine*, March, 1847). The indication "F——," in Rippon's Selection, was probably intended to denote *Foleshill*, the place of his ministrations. Mr. G. L. Withers, the present Congregational minister at Foleshill, entertains an opinion adverse to Mr. Evans' claims. He examined a manuscript volume of Mr. Evans' compositions many years ago, and his impression is that it did not contain this particular hymn.

Countess of Huntingdon, pp. 654, 656.

"Oh, when my righteous Judge shall come."

This hymn, which we have ascribed to Lady Huntingdon, at Mr. Seymour's suggestion, first appeared in the fourth edition of her hymn-book, published

about 1772. It is the second part of a composition on the Judgment-day, the former of which, consisting of five stanzas, begins "We soon shall hear the midnight cry."

Martin Madan, pp. 656—658.

"Come, Thou almighty King."

This hymn, which, on the authority of Mr. A. C. Hobart Seymour, we have placed in connection with our biographical notice of Mr. Madan, has been attributed, in Mr. Spurgeon's hymn-book, to Charles Wesley. That ascription, we believe, originated with Mr. Sedgwick. The hymn was first published in a four-paged tract, in conjunction with one by Mr. Wesley for use on a particular occasion. The tract was reprinted with an additional hymn by Charles Wesley, and appended to Whitefield's Collection, sixth edition (1757). As two hymns contained in the tract were written by Wesley, Mr. Sedgwick assumed that he also composed the third. The hymn is not inserted by Wesley in any of his works. In 1763 it was included by Mr. Madan in the appendix to his collection. In 1764, Mr. Shirley communicates to Lady Huntingdon, in a letter now in Mr. Seymour's possession, that Mr. Madan had given him "permission" to use the hymn. "This fact," writes Mr. Seymour, "though it does not absolutely prove the authorship, would serve to show that Mr. Madan had a right of property in the hymn." Mr. Seymour adds, "The hymn seems to have been written for the music of 'God save the King!' Mr. Madan was a distinguished musical composer, and his mother and sister were both poetesses."

"Now begin the heavenly theme."

Though we have placed this hymn in connection with Mr. Madan's name, we would offer no positive opinion as to the authorship. It originally appeared in the appendix to Mr. Madan's Collection (1763), and the strain appears not dissimilar to that of "Come, Thou Almighty King." The subsequent history of the hymn is sufficiently illustrative of the practices of collectors. It was transferred into the Rev. John Langford's Collection (1773). From this work it was quoted in Dobell's Selection (1806). Subsequent collectors quoted the hymn from Madan, Langford, or Dobell, till 1833, when the appearance of the Rev. John Bickersteth's "Psalmody" led to a more precise ascription. Mr. Bickersteth placed the names of his authors and authorities in the index to his volume, and when the space was insufficient readily to admit the word "Collection" or its abbreviated form, "Coll.," he was content to omit the word altogether. Hence "Langford" only appears opposite to the hymn under discussion. Mr. Bickersteth was now quoted as an authority for assigning the hymn to a Mr. Langford, and the authorship was so indicated in future collections. But who was Langford? In Mr. Spurgeon's hymn-book, he is described—"William Langford, 1760." Dr. William Langford did not write hymns, nor does any other hymn-writer of the name occur at this period.

The text of the hymn has shared the uncertainty in which hymnists have involved its origin. It is printed inaccurately in almost every collection.

The Hundredth Psalm, p. 660.

This version of the hundredth Psalm has been assigned to different authors. The prevailing opinion has hitherto been in favour of John Hopkins, the coadjutor of Thomas Sternhold in preparing the Psalms attached to the Book of Common Prayer. But in the edition of the "Booke of Psalmes," prepared by Hopkins and Sternhold, and published in 1564, another version is inserted as the composition of Hopkins. The initials "T. S.," supposed to mean Thomas Sternhold, are attached to the present version in a Psalter, with the date 1561, preserved in the library of St. Paul's Cathedral. In the "Scottish Psalter" (1564), the initials "W. K." are attached to the composition. These are intended to denote William Kethe, who is known to have composed versions of a number of the Psalms. Kethe shared the exile of John Knox, at Geneva, and afterwards held the living of Okeford, Dorsetshire. Hopkins was a clergyman in Suffolk. Sternhold was Groom of the Robes to Henry VIII. and Edward VI. For these particulars we are indebted to the Rev. Josiah Miller, in his work on the New Congregational Hymn-book.

"Precious Promises," p. 660.

A variety of unsupported theories have been put forth respecting the authorship of this hymn. It originally appeared in Rippon's Selection, 1787. There the author's name is indicated "K——," several other hymns in the selection being similarly marked. Succeeding collectors adopted the hymn, attaching to it the name "Kirkham." A collection of hymns, edited by Thomas Kirkham, appeared in 1788: but this hymn is not contained in the volume. Dr. Joseph Belcher attributes the composition to the Rev. Mr. Kirkham, to whom, in his index, is supplied the Christian name of "John." Dr. Belcher is inclined to believe that Mr. Kirkham was a fellow-student of John and Charles Wesley, and one of the early Methodists. A person of the name is mentioned among the early Oxford Methodists; he afterwards attached himself to Whitefield. Dr. Alexander Fletcher, in his Collection (1822), ascribes the hymn to "Keen." Elizabeth Caroline Keene composed several hymns, which are included in her "Miscellaneous Poems" (Lond., 1762, 4to); but this composition is not among them. In his lately published hymn-book Mr. C. H. Spurgeon has attached to the hymn the alternative names of "Kirkham or Kennedy." No hymn-writer, of the latter name, so far as we have learned, flourished during the last century. More recently, Mr. Daniel Sedgwick has, we believe, ascribed the composition to the Rev. William Kingsbury. Mr. Sedgwick refers to Morison's "Fathers and Founders of the London Missionary Society" as his authority. We have examined Dr. Morison's work, but have failed to discover any reference to Mr. Kingsbury being the author of the hymn.

"Rejoicing in Hope," p. 661.

This composition, which is inserted as anonymous in the text, appears in a volume of edifying sacred verse, entitled "Poetic Sketches, or Thoughts in Verse, written during the intervals of business," by Henry Fletcher (Lond., 1853, 12mo). The preface is dated Camberwell, and the volume appears to have been published by subscription. Mr. Fletcher seems to have composed only four stanzas. The hymn has been otherwise altered.

Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams, pp. 1 and 663.

The biographical particulars inserted in the text respecting Mrs. Adams were supplied by members of her family. We have since received from the Rev. Frederick Edward, Dissenting minister at Harlow, certain corrections, which may be fully relied on. Mr. Edward shows from the Register of Burials kept in his church, that Mrs. Adams died on the 14th August, 1848, not on the 13th August, 1849, as stated in the text. Miss Eliza Flower, sister of Mrs. Adams, Mr. Edward proves from the same Register, died on the 12th December, 1846, at the age of forty-three. "At the funeral of Mrs. Adams," writes Mr. Edward, "one of her own hymns, though I have never been able to ascertain which, was sung over her grave. A huge monument is erected over her remains; but it is still incomplete, no name having been engraved upon it." Mrs. Adams contributed to "Songs of the Months," published by Novello.

Mrs. Anne Flowerdew, p. 230.

Through the kindness of Dr. Joseph Rix, of St. Neots, we learn that the Christian name of the author of the Harvest Hymn was Alice, not Anne, as stated in the text. Mrs. Alice Flowerdew (according to Dr. Rix, who received his information from her grandson, Mr. J. D. McKenzie, of St. Albans) was the second wife of Daniel Flowerdew, who some time held an appointment in the Civil Service at Jamaica. After her husband's death, Mrs. Flowerdew kept a boarding-school for young ladies, first at Islington, and afterwards at Bury St. Edmunds. She died at Ipswich, about the year 1831, at a very advanced age. She composed verses up to the close of her long life.

George Washington Hangford, p. 267.

The name of the author of the beautiful ode "Speak gently," is Langford, not Hangford. Mr. Langford was a native of Ireland, and, it is reported, held an

appointment in India. We have made repeated application to members of the Langford family, in Dublin and other parts of Ireland, respecting their kinsman, without obtaining the desiderated information.

ROBERT ROBINSON, pp. 479 and 671-3.

In connection with Mr. Robinson's claim to the authorship of "Come, Thou Fount of every blessing," we have received the following from the Rev. John Thomas Wigner :—

"*Grove Lane, Camberwell, S., Feb.* 2, 1867.

"Concerning the hymn, 'Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,' I was in company the other day with a Christian lady, in her eighty-second year, who can remember Robert Robinson. Her grandparents were members of his Church, and were very intimate with him. She distinctly remembers their telling her, and telling others in her hearing, that Robinson was author of the hymn, and that in answer to the question put by them 'Are you the author?' he said he was."

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE, SEN., p. 502.

We have inadvertently ascribed the authorship of the hymn commencing "Arm of the Lord, awake, awake," to the Rev. William Shrubsole, of Sheerness. It was written by his son, who composed a number of hymns, and of whom a memoir, with some of his other compositions, is given in the text.

MRS. WILSON, p. 633.

The hymn commencing "We speak of the realms of the bless'd" (which, in the absence of more authentic information at the time, we placed under the name of Mrs. Wilson), we have now ascertained was composed by Mrs. Elizabeth Mills, the first wife of the late Thomas Mills, M.P. Mrs. Mills died of consumption, in 1829, in her twenty-third year. She wrote the hymn a few weeks before her death, and presented a copy of it to her relative, Mrs. J. Carus Wilson. This excellent lady committed the verses to memory, and frequently repeated them during her last illness. In a memoir of his wife Mr. Carus Wilson inserted the hymn, which has led to the authorship being ascribed to her. Miss Maria Mills, the author's sister-in-law, has kindly furnished us with a transcript of the verses from the original MS. This we subjoin. We must express our deep regret that we have not succeeded in obtaining additional particulars of Mrs. Mills's personal history.

"WE SPEAK OF HEAVEN; BUT OH, TO BE THERE!"—*Rev. C. Bridges, on Ps.* cxix. 44, p. 116.

WE speak of the realms of the bless'd,
Of that country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confess'd—
But what must it be to be there!

We speak of its pathways of gold,
Of its walls, deck'd with jewels most rare,
Of its wonders and pleasures untold—
But what must it be to be there!

We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within—
But what must it be to be there!

We speak of its anthems of praise,
With which we can never compare
The sweetest on earth we can raise—
But what must it be to be there!

We speak of its *service* of love,
Of the *robes* which the glorified wear,
Of the *Church* of the firstborn above—
But what must it be to be there!

Then let us, 'midst pleasure or woe,
Still for *heaven* our spirits prepare;
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel, what it is to be there.

ELIZABETH MILLS, 1829.

Butler & Tanner, The Selwood Printing Works, Frome, and London.